

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

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SPECIAL!
KING COBRA
VERSUS
BLACKHAWK!



PRIVATE DOGTAG

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ARMY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND

Section I

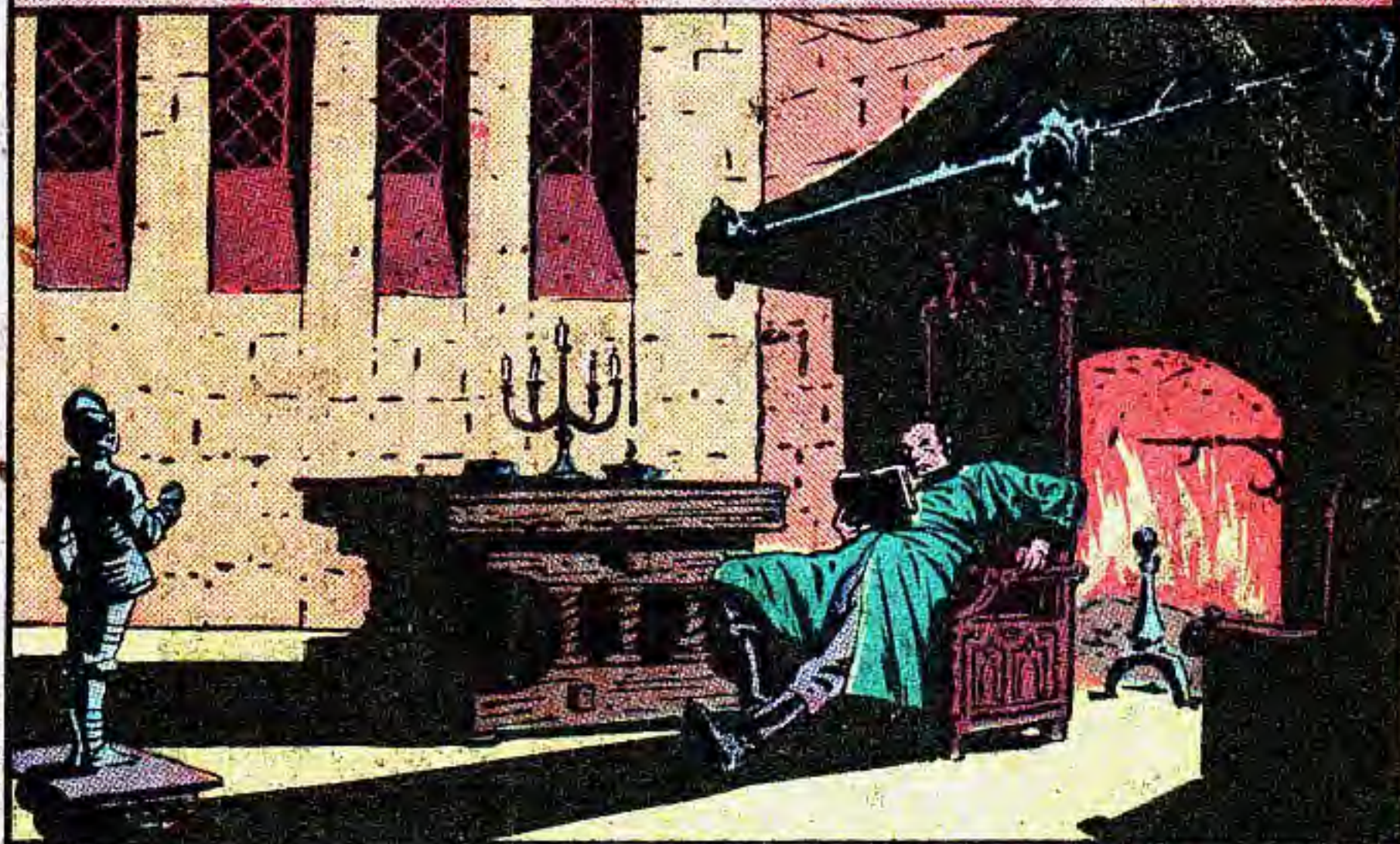


THE FINEST FIGHTING MEN
IN THE WORLD!...
They're the BLACKHAWKS,
known and feared by the forces
of tyranny everywhere.
But there's another group of
men... equally feared... equally
deadly! They call themselves
RATTLESNAKES! And their
leader is the greatest flying ace
spawned by Hitler's winged
Legions... a throw-back to the
fantastic barbarism of the
middle ages...
King Cobra!

What happens when Blackhawk
and Rattlesnakes meet in head on
collision over Europe's skies?
Buy a ringside seat for
the titanic sky-battle between
Blackhawk, freedom's valiant
champion, and the black
knight of the Swastika... the
vicious and cruel, the
invincible...
King Cobra!

DEEP IN THE LEGENDARY BLACK FOREST OF GERMANY THERE LIES AN ANCIENT FEUDAL CASTLE, MOSS GROWN AND SINISTER, WHOSE CRUMBLING STONES SEEM TO SPEAK OF EVIL...

HERE LIVES THE THIRTEENTH BARON OF VYBERG, LAST OF A LONG, ACCURSED AND CRUEL FAMILY OF TYRANTS WHOSE HISTORY REACHES INTO THE DARKNESS BEFORE THERE WAS A GERMANY...



HA! IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO READ ABOUT THESE ANCESTORS OF MINE! EVEN THEN, FOUR CENTURIES AGO, THEY HAD EXPLORED THE DEPTHS OF EVIL!

THE FIRST BARON OF VYBERG, FOR INSTANCE! THERE WAS A MAN! HE SET AN EXAMPLE OF WICKEDNESS FOR THE REST TO FOLLOW!



ONE DAY while he hunted pheasant on the farm lands adjoining his estate...

THIS WAY! CUT THEM OFF ERE THEY REACH THE WOODS!



...the poor serf who owned the farm dared interfere with the pleasure of the chase!...

GOOD BARON, HAVE MERCY! YOUR HORSES TRAMPLE MY CROPS! MY FAMILY WILL HAVE NOTHING TO EAT!

UNHAND MY HORSE, YOU MISERABLE SERF!



"... THAT FIRST BARON OWNED A PASSIONATE TEMPER, ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND ...

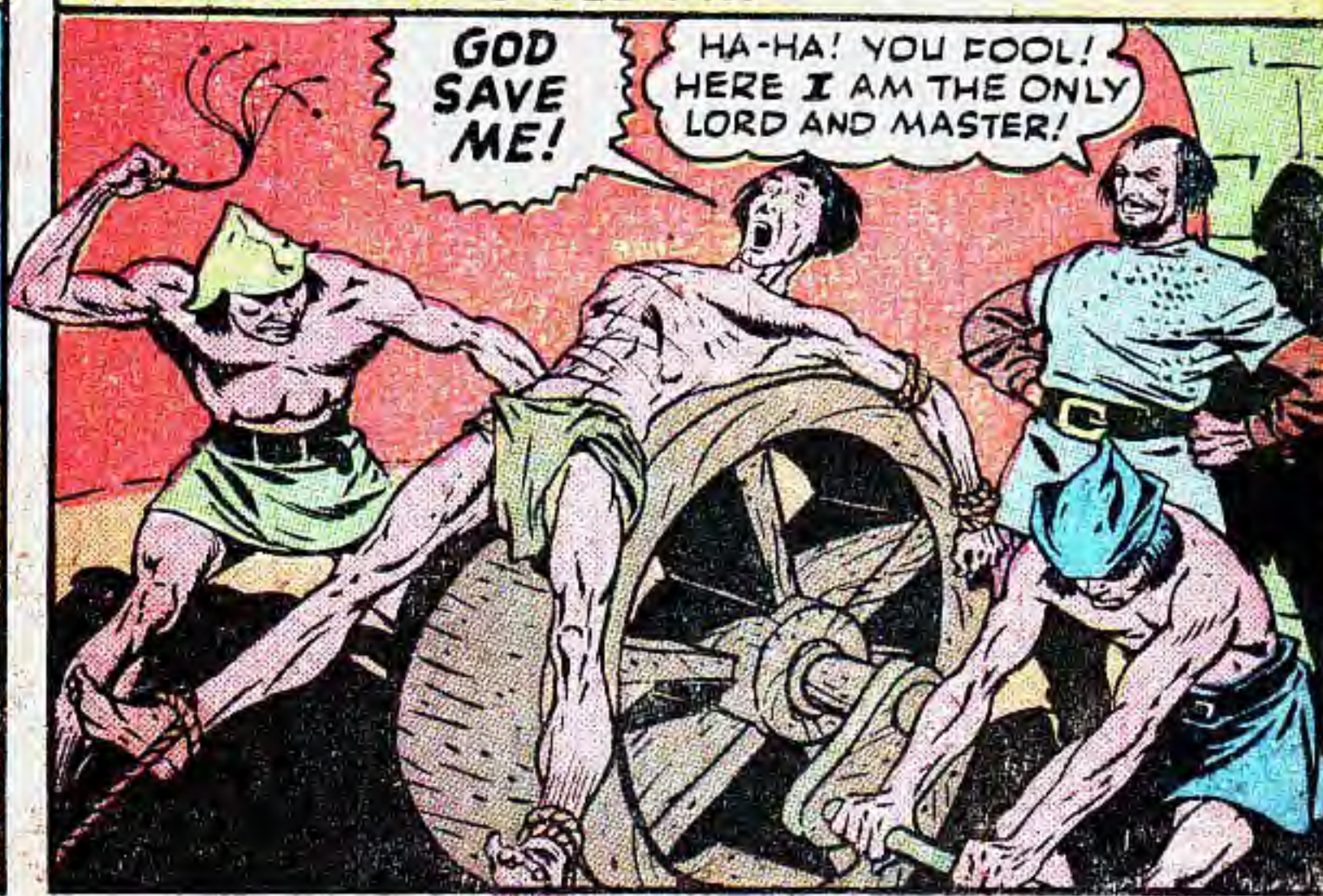
SNIVELLING WHELP!
I'D FLAY YOUR SKIN
FROM IT'S BONES, BUT I
HAVE MORE PAINFUL
TORTURES! --- TAKE HIM
TO THE CASTLE!



"... YES, THE BARON OF VYBERG HAD A DELICATE AND EXQUISITE NATURE ... HE LOVED THE TENDER REFINEMENTS OF CRUELTY ...

GOD
SAVE
ME!

HA-HA! YOU FOOL!
HERE I AM THE ONLY
LORD AND MASTER!



"... BUT HIS RAGE WHEN
DISAPPOINTED WAS
TERRIBLE INDEED! ...

FORGIVE ME, BARON!
THIS MAN IS DEAD! HIS
HEART WAS WEAKER
THAN I THOUGHT!

IDIOT!
HE SHOULD HAVE
LIVED TO SUFFER
FOR HOURS! FOR
THIS MISTAKE YOU
WILL LOSE YOUR
FEET IN THE
IRON BOOTS!



"... BUT, LIKE ALL GREAT MEN, THE BARON HAD A FAULT ... IN HIS CASE, THE FAULT WAS HIS UNDOING!

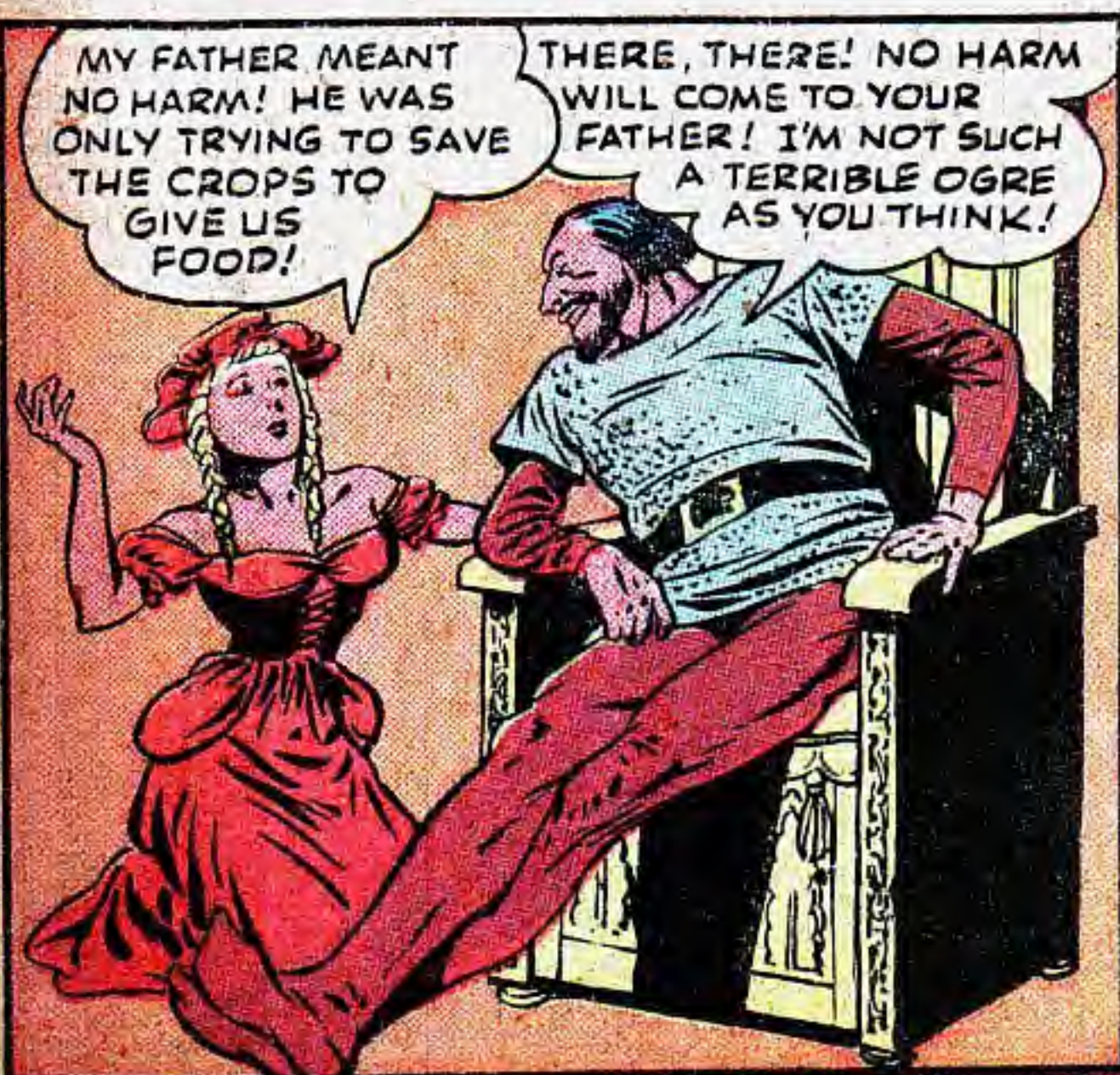
THE SERF'S COMELY
DAUGHTER IS
HERE, BARON!

PRETTY, EH? I LIKE
PRETTY GIRLS!
I'LL SEE HER
AT ONCE!



MY FATHER MEANT
NO HARM! HE WAS
ONLY TRYING TO SAVE
THE CROPS TO
GIVE US
FOOD!

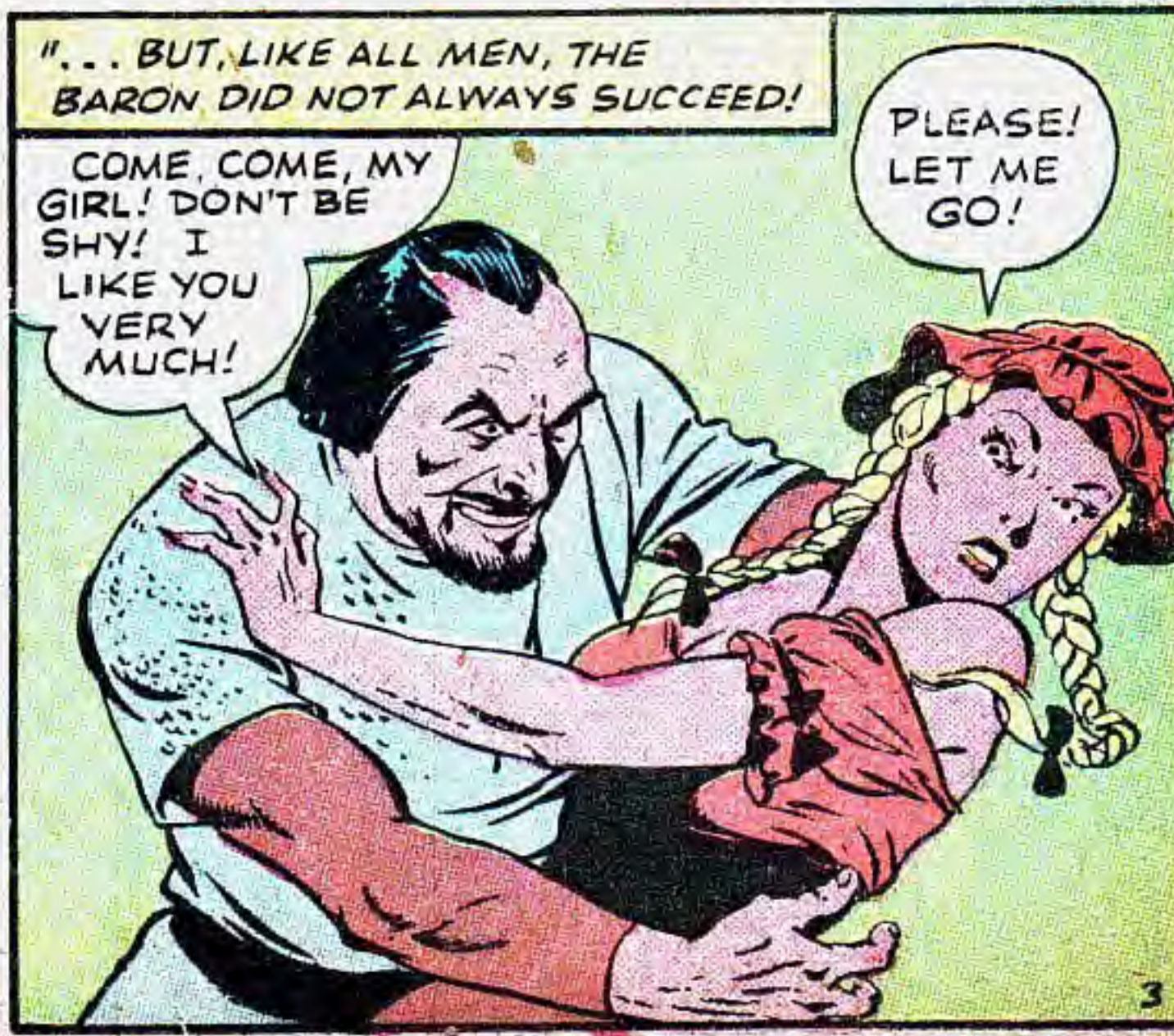
THERE, THERE! NO HARM
WILL COME TO YOUR
FATHER! I'M NOT SUCH
A TERRIBLE OGRE
AS YOU THINK!

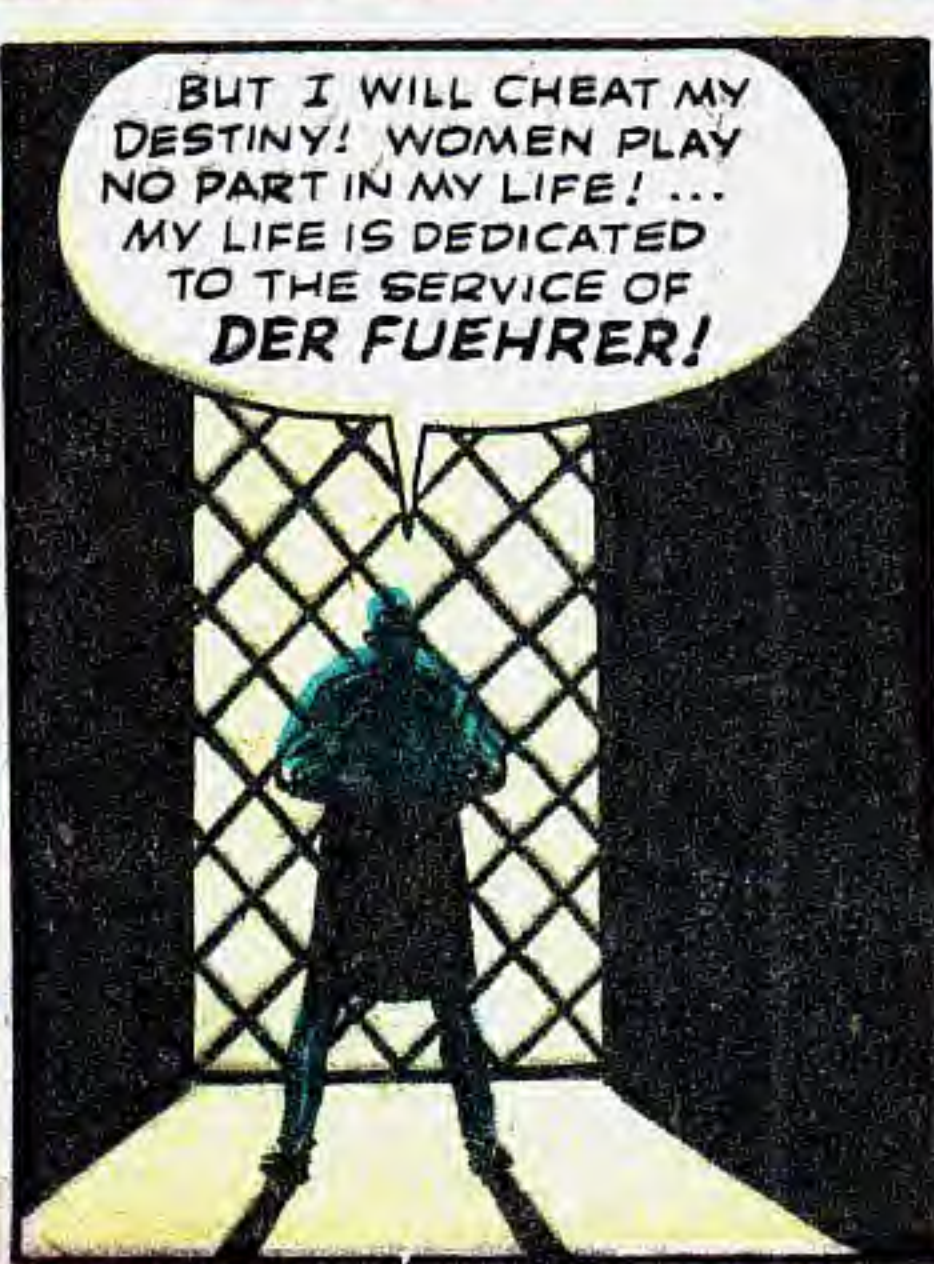
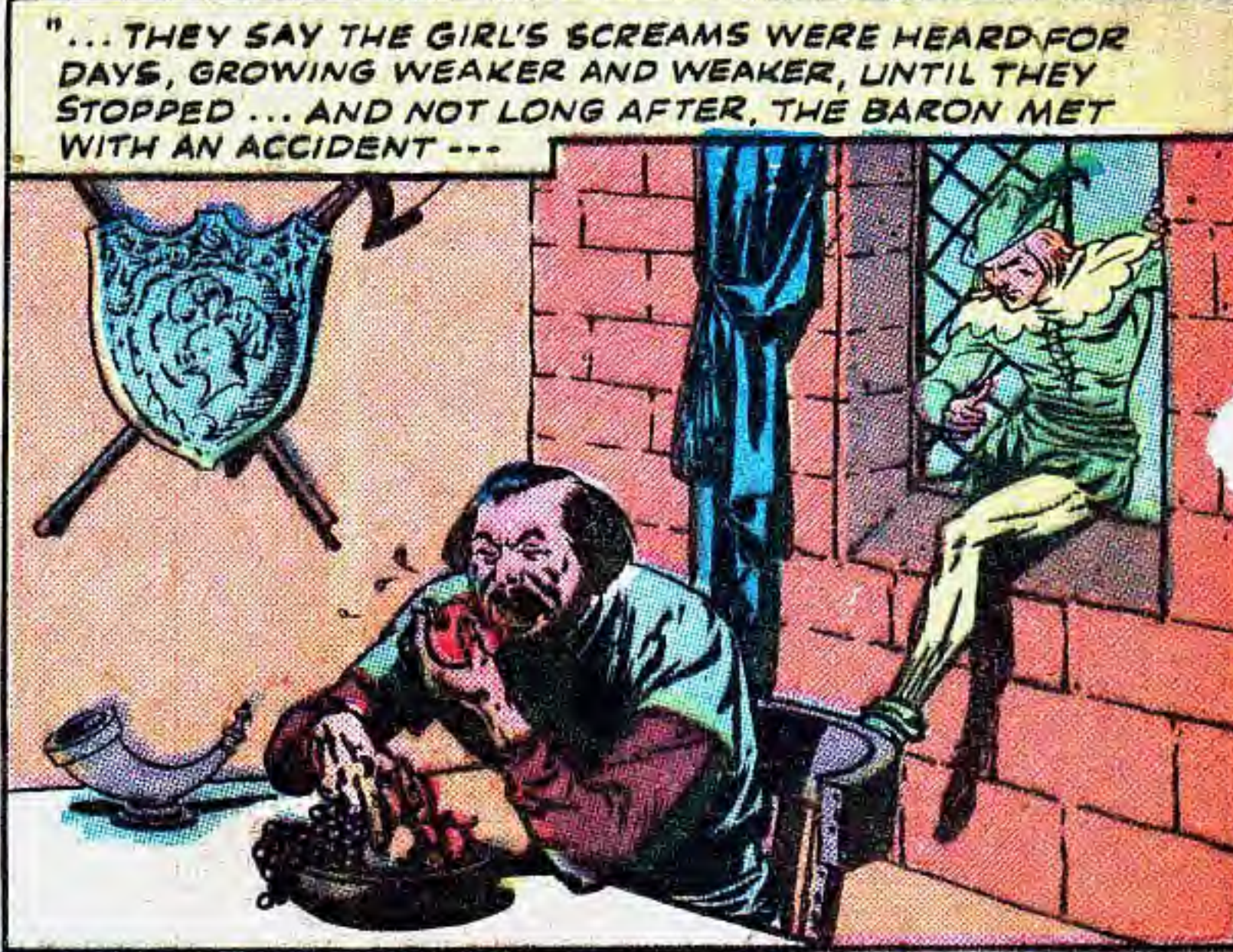


"... BUT, LIKE ALL MEN, THE
BARON DID NOT ALWAYS SUCCEED!

COME, COME, MY
GIRL! DON'T BE
SHY! I
LIKE YOU
VERY
MUCH!

PLEASE!
LET ME
GO!







YOU ARE THE BEST FLYERS IN THE WORLD! EACH ONE OF YOU HAS DESTROYED AT LEAST FIFTY ENEMY PLANES! SO NOW YOU WILL FIGHT - TOGETHER!



YOU WILL HAVE ONLY ONE JOB - TO DESTROY THE **BLACKHAWKS!**

THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN IN ALL GERMANY GREAT ENOUGH TO BE YOUR LEADER! I HAVE BROUGHT HIM HERE TO MEET YOU!



THERE IS YOUR LEADER!

KING COBRA!



THIS IS A GREAT HONOR! - IS IT TRUE YOU SHOT DOWN TWENTY PLANES IN ONE DAY ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT?

I SAW YOU FIGHT ONCE, DURING THE SEIGE OF STALINGRAD! YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

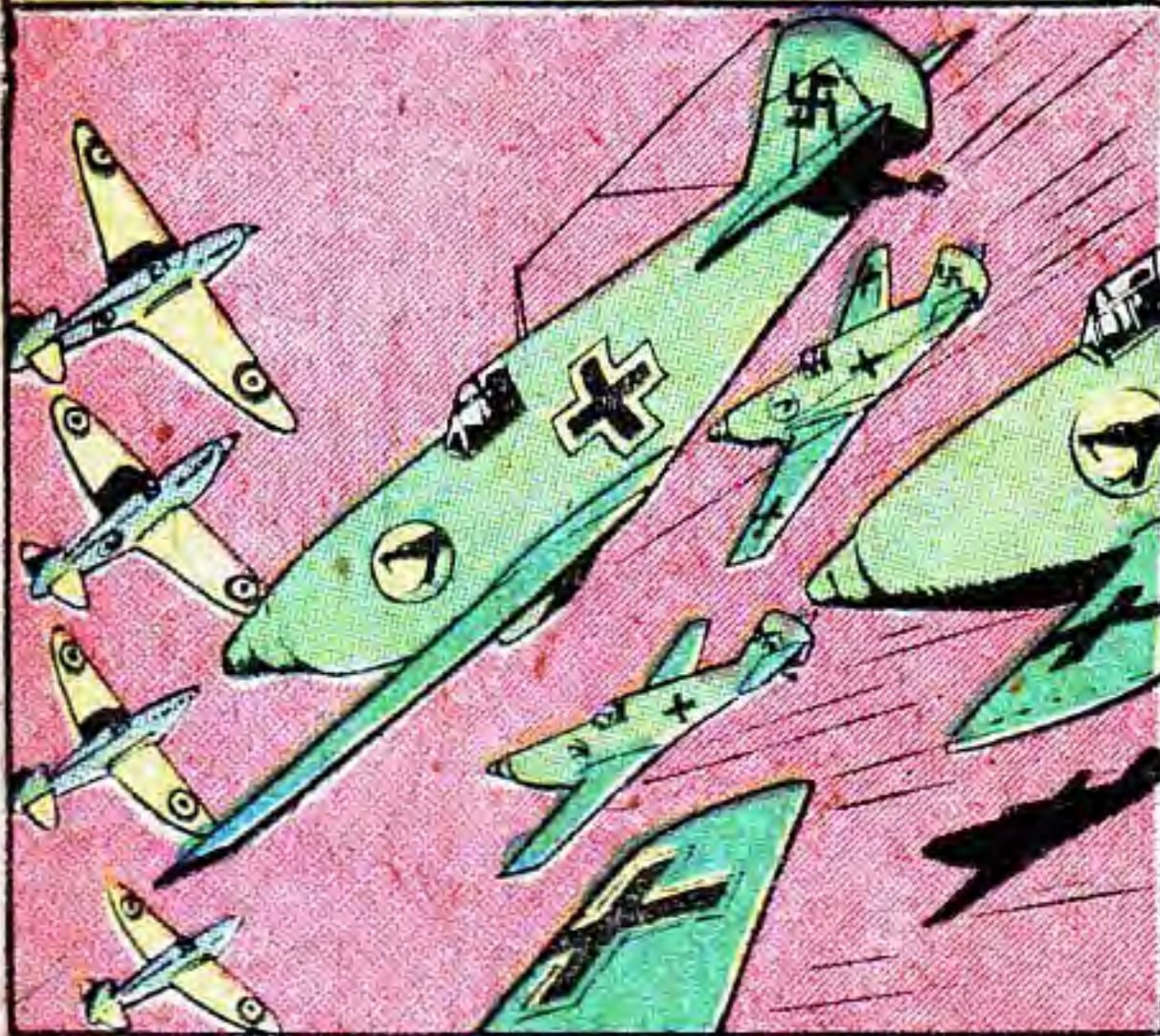


ENOUGH FOOLISHNESS, GENTLEMEN! WE HAVE IMPORTANT WORK TO DO! WE CAN STRIKE A GREAT AND DECISIVE BLOW FOR THE FATHERLAND!



WE SHALL DESTROY THE **BLACKHAWKS!** --- SOON ALL EUROPE WILL HEAR OF US! ... **KING COBRA** ... AND HIS SQUADRON OF RATTLESNAKES!

THE NEXT DAY... AS AN ENGLISH FIGHTER SQUADRON MAKES A DAYLIGHT SWEEP OVER OCCUPIED FRANCE! ...

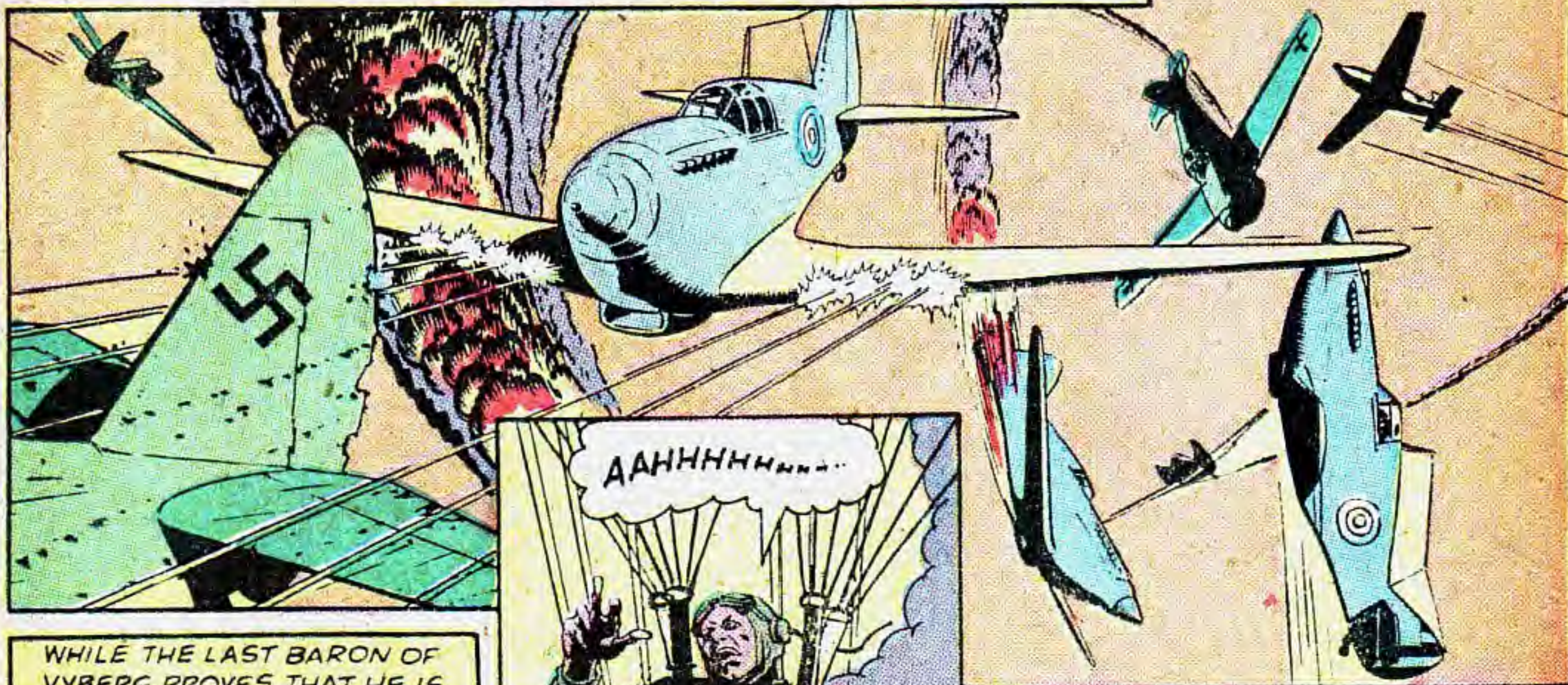
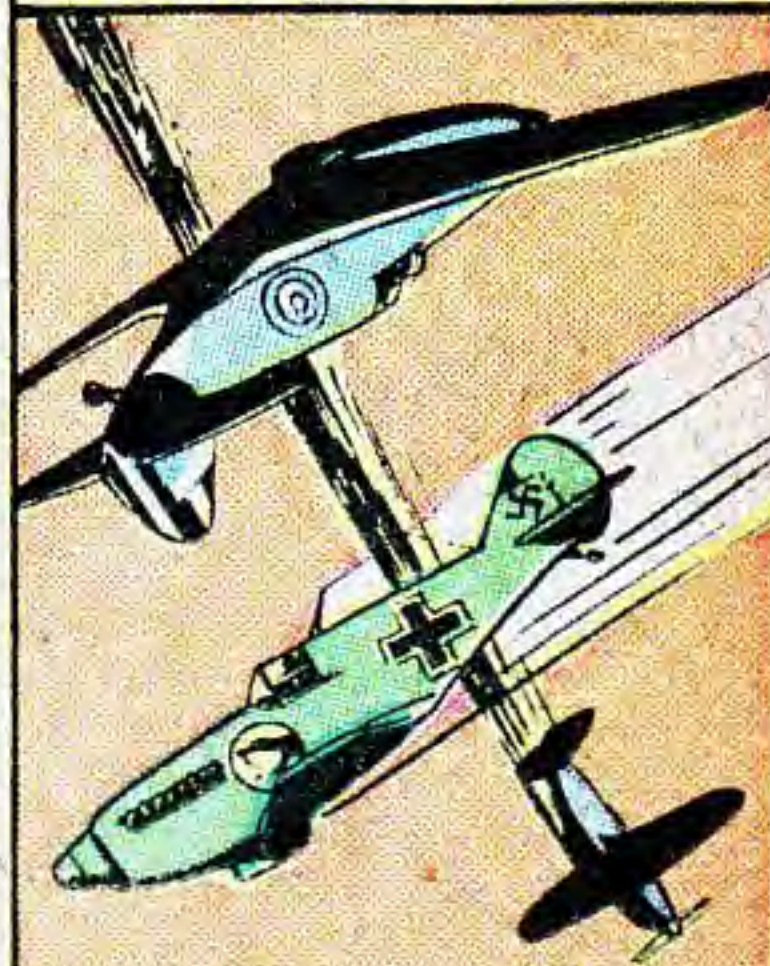


WITH THE BLINDING SUN AT THEIR BACKS, THE RATTLE-SNAKES DIVE ON THE UNSUSPECTING SQUADRON ... A FLIGHT COMMANDER SPOTS THEM!



TALLY HO! HERE COMES A PACK OF NAZIS!

A SHORT, SAVAGE FIGHT FOLLOWS ... BUT THE BRAVE ENGLISH FIGHTERS SOON DISCOVER THESE ARE NOT ORDINARY FOES!

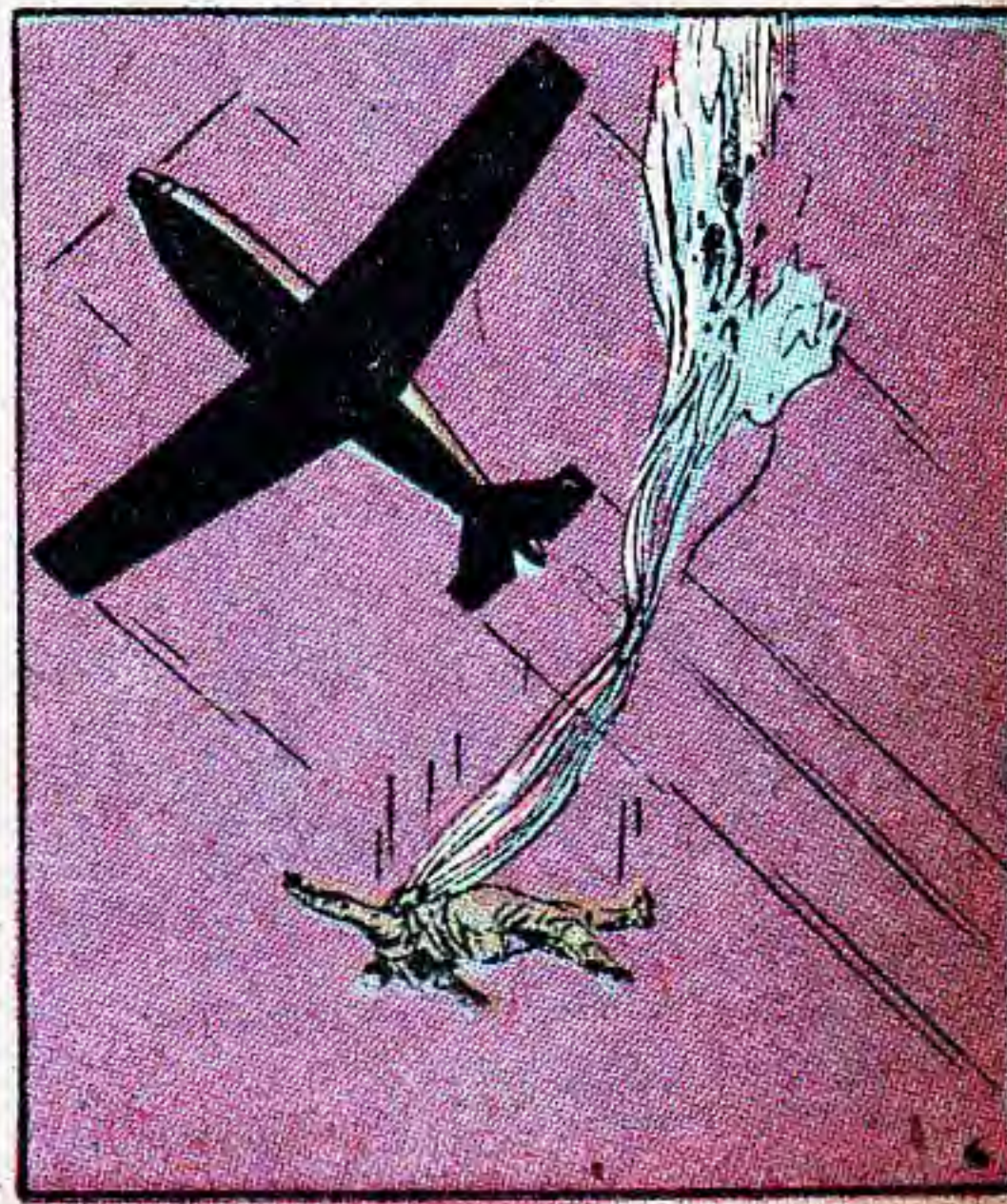


WHILE THE LAST BARON OF VYBERG PROVES THAT HE IS A WORTHY DESCENDANT OF HIS INFAMOUS ANCESTORS!

PILOT BAILING OUT! I GIVE YOU A LESSON IN HOW TO TREAT THE COWARDLY ENGLISH SCHWEIN!



AAHHHHHHH...



SOON THE RATTLE-SNAKES ARE SOLE MASTERS OF THE SKIES!

GOOD WORK! THE BLACKHAWKS WILL HEAR OF THIS! THOSE SENTIMENTAL FOOLS WILL RUN BLINDLY INTO OUR TRAP!

LATER THE SAME DAY, THE RADIO BRINGS NEWS OF THE SLAUGHTER TO LONELY BLACKHAWK ISLAND...

BLOODY BEASTS!

SHOT THEM DOWN IN THEIR PARACHUTES!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? WE WILL DRAW THE VENOM FROM THESE RATTLE-SNAKES PRETTY SOON, I THEENK!

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY WANT US TO DO! WE'D HAVE TO FIGHT THEM ON THEIR HOME GROUNDS, WHERE THEIR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS WOULD BACK THEM UP!

SOME OF US -- MAYBE ALL OF US -- WOULDN'T COME BACK!

ARE YOU FELLOWS WILLING TO FACE PROBABLE DEATH?

LET'S GO!

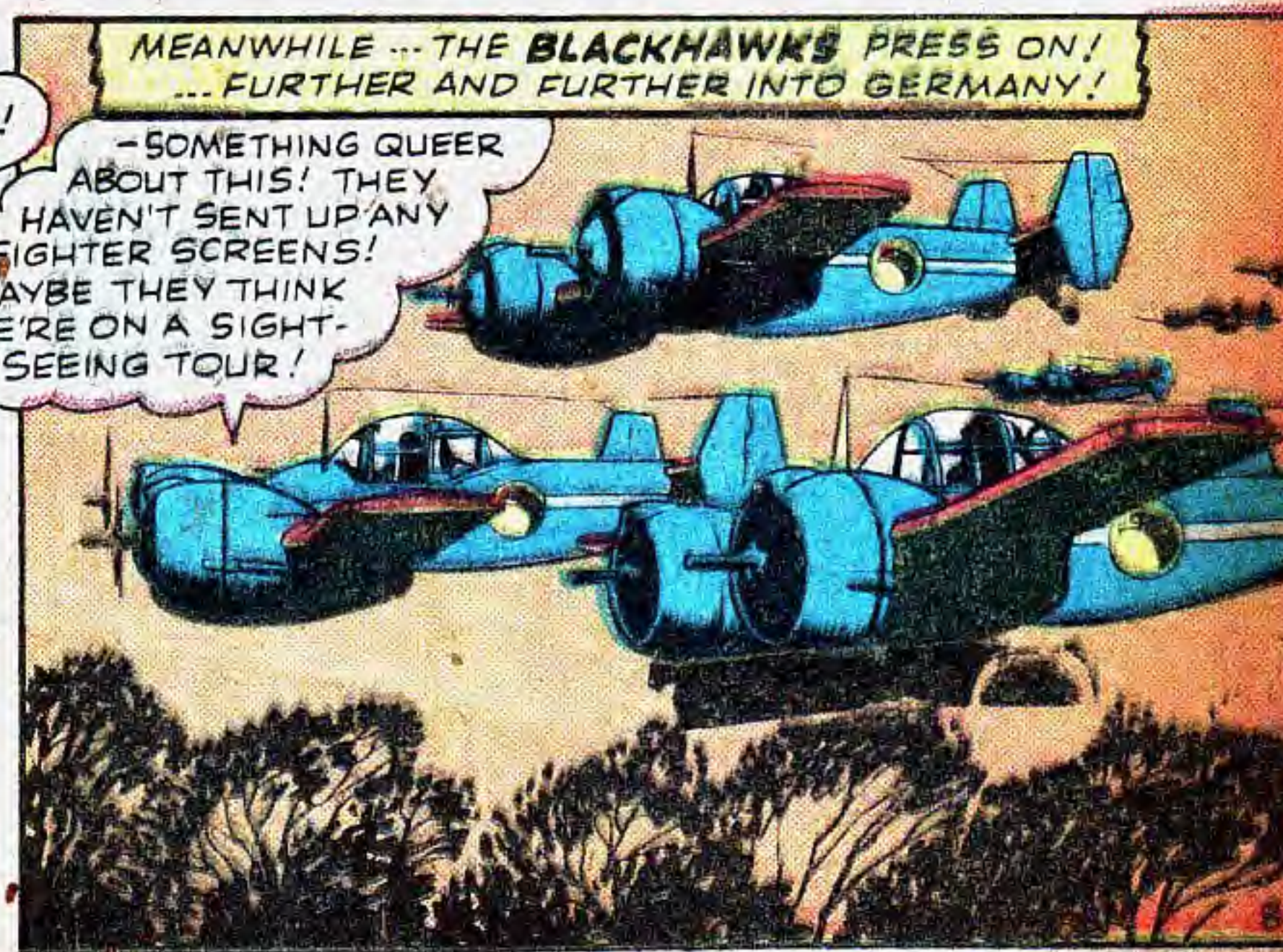
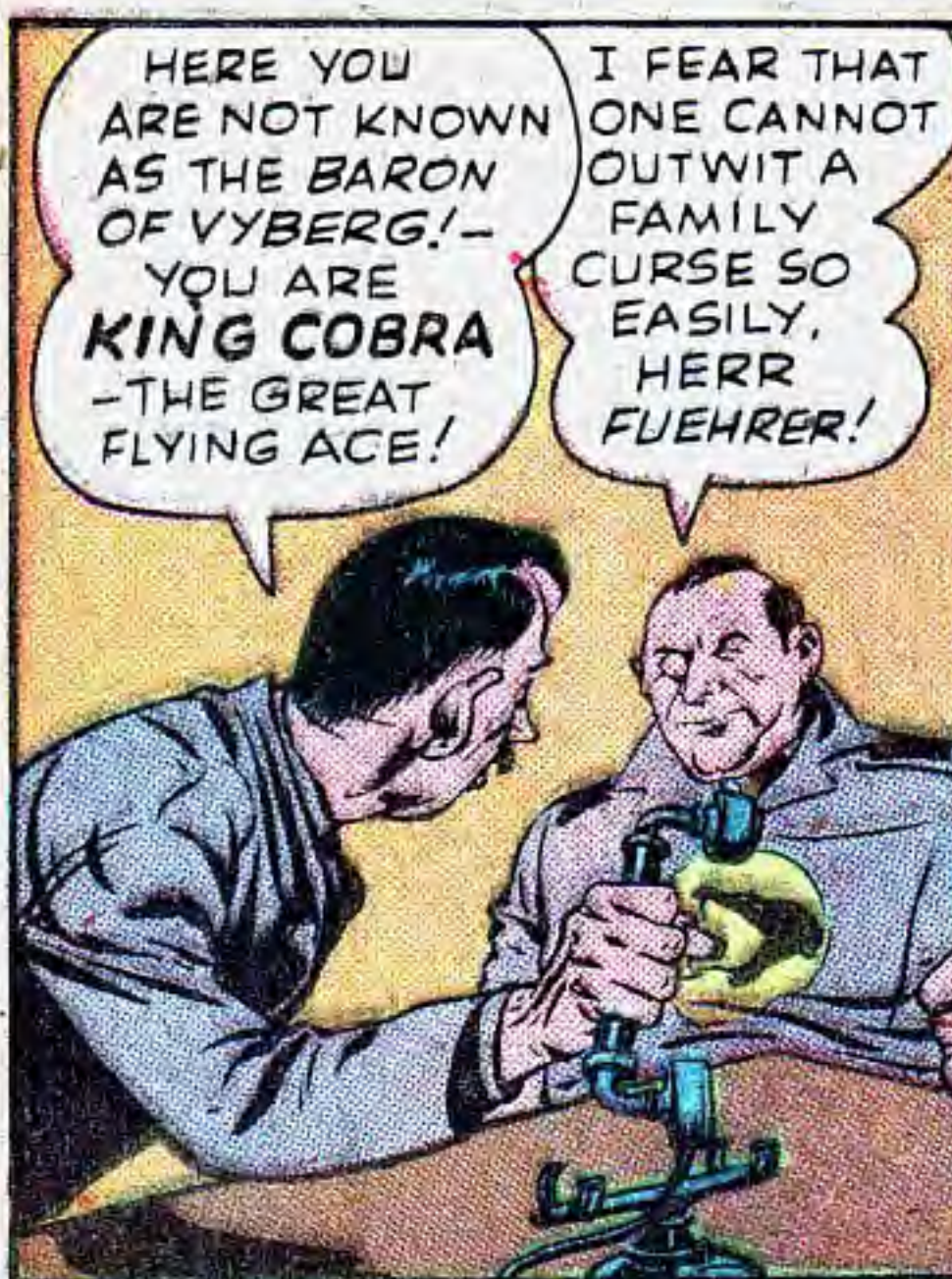
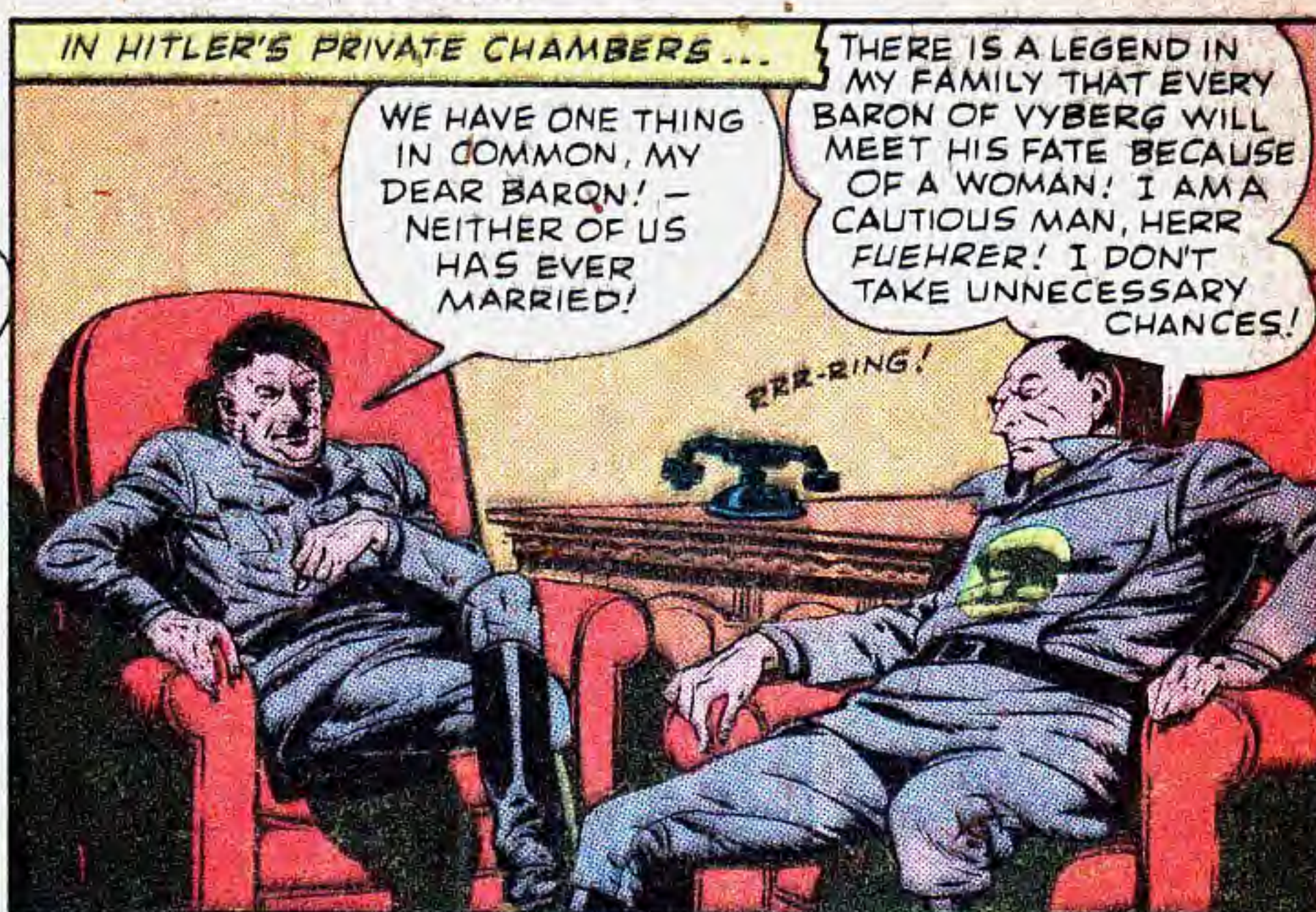
BY GAR! FOR ONE MINUTE I THINK THAT TONDLYO WOMAN IS BACK!

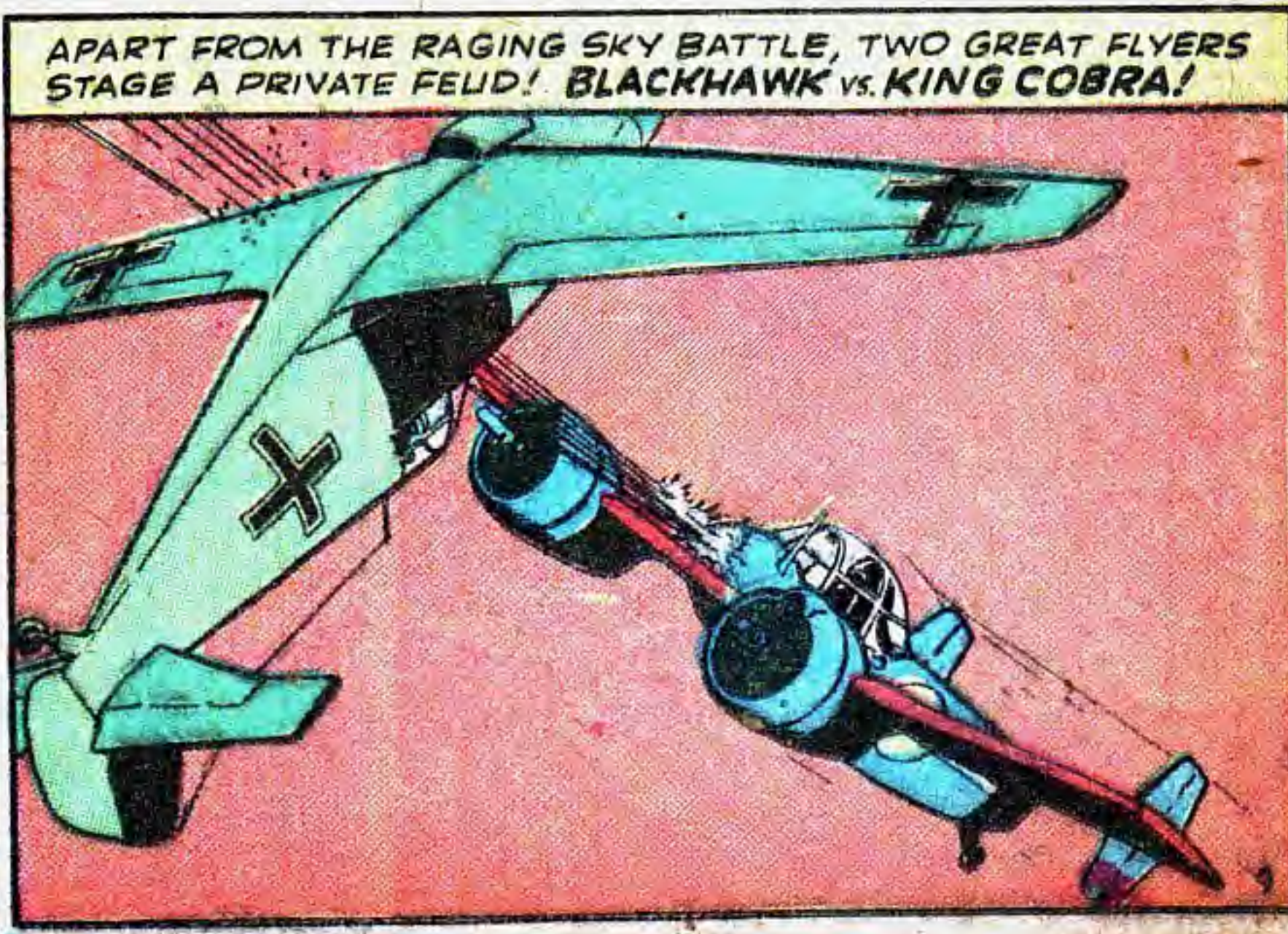
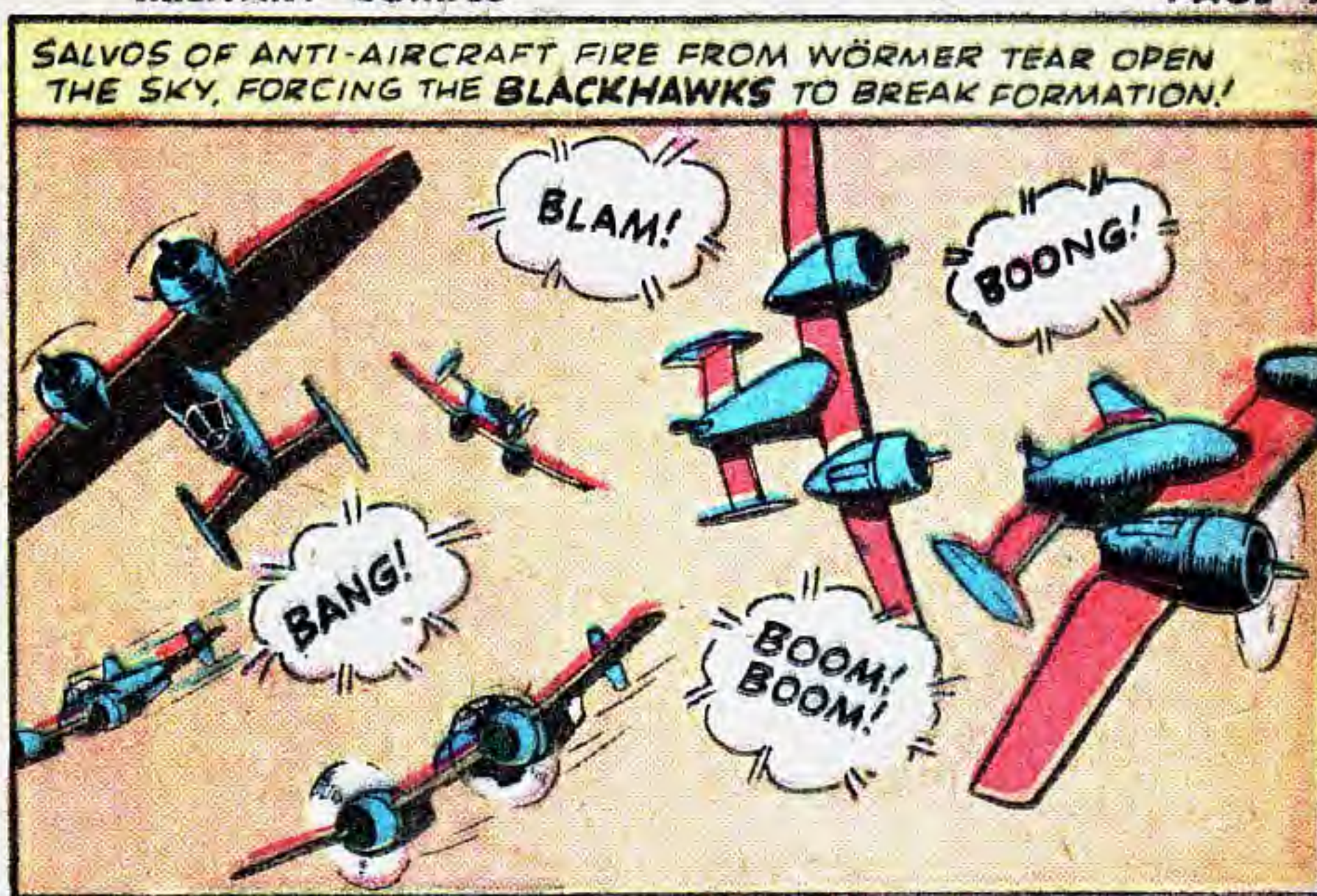
THE DIRTY HUNS HAVE LIVED TOO LONG ALREADY!

WE WON'T KEEP THOSE RATTLESNAKES WAITING!

AND BLACKHAWK LEADS HIS VALIANT COMRADES ... AS THEY TAKE UP THE CHALLENGE!

HAWKAAAAAAAAAAAA





ONE BREATHLESS MANEUVER
FOLLOWS ANOTHER AS THE
TITANIC AIR BATTLE ROARS
ON! ... BUT AT LAST
BLACKHAWK GAINS THE
UPPER HAND!



I CAN'T LOSE
HIM! --- WHY
HAS HE STOPPED
FIRING?

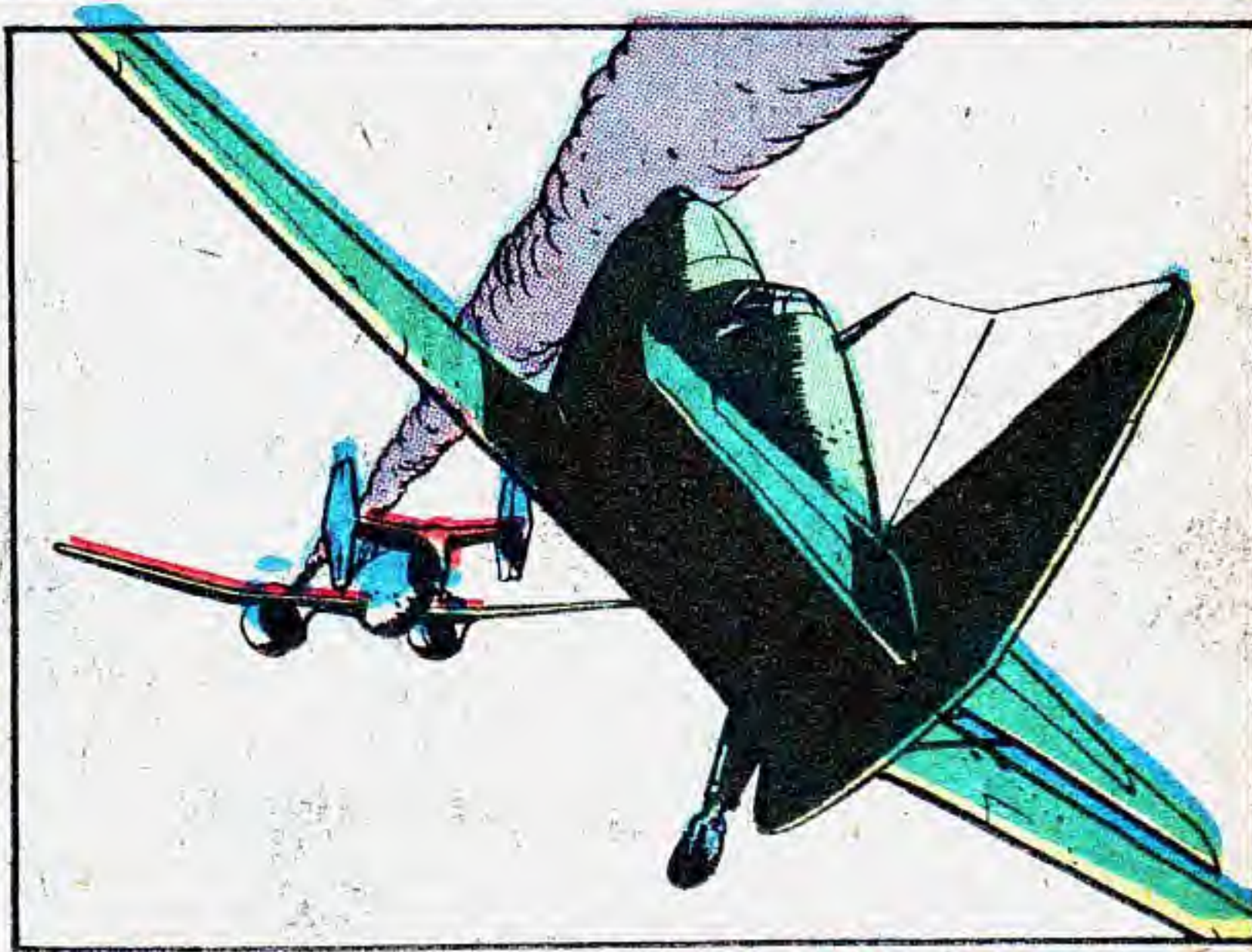
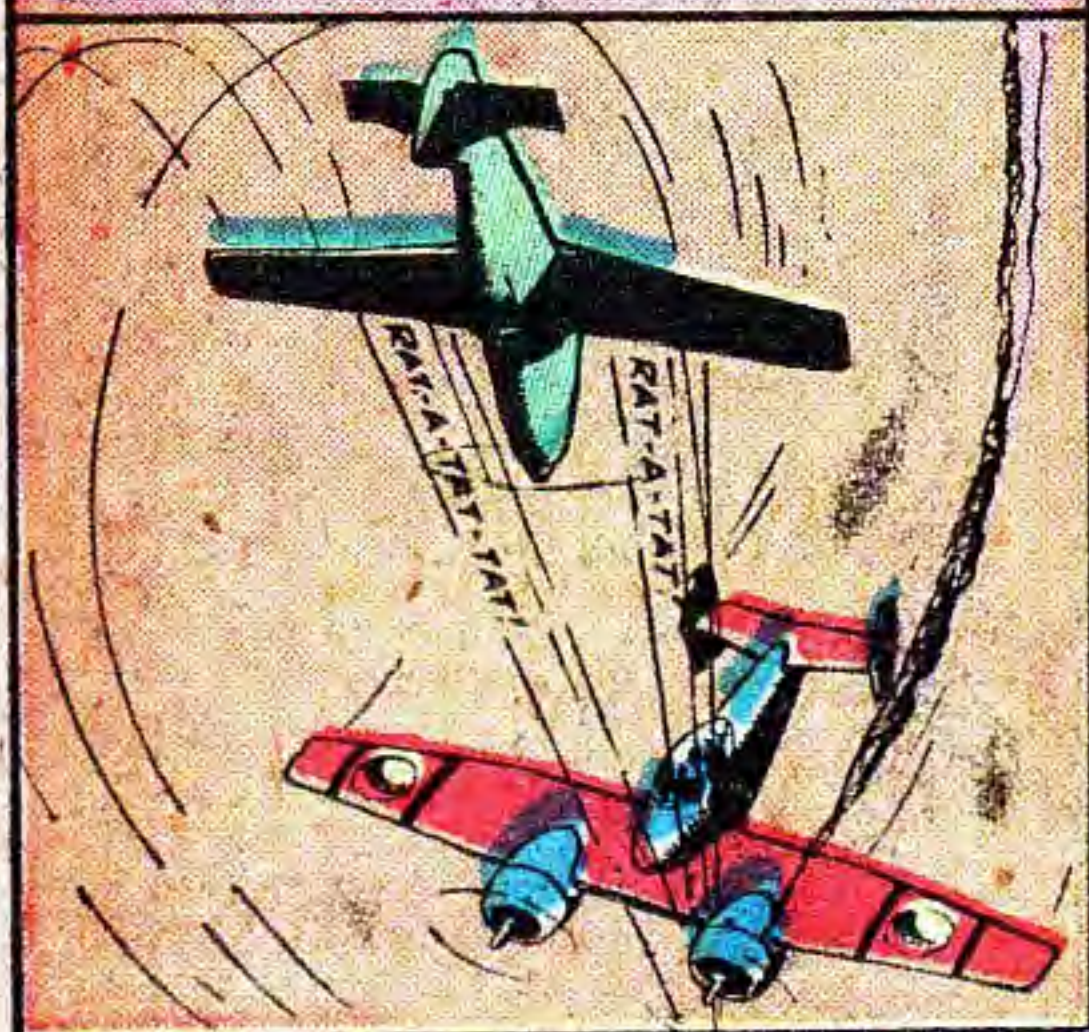


IN THE PURSUING PLANE, **BLACKHAWK**
FINDS HIMSELF CHEATED OF HIS PRIZE!

MY GUNS ARE
JAMMED! WHAT
A TIME FOR
THIS TO
HAPPEN!



KING COBRA SENSES WHAT HAS
HAPPENED ... AND POUNCES
SAVAGELY ON THE HELPLESS PLANE!

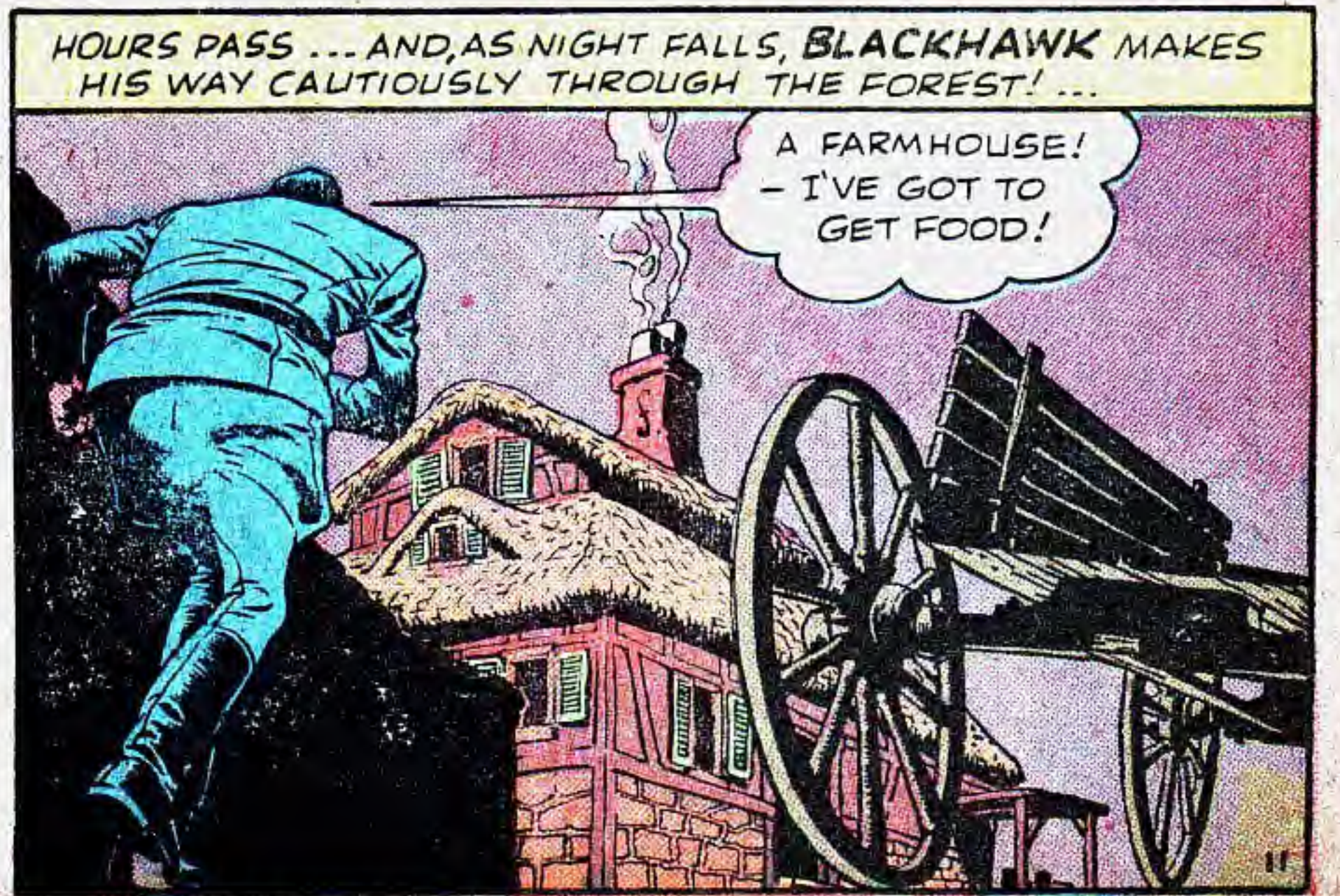
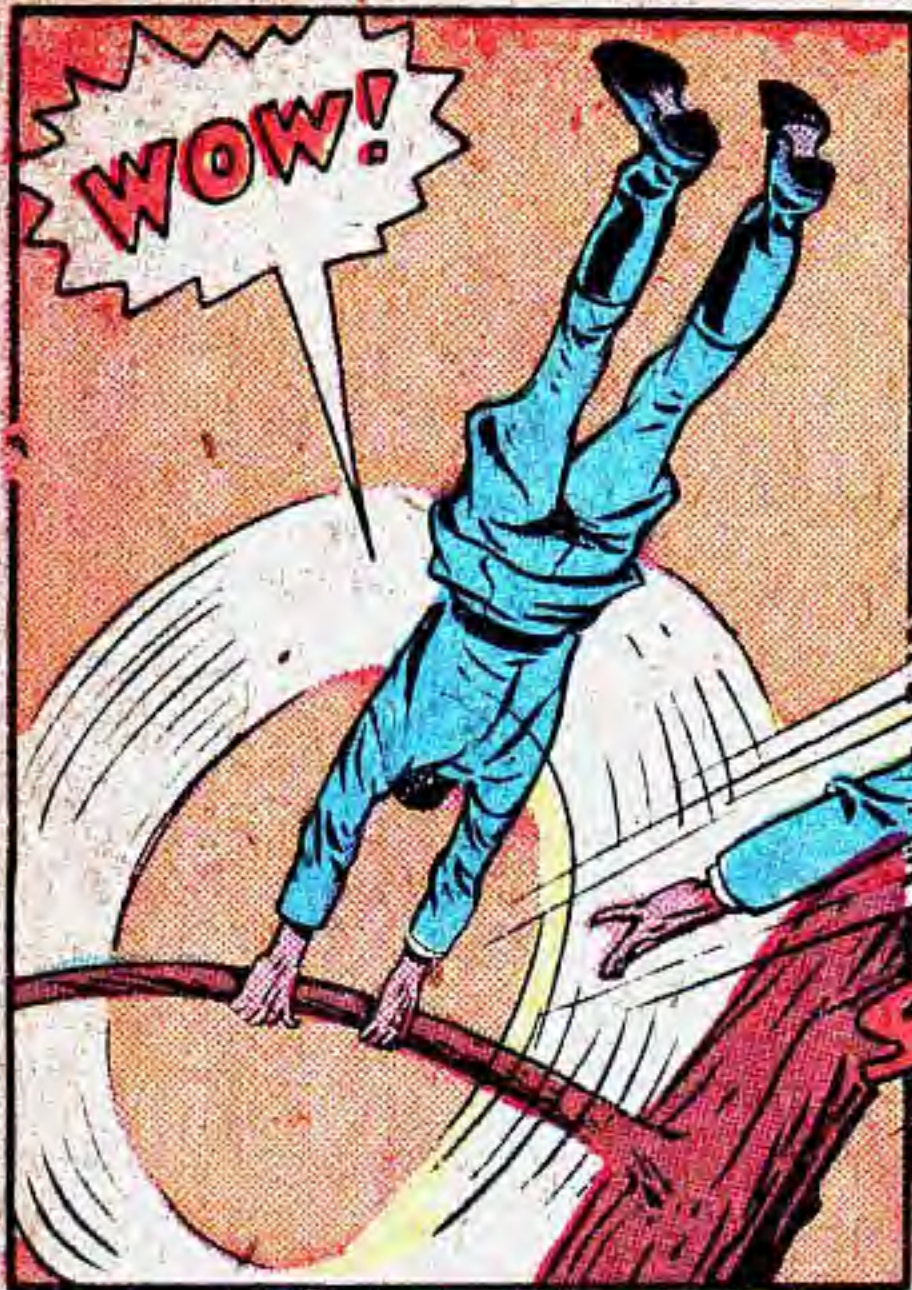


CLINGING TO THE DOOMED PLANE,
BLACKHAWK SEES THE GROUND
HURTLING UP AT HIM!



HERE
GOES ...!









WHERE IS HE?
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE WITH
HIM?

I--I---
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU
MEAN!



BLACKHAWK
WAS SHOT DOWN
NEAR HERE! HIS BODY
HAS NOT BEEN FOUND!
OBVIOUSLY SOMEONE IS
GIVING HIM SHELTER! --
UNLESS YOU TELL US
WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN
HIM, YOU'LL BE SHOT!



BUT WE HAVE
NOT SEEN
HIM! -- I
SWEAR
IT!

BOTH OF YOU HAVE BEEN
SUSPECTED OF WORKING
AGAINST THE NAZI PARTY
AND OUR GLORIOUS
FUEHRER! YOUR
PROTESTS OF
INNOCENCE
ARE
USELESS!



**SUDDENLY KING COBRA SEES
A MARK IN THE SPILLED FLOUR
ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR!**

A FOOTPRINT!
--HA! HE
IS HERE!



THAT FOOTPRINT WAS
MADE BY A MILITARY
BOOT -- OF ENEMY MAKE!
I FIND YOU GUILTY
OF AIDING AN
ENEMY OF
YOUR COUNTRY!



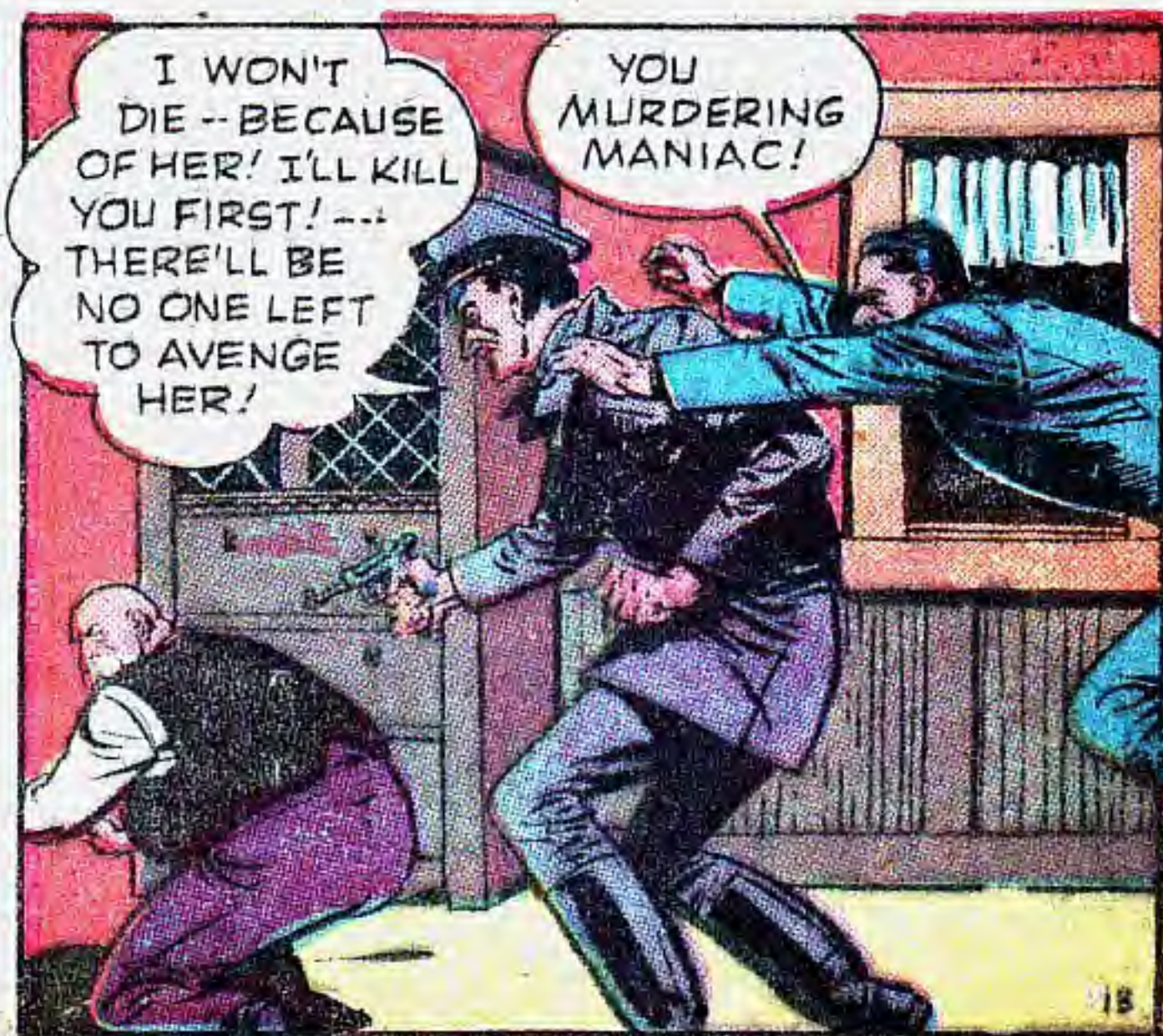
AND I HEARBY
EXECUTE
SENTENCE!

NO!



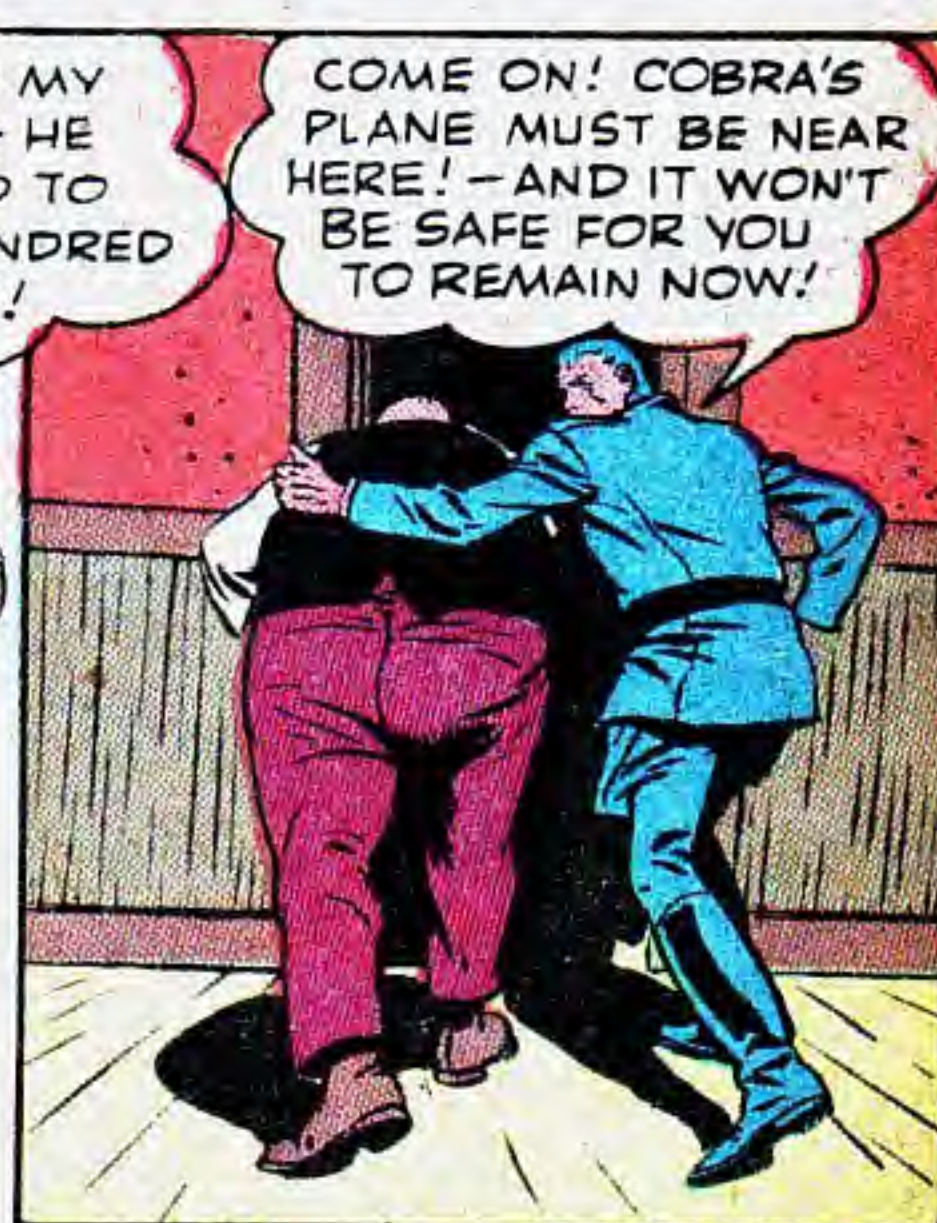
YOU ---
YOU
KILLED
HER!

I DIDN'T MEAN
TO! --- **THE**
CURSE!
---IT'S
COMING
TRUE!



I WON'T
DIE -- BECAUSE
OF HER! I'LL KILL
YOU FIRST! ---
THERE'LL BE
NO ONE LEFT
TO AVENGE
HER!

YOU
MURDERING
MANIAC!



SO DIES THE THIRTEENTH BARON OF VYBERG, LAST OF HIS LINE ... A VICTIM OF HIS OWN VILLAINY! ... THIRTEENTH OF HIS FAMILY TO DIE -- BECAUSE OF A WOMAN!



MEANWHILE... BLACKHAWK FINDS THE PLANE THAT KING COBRA LEFT BEHIND...

THIS WILL TAKE YOU TO BLACKHAWK ISLAND - YOU'LL BE SAFE THERE!

I MUST STAY HERE! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!

HERE IN GERMANY A FEW MEN STILL CARRY ON THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM! I CANNOT DESERT MY FRIENDS!

I UNDERSTAND! YOU AND YOUR KIND WILL BUILD THE GERMANY OF THE FUTURE!



IN THE CHILL DAWN ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND, THE SOUND OF A LIMPING MOTOR IS HEARD...

A GERMAN PLANE!

HE EES GOING TO CRASH!

HE MADE IT!

ONLY ONE MAN CAN FLY LIKE THAT!

BLACK-HAWK!

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD! WE SAW YOU GO DOWN IN FLAMES AND...

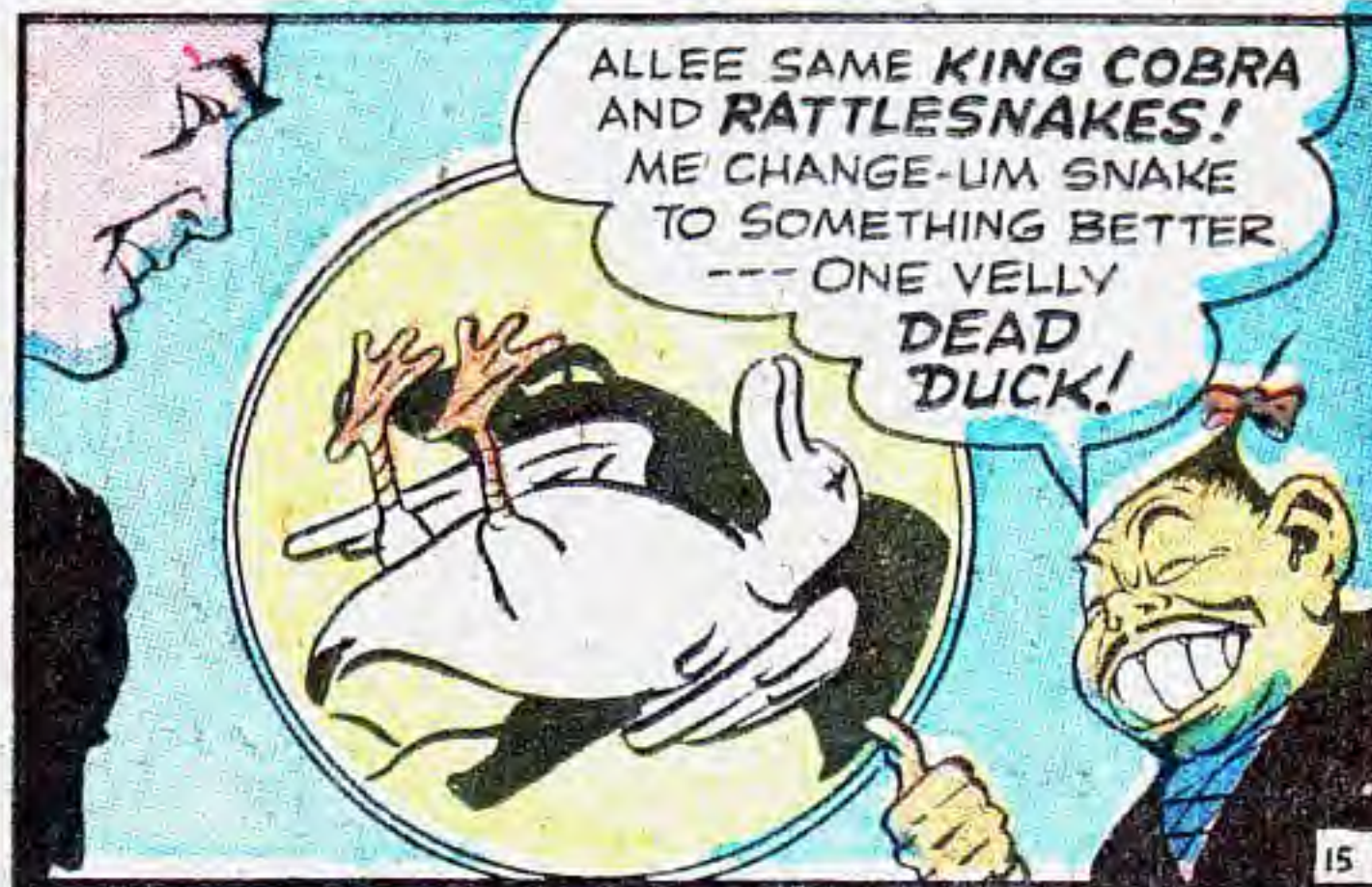
GUESS WE LOST OUR HEADS AFTER THAT! WE CLEANED UP ON THOSE RATTLESNAKES MIGHTY QUICK!

KEENG COBRA - EES HE FEENEESHED?



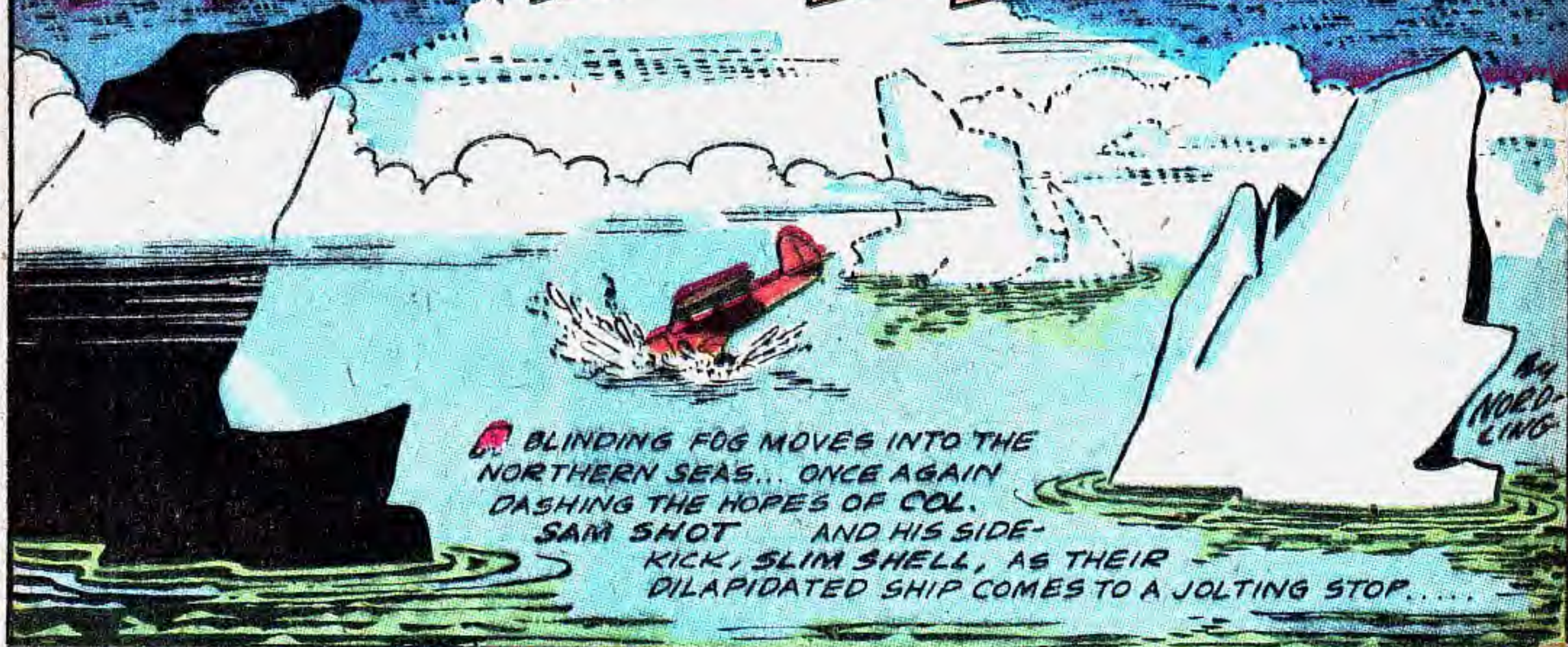
KING COBRA IS DEAD! HE SAY! -- WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHOP-CHOP?

ALLEE SAME KING COBRA AND RATTLESNAKES! ME CHANGE-UM SNAKE TO SOMETHING BETTER --- ONE VELLY DEAD DUCK!



DON'T MISS **BLACKHAWK** AND HIS BUDDIES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **MILITARY COMICS!**

SHOT and SHELL



BLINDING FOG MOVES INTO THE NORTHERN SEAS... ONCE AGAIN DASHING THE HOPES OF COL. SAM SHOT AND HIS SIDE-KICK, SLIM SHELL, AS THEIR DILAPIDATED SHIP COMES TO A JOLTING STOP....



EGAD, M'LAD! THEY WEREN'T MOUNTAINS.. THEY WERE ICEBERGS!

NOW HE TELLS ME!



YER ALWAYS SO FULLA WIND, COLONEL, YA GOT PLENTY TO SPARE FER THAT RUBBER BOAT!...



UF.. PFF! UG... SLIM.. I AM THOROUGHLY DEFLATED

IS IT POSSIBLE?



NOW WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW IS ARE WE IN RUSSIA, FINLAND OR NORWAY?

I SHALL INQUIRE OF YON BUMPKIN..

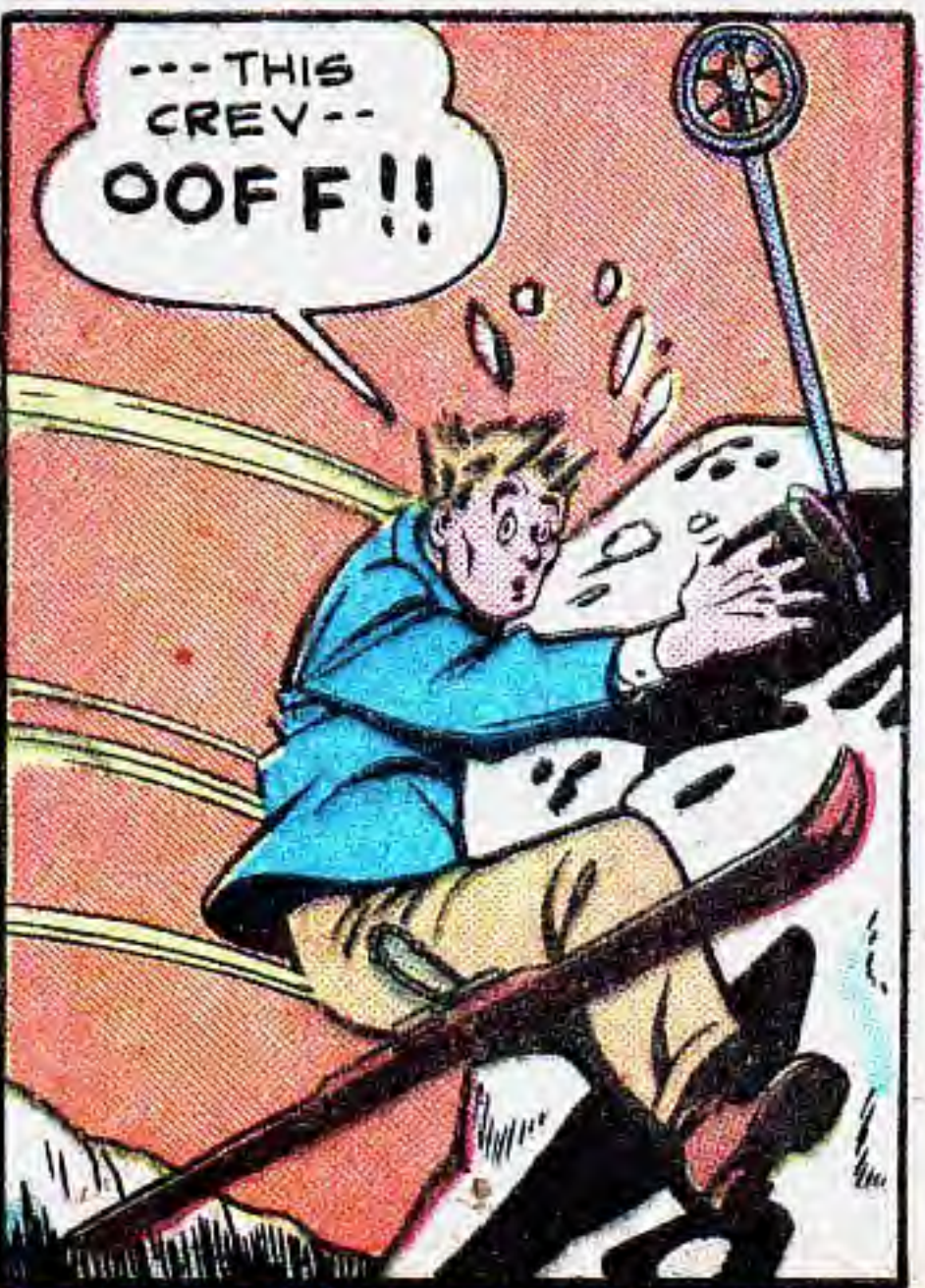
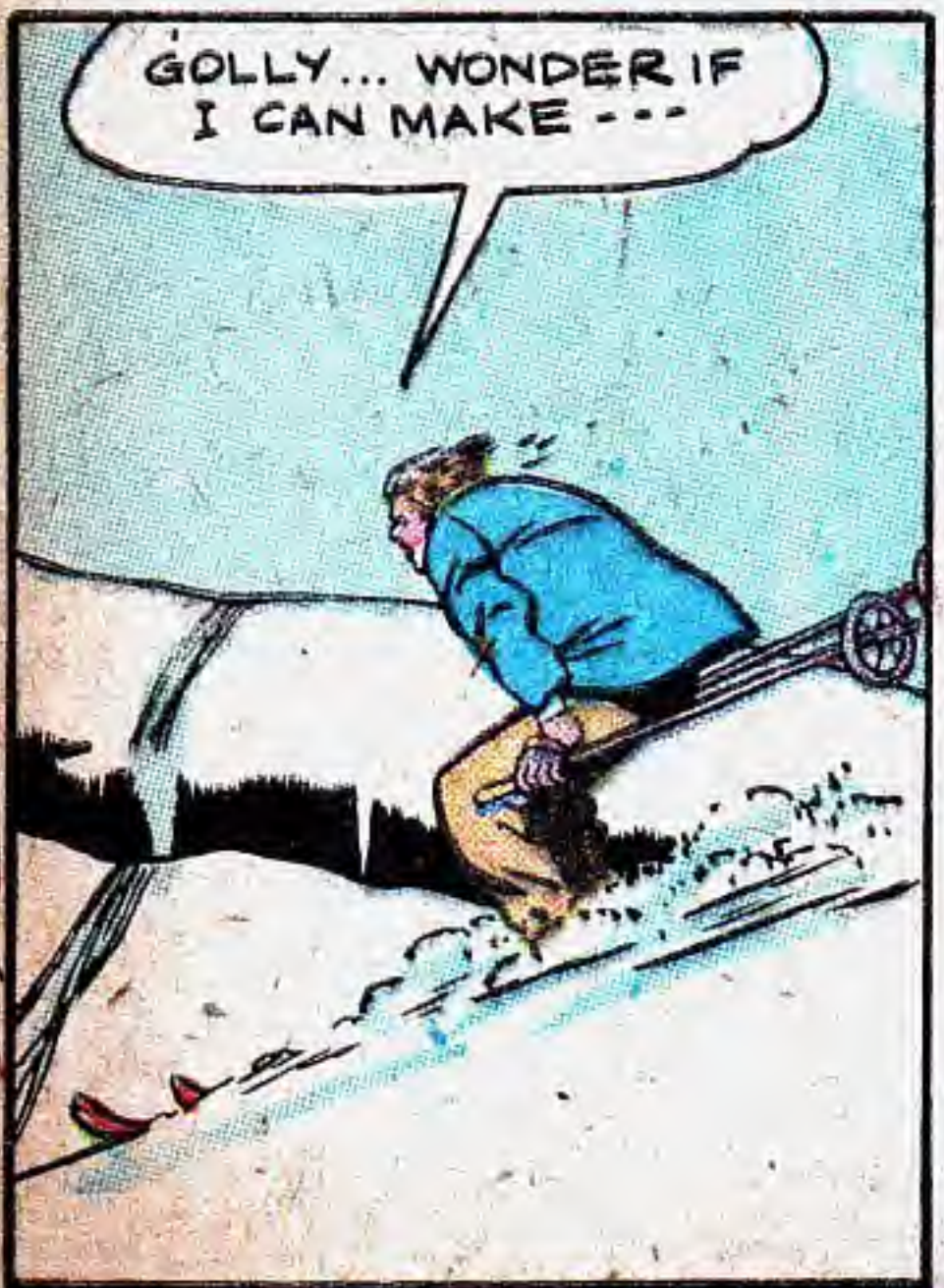
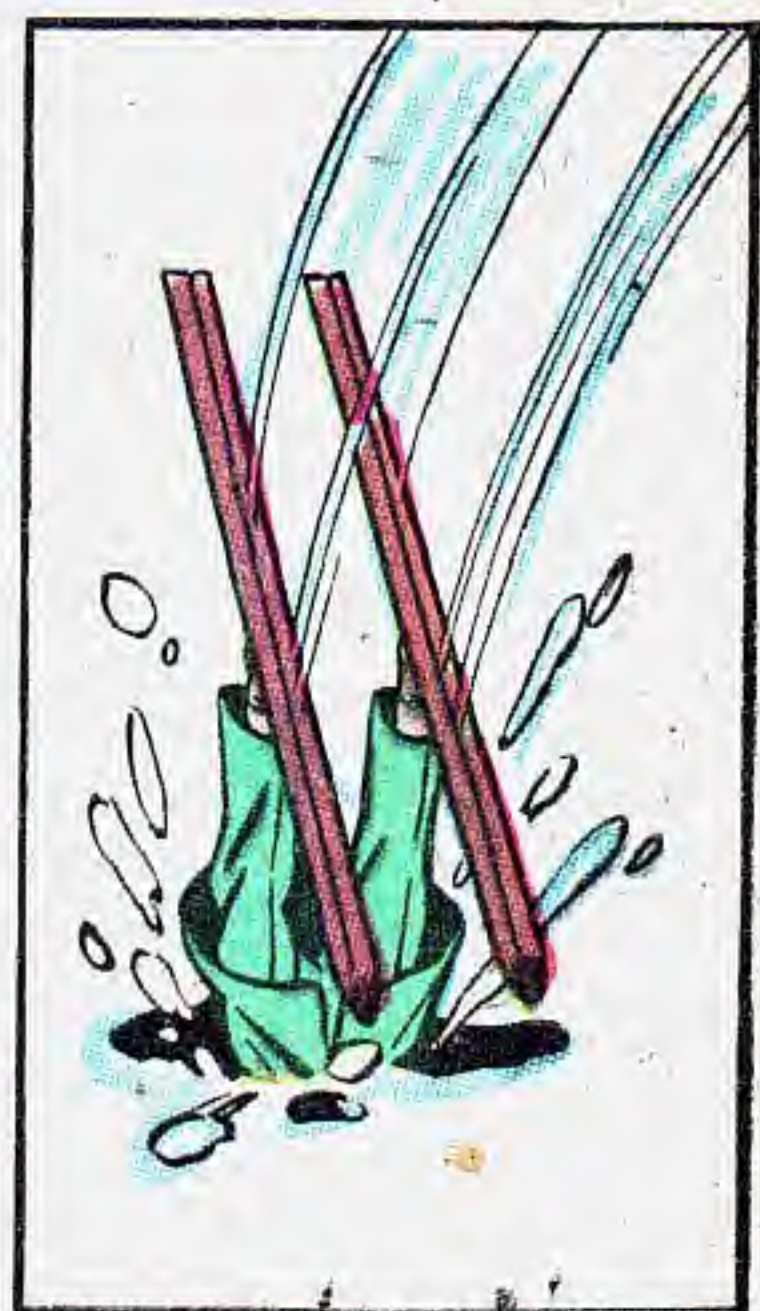
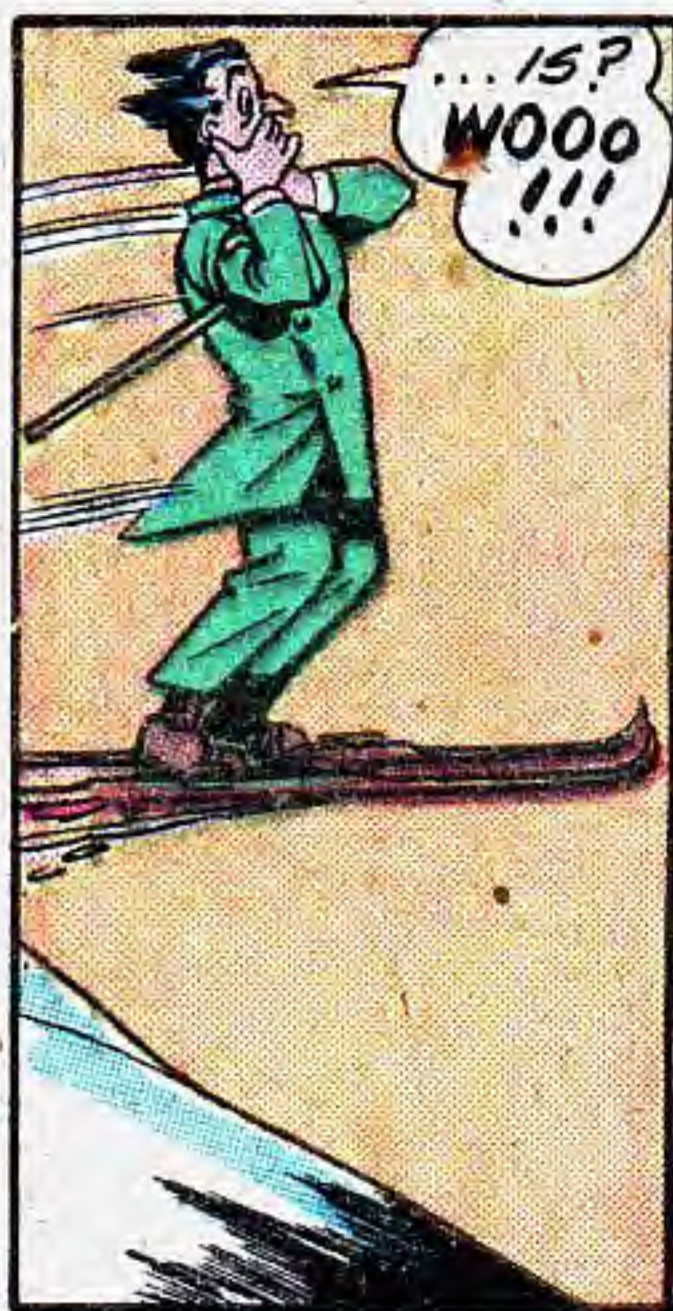


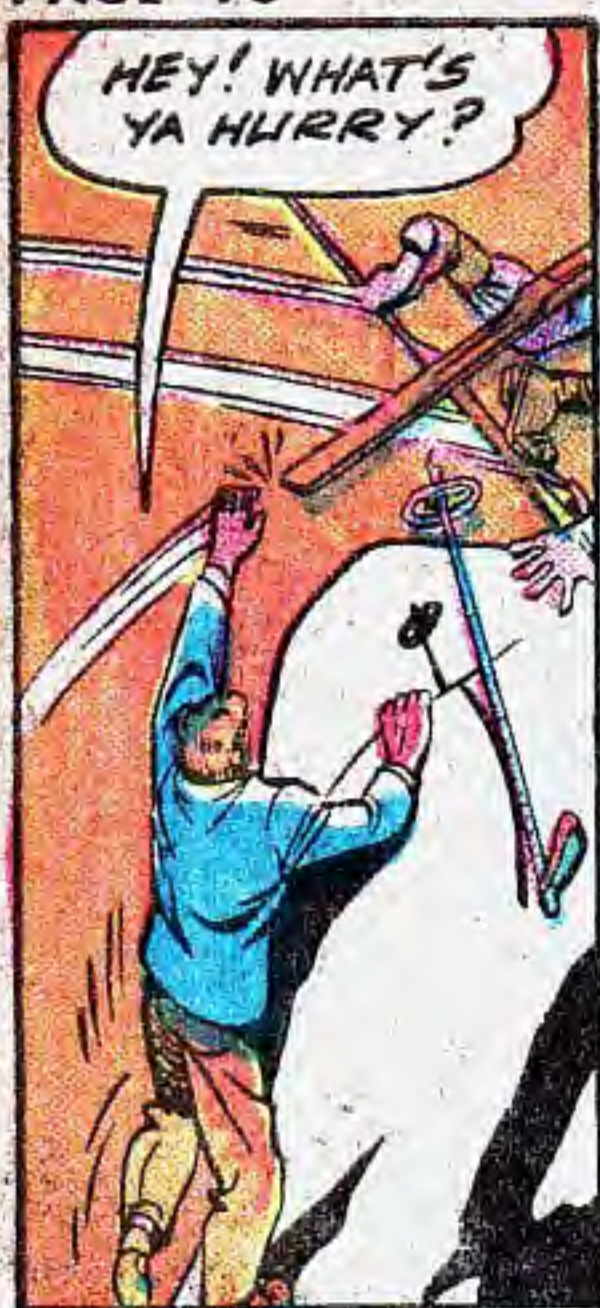
AHH... I SAY THERE... COULD WE GLEAN A BIT OF GEOGRAPHIC INFORMATION... -- AWK SPLP!!?

ENGLISCHER!

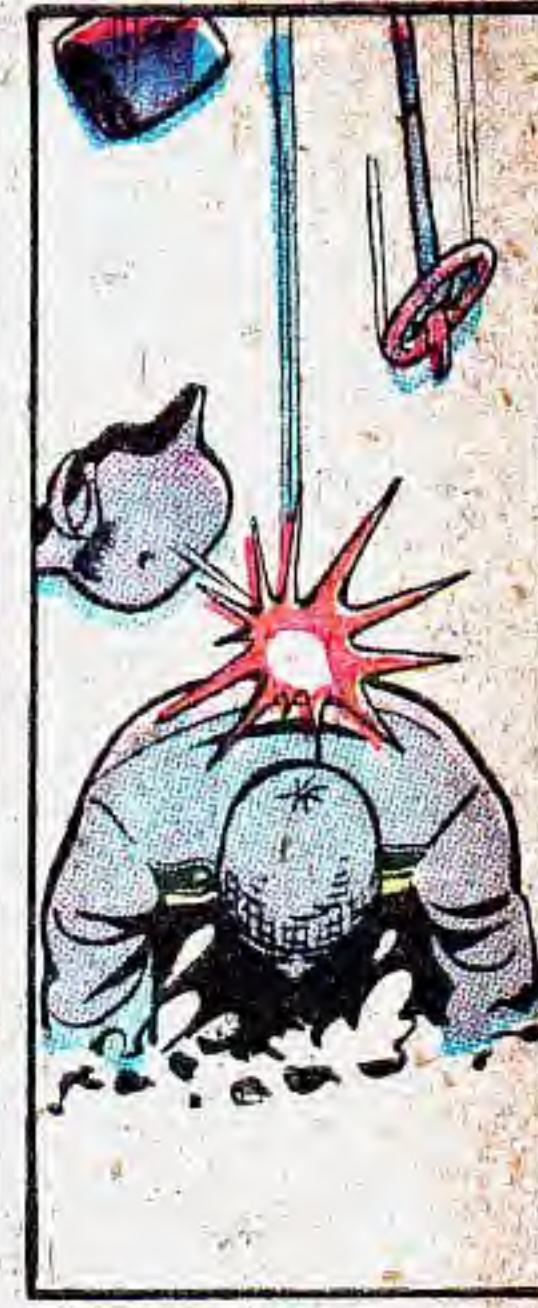


YOU WOULD PICK A NAZI TO GET CHUMMY WITH!





HEY! WHAT'S YA HURRY?



ARE YOU IN ONE PIECE, SLIM?

DOGGONE RIGHT! AN' I SALVAGED A GRENADE FROM THAT MUG!



GADZOOKS! THEY'VE SPOTTED US!



MAYBE THEY'LL THINK I'M ONE OF 'EM, IF I STICK MY NOGGIN OUT!



IT WORKED! THEY'RE COMIN' CLOSER! LET 'EM HAVE THE GRENADE!



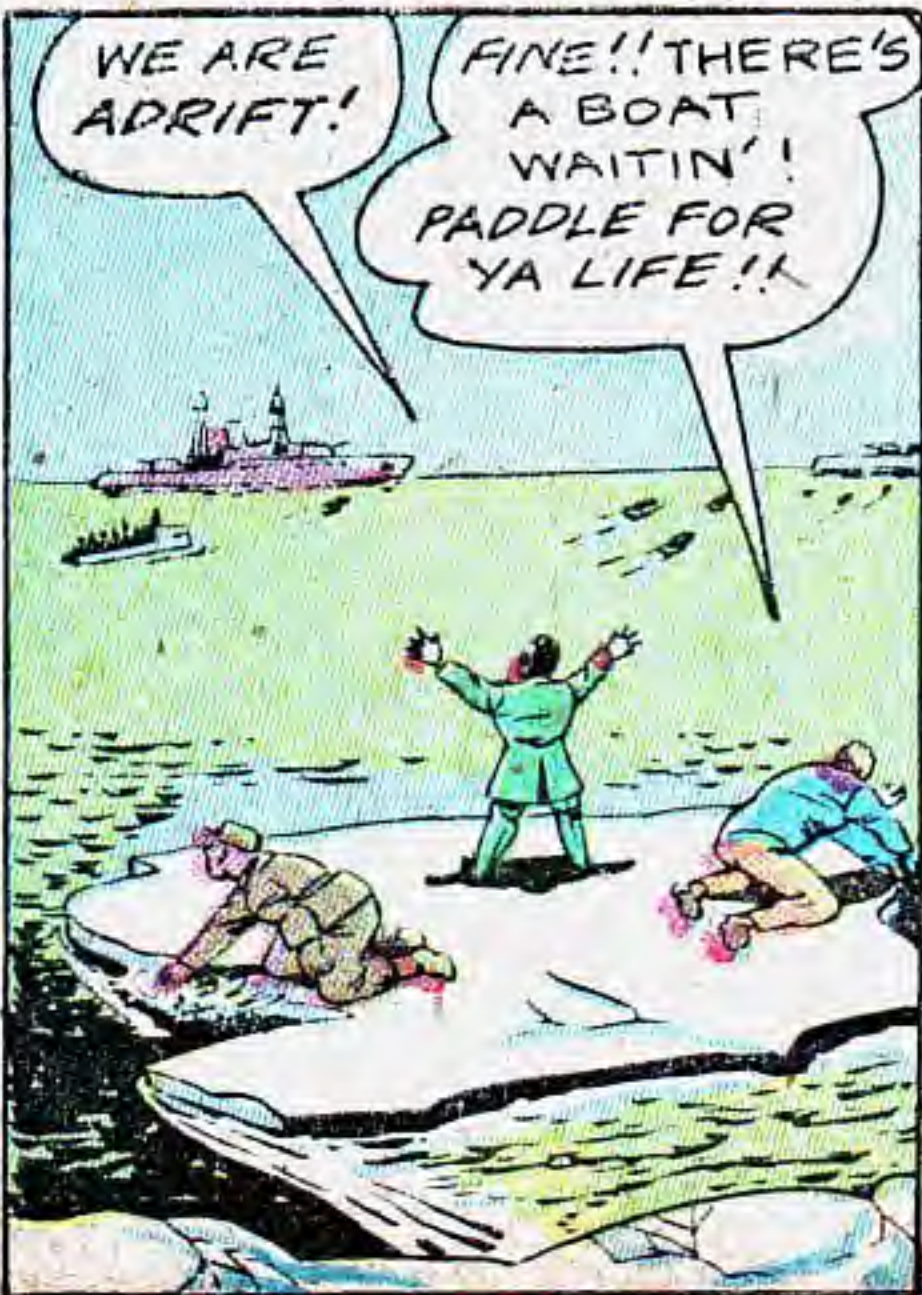
WELL FOR--!? IT DIDN'T GO OFF!... SAY! DID YOU PULL THE PIN, BRIGHT EYES?



PIN? OH.. WAS I SUPPOSED TO PULL THAT?



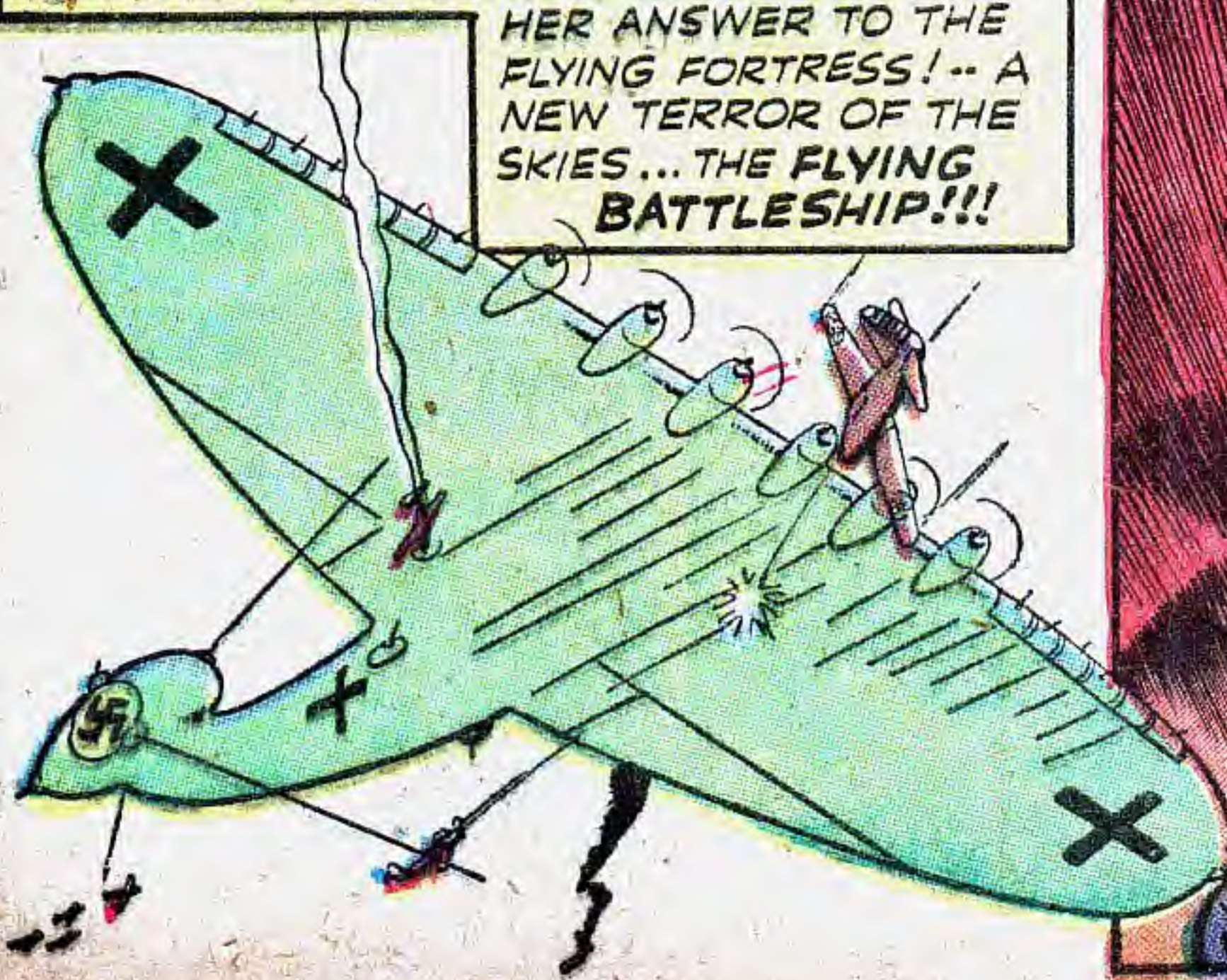
? JOVE! I DIDN'T HURL IT THAT FAR!





CAN THE WAR BE WON BY AIR SUPREMACY ALONE? TIME WILL TELL! BUT BOTH SIDES, THE AXIS AND THE ALLIES, CANNOT AFFORD TO WAIT! GERMANY RACES TO COMPLETE

HER ANSWER TO THE FLYING FORTRESS! -- A NEW TERROR OF THE SKIES... THE FLYING BATTLESHIP!!!



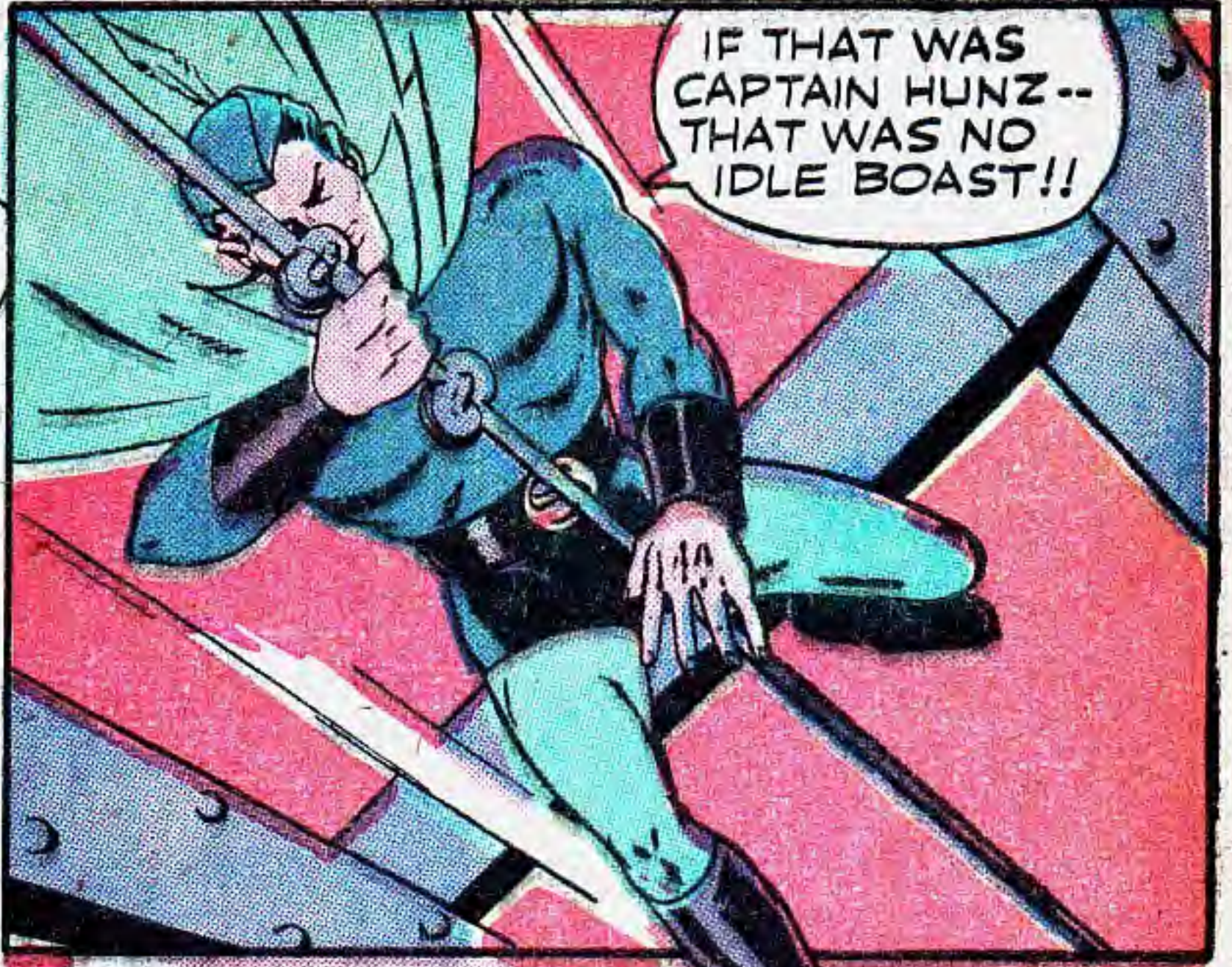
THE SECRET LAIR OF THE NEW SKY-MENACE...

DER WORLD -- LISTEN TO ME! I, CAPTAIN HUNZ VILL SOON MAKE DER ALLIED COUNTRIES TREMBLE AND I'LL POUND DEM INTO SUBMISSION WITH MY AERIAL MONSTER!!



THE NAZI BOAST TRAVELS OVER THE EIFFEL TOWER -- HOME OF THE SNIPER!

?? WHAT KIND OF DEVILISH THING HAVE THEY DREAMED UP NOW?



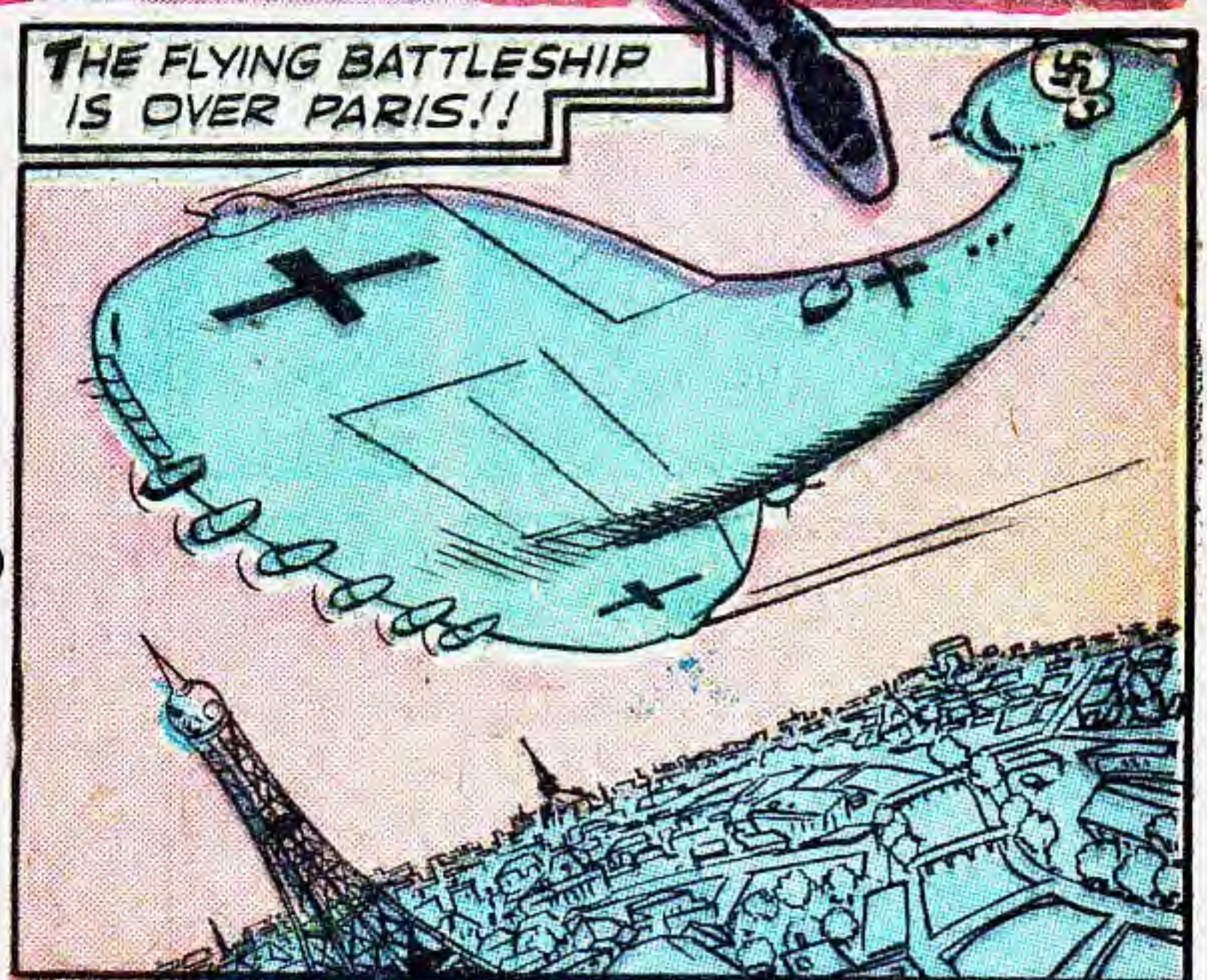
IF THAT WAS CAPTAIN HUNZ -- THAT WAS NO IDLE BOAST!!

THE SNIPER SUDDENLY FREEZES IN HIS TRACKS!

THAT HEAVY DRONE!!!... COULD IT BE ...??



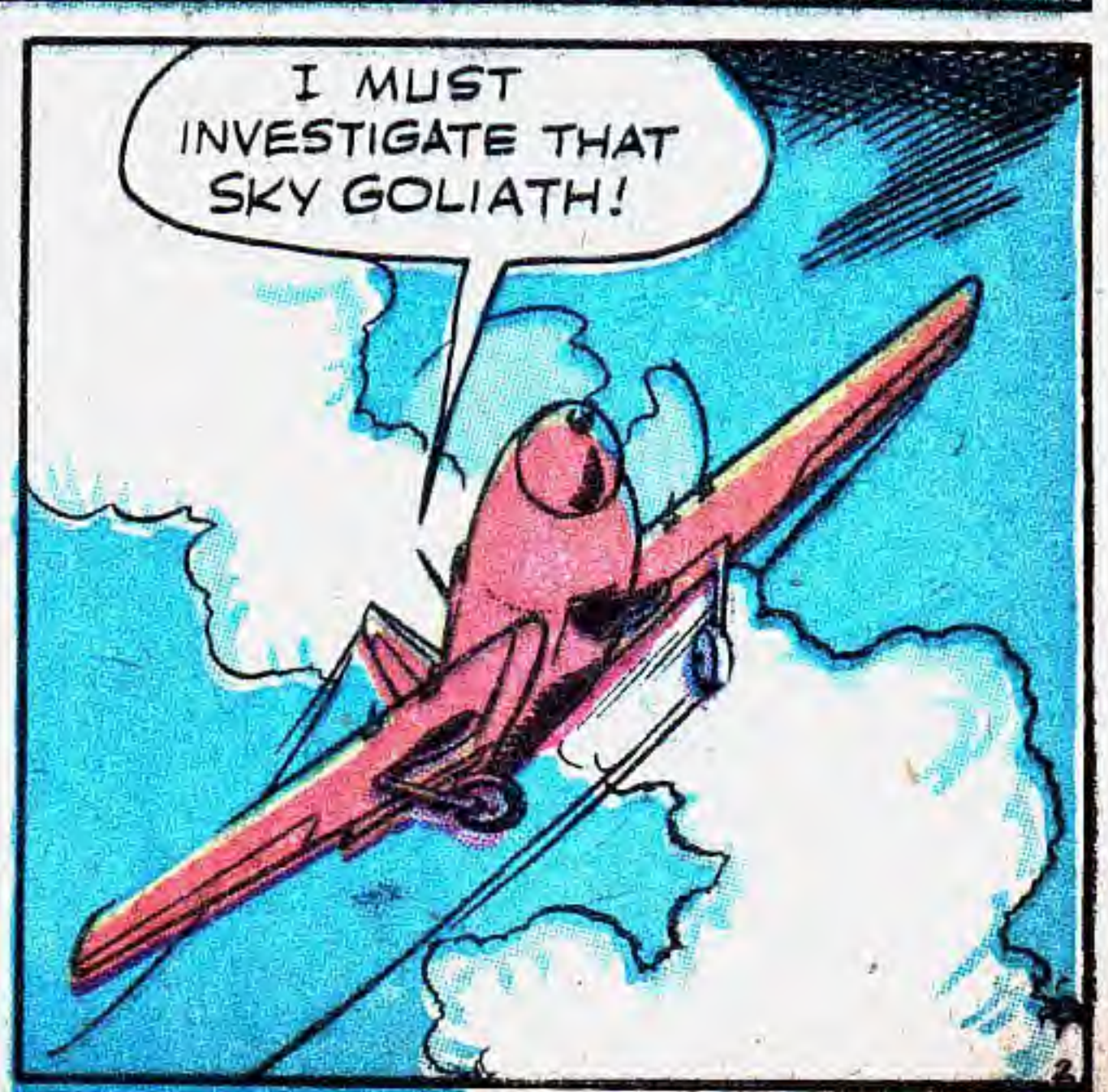
THE FLYING BATTLESHIP IS OVER PARIS!!



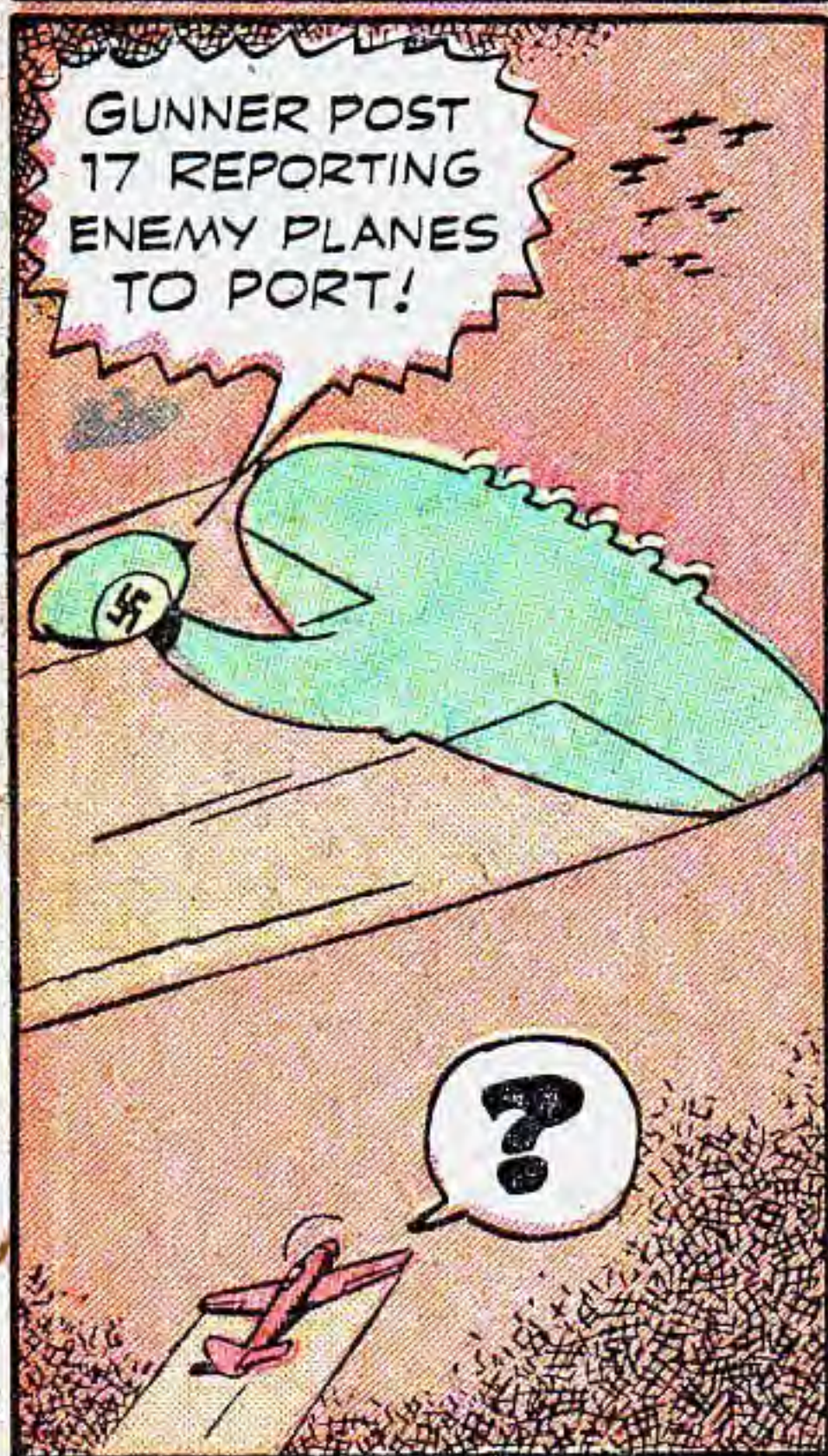
THAT SHIP IS HEADING TOWARD LONDON -- HUNZ ISN'T LOSING ANY TIME!



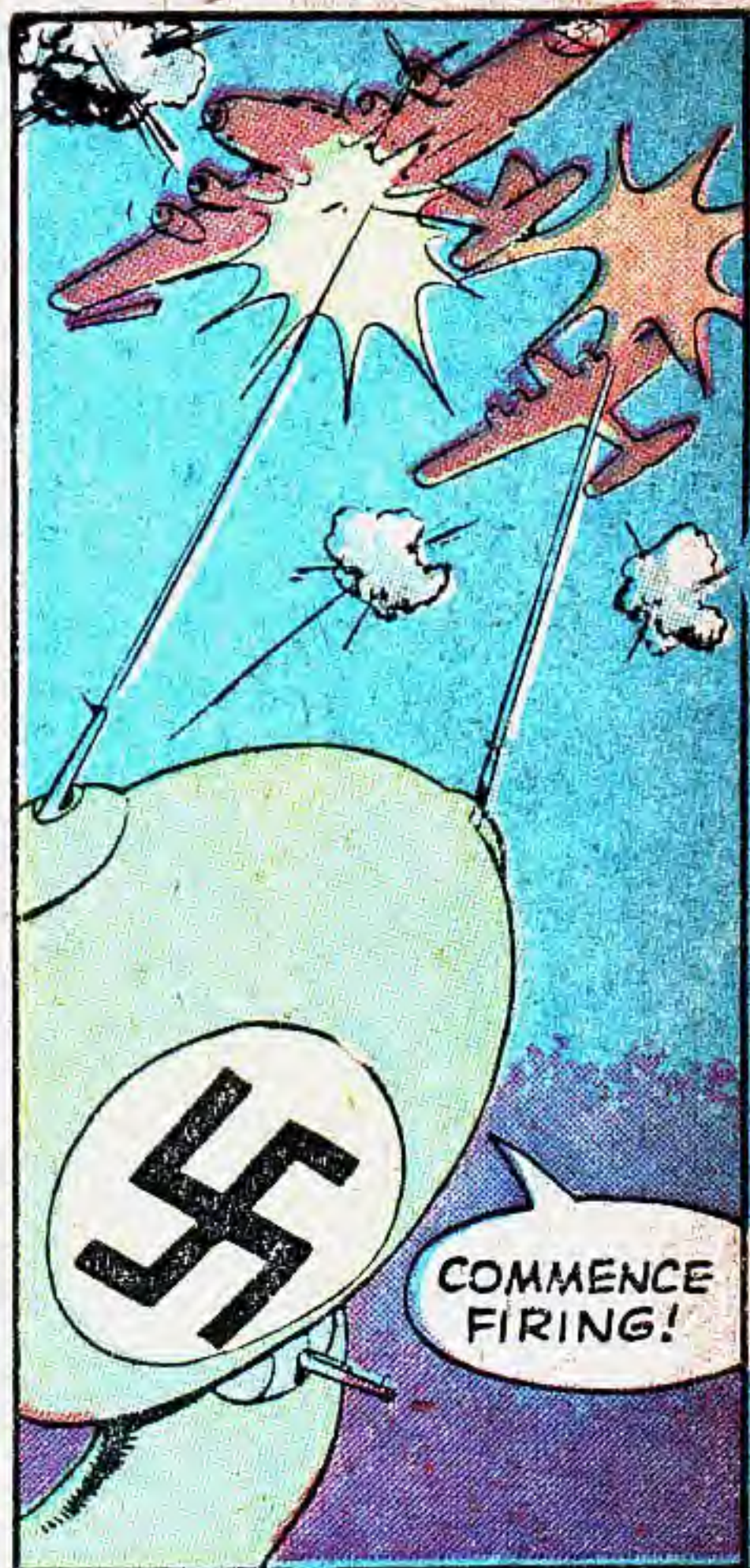
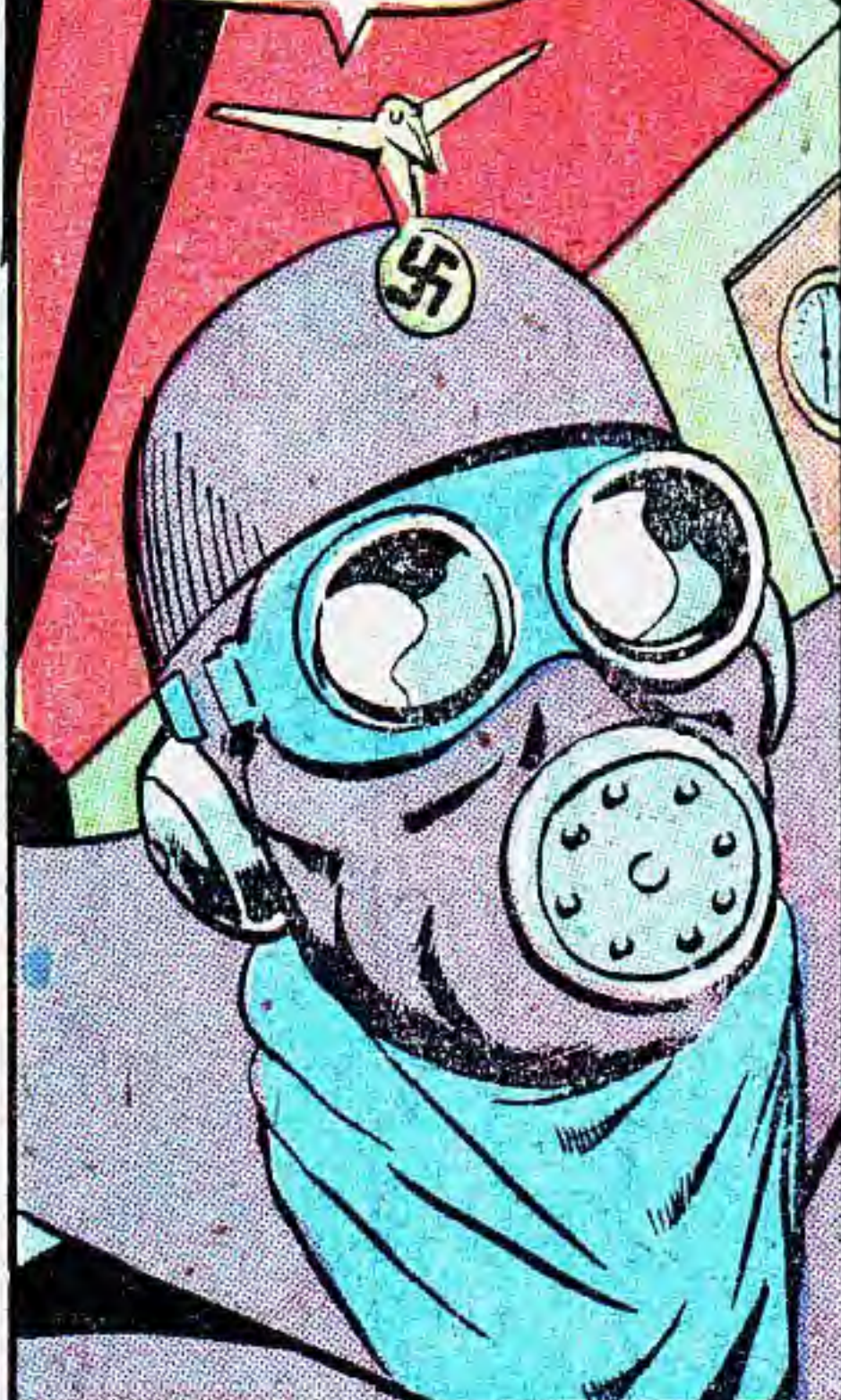
I MUST INVESTIGATE THAT SKY GOLIATH!



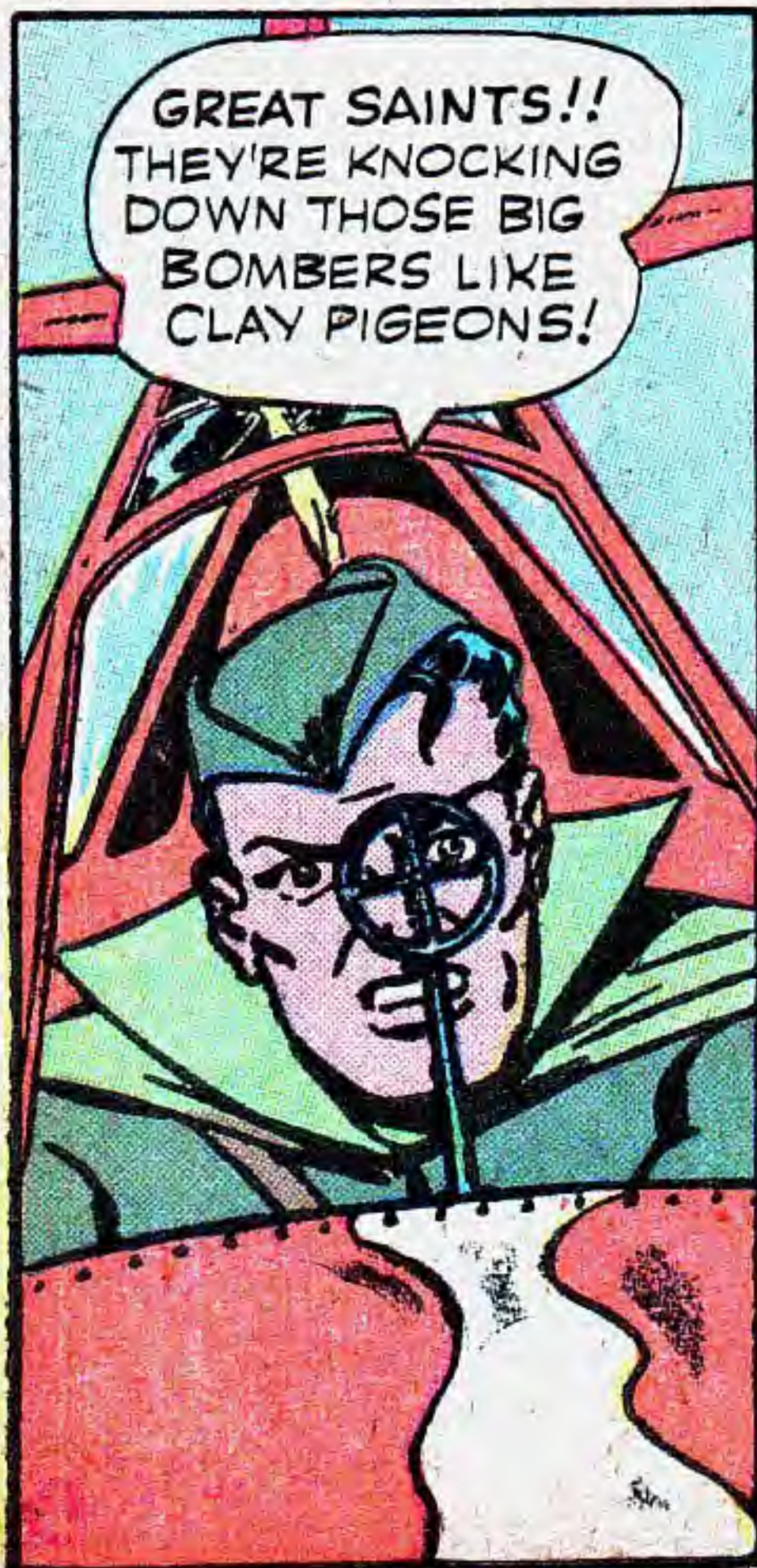
AS THE SNIPER CLIMBS TO MEET THE FLYING BATTLESHIP, A FORMATION OF ALLIED BOMBERS WINGS INTO VIEW...



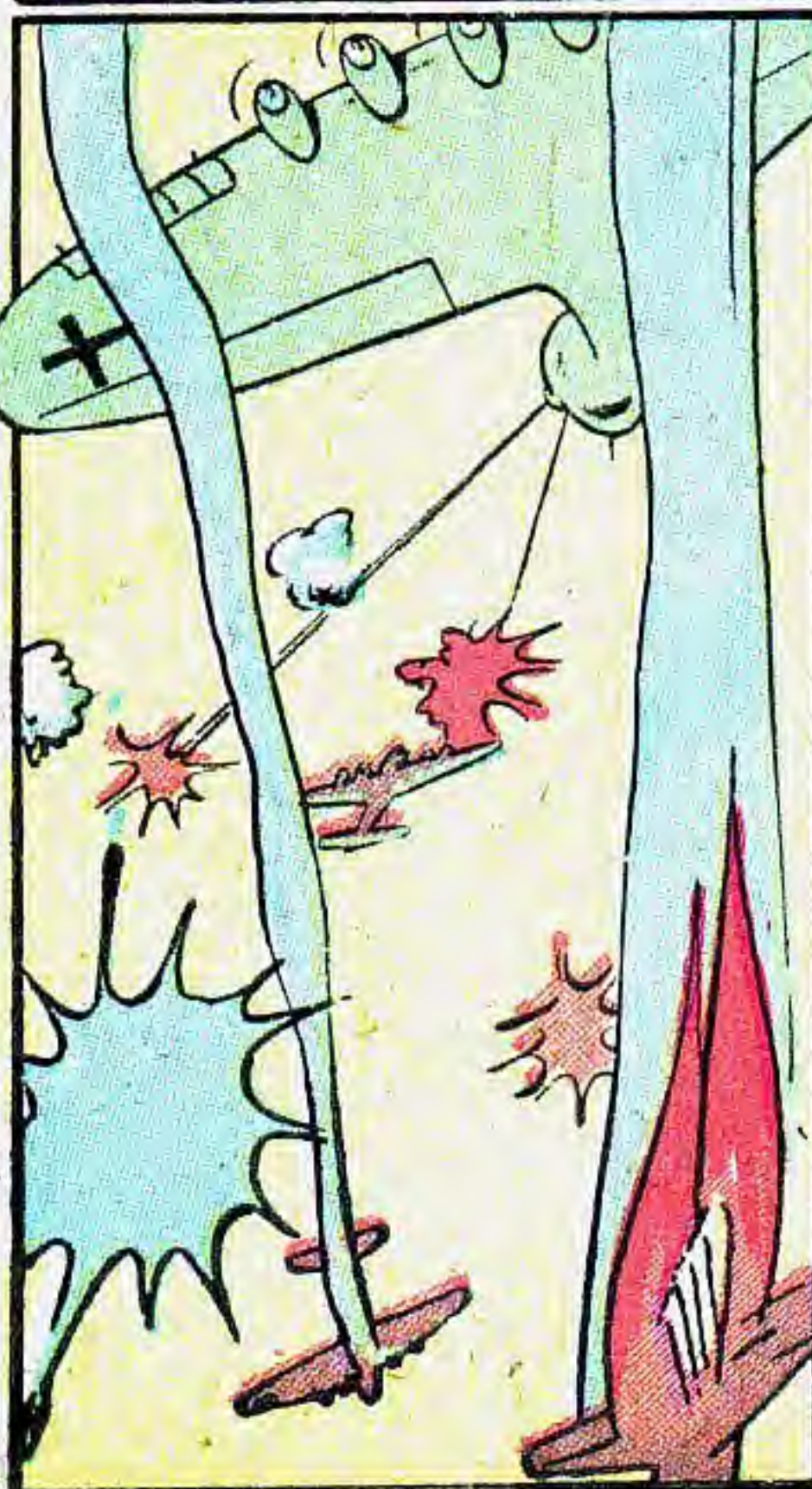
GOOT! VE VILL SHOW DER FOOLS VOT DESTRUCTIVE POWER VE CAN DISH OUT!!



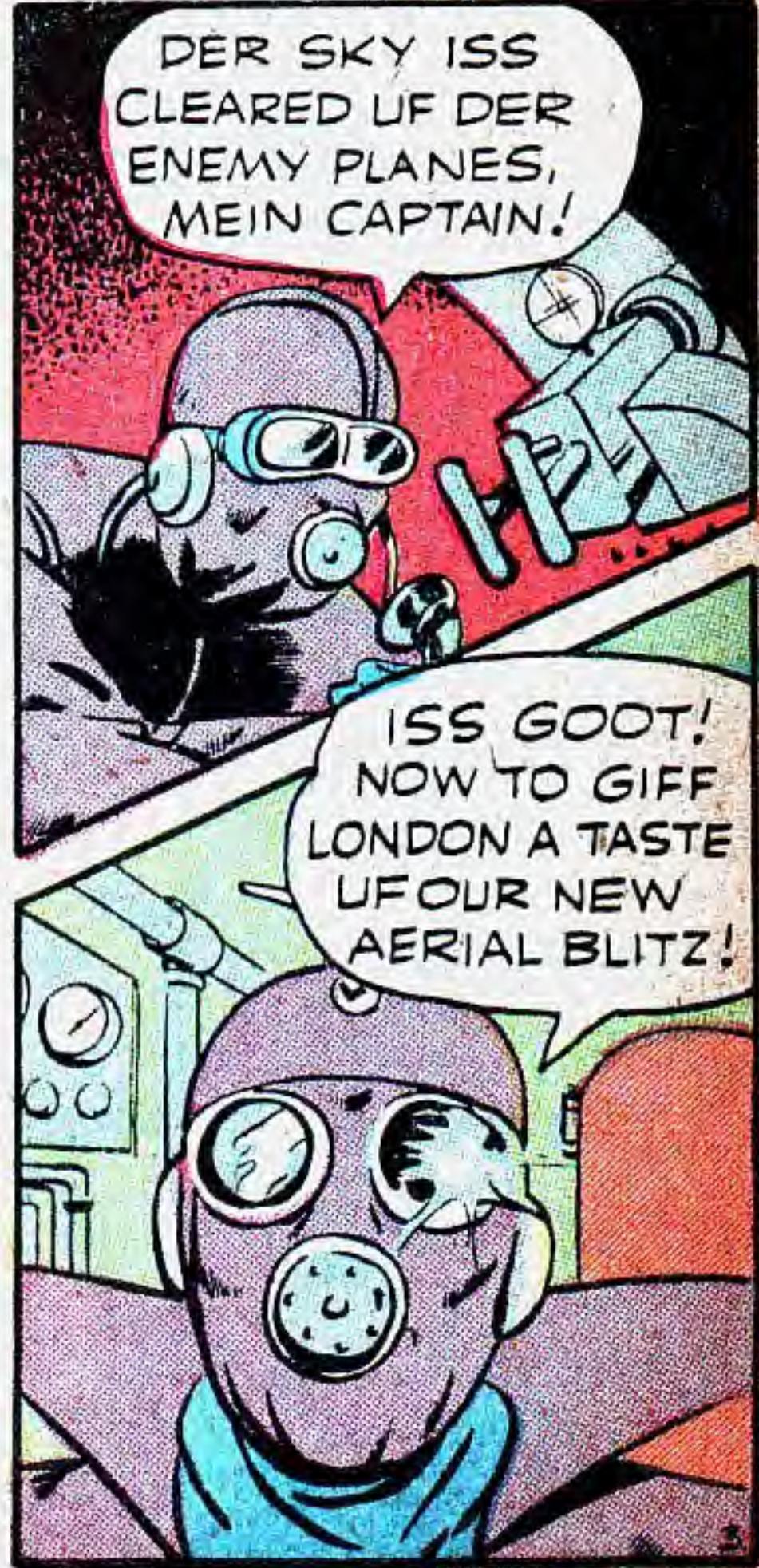
GREAT SAINTS!! THEY'RE KNOCKING DOWN THOSE BIG BOMBERS LIKE CLAY PIGEONS!

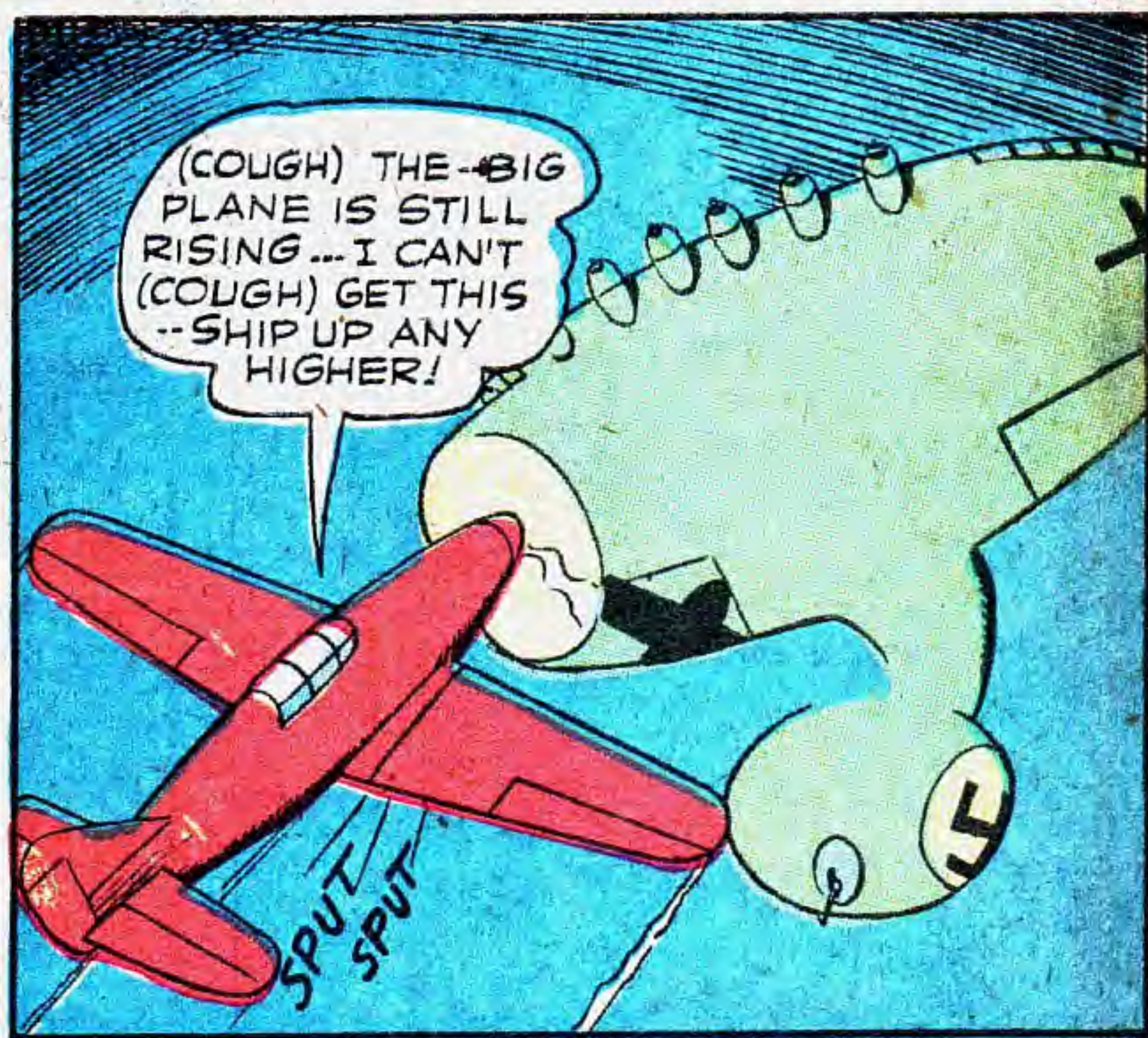
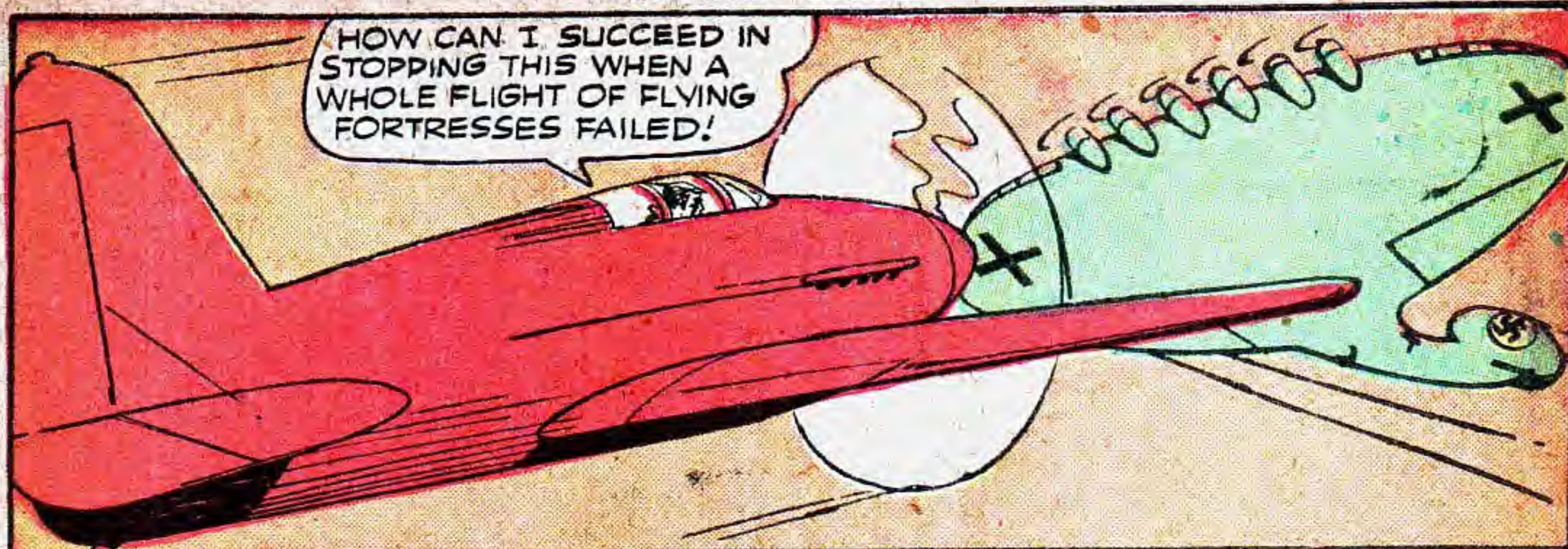


THE ALLIED PLANES ARE NO MATCH FOR CAPTAIN HUNZ'S CREATION!...



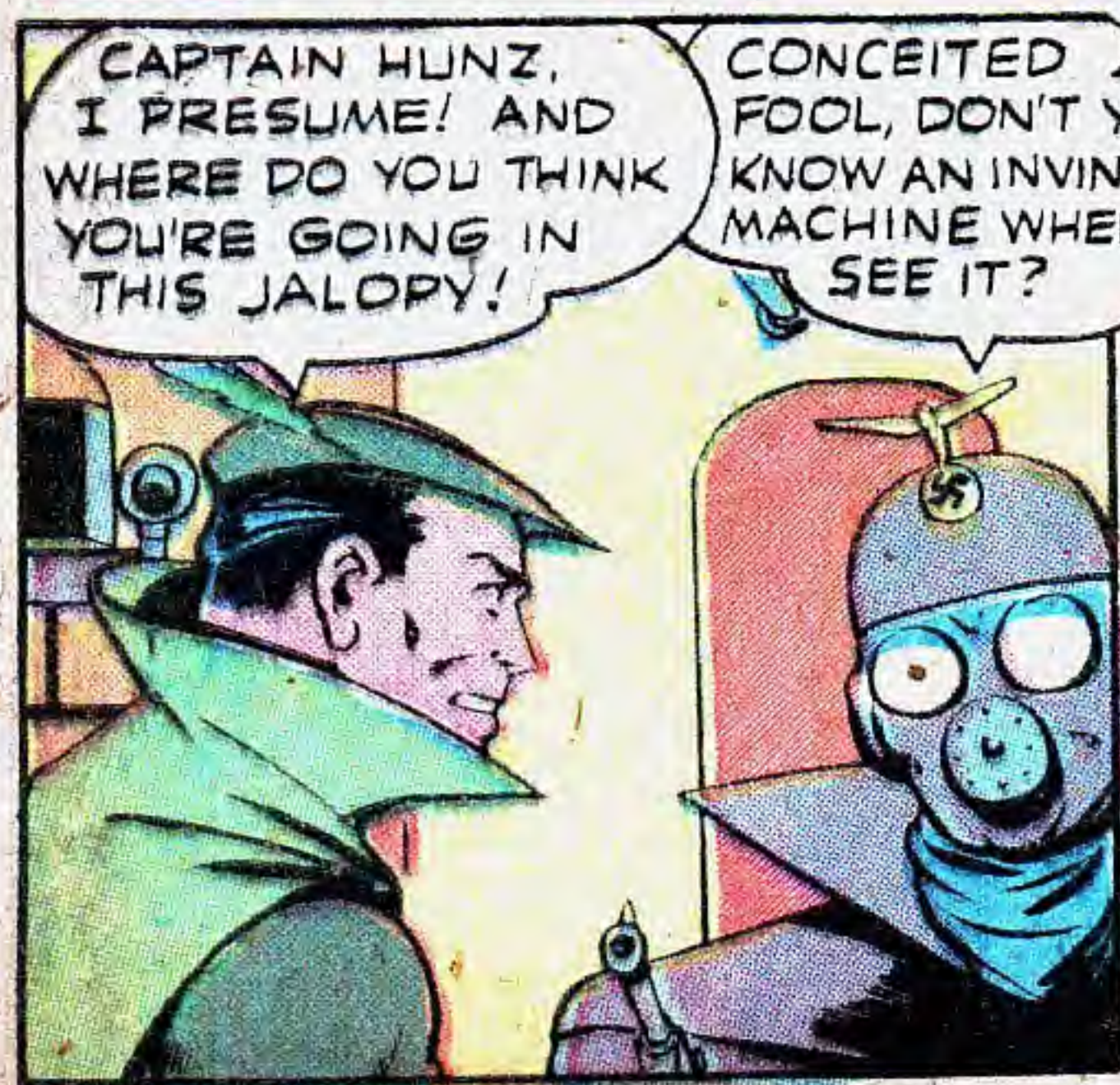
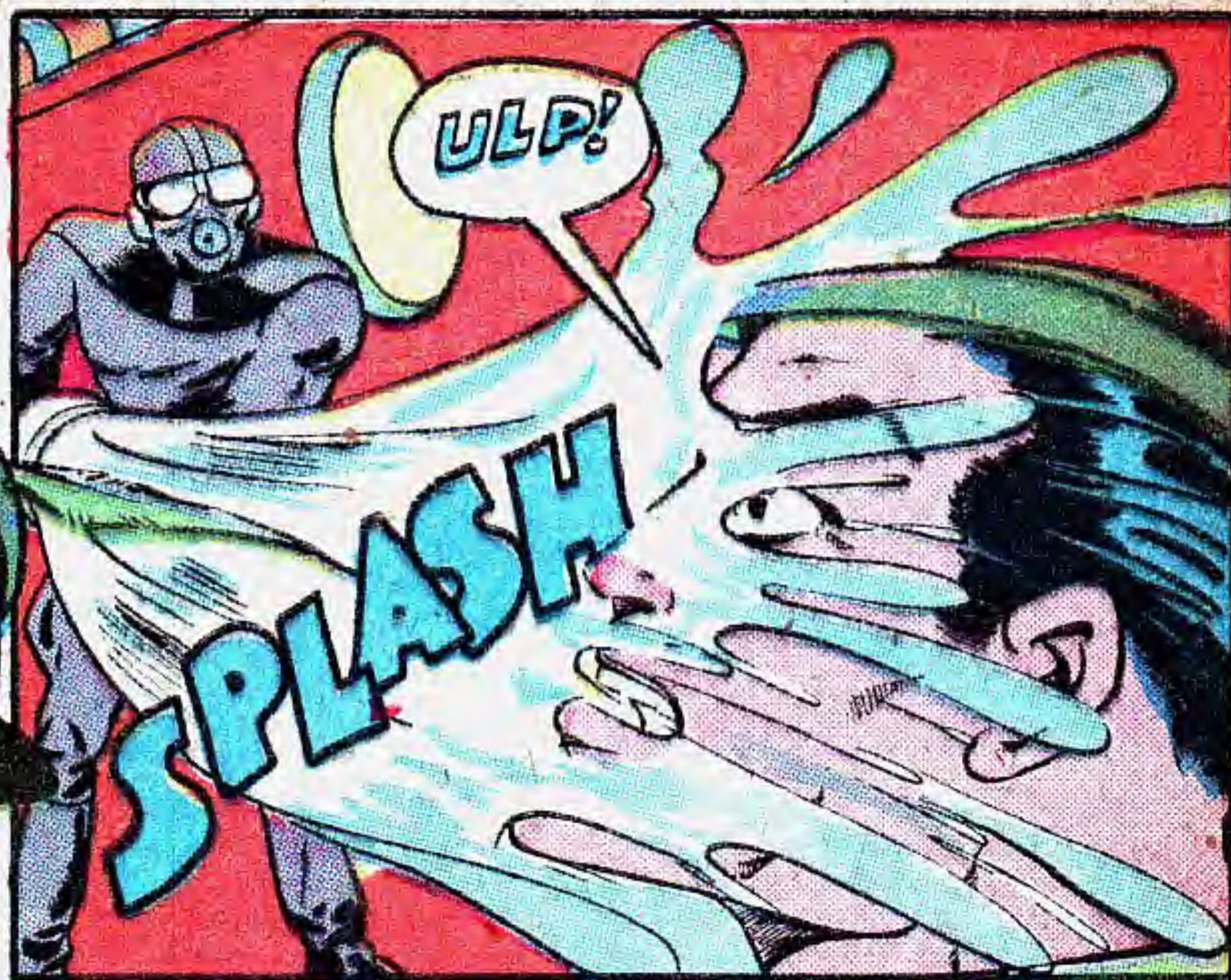
DER SKY ISS CLEARED UP DER ENEMY PLANES, MEIN CAPTAIN!

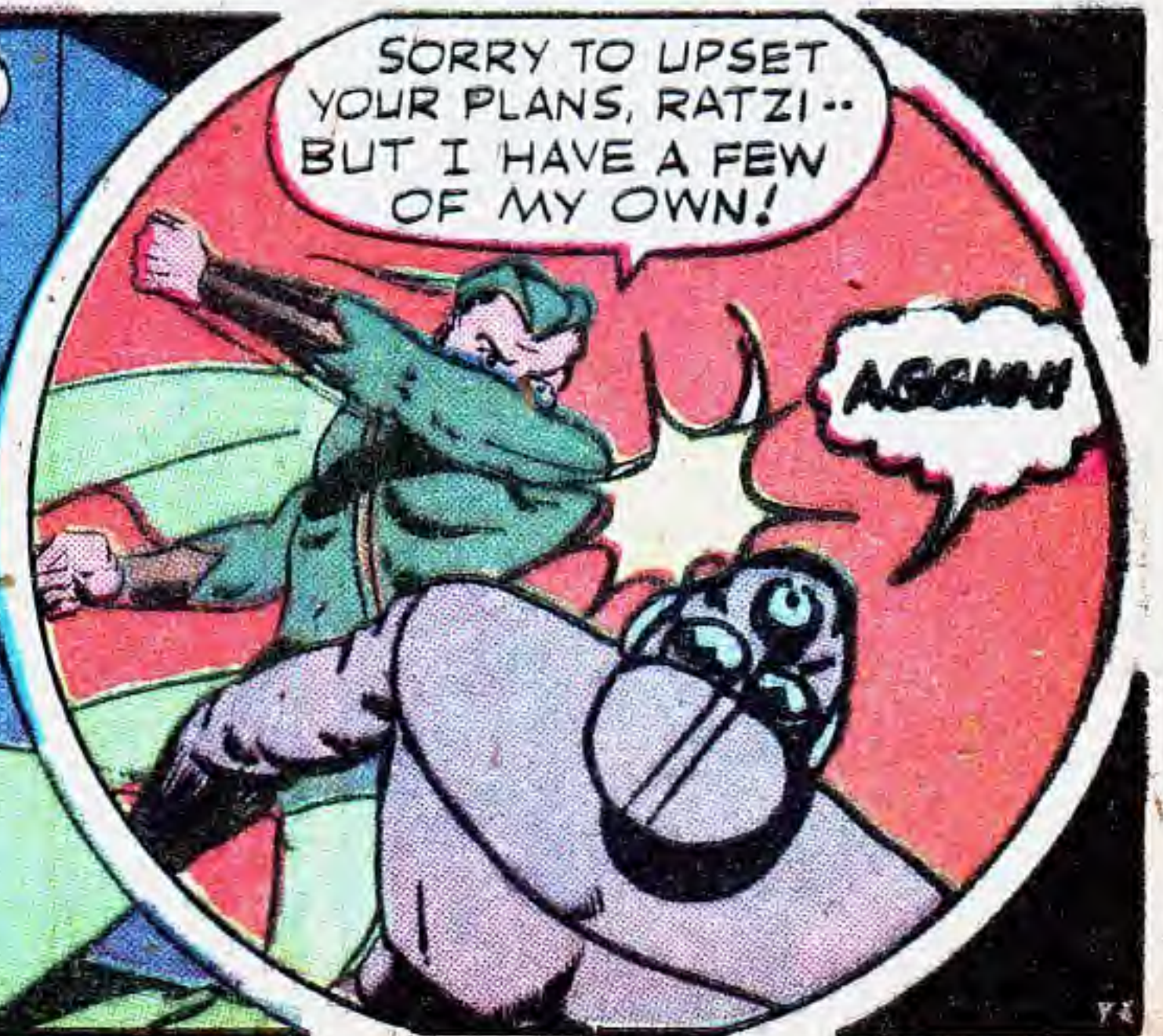
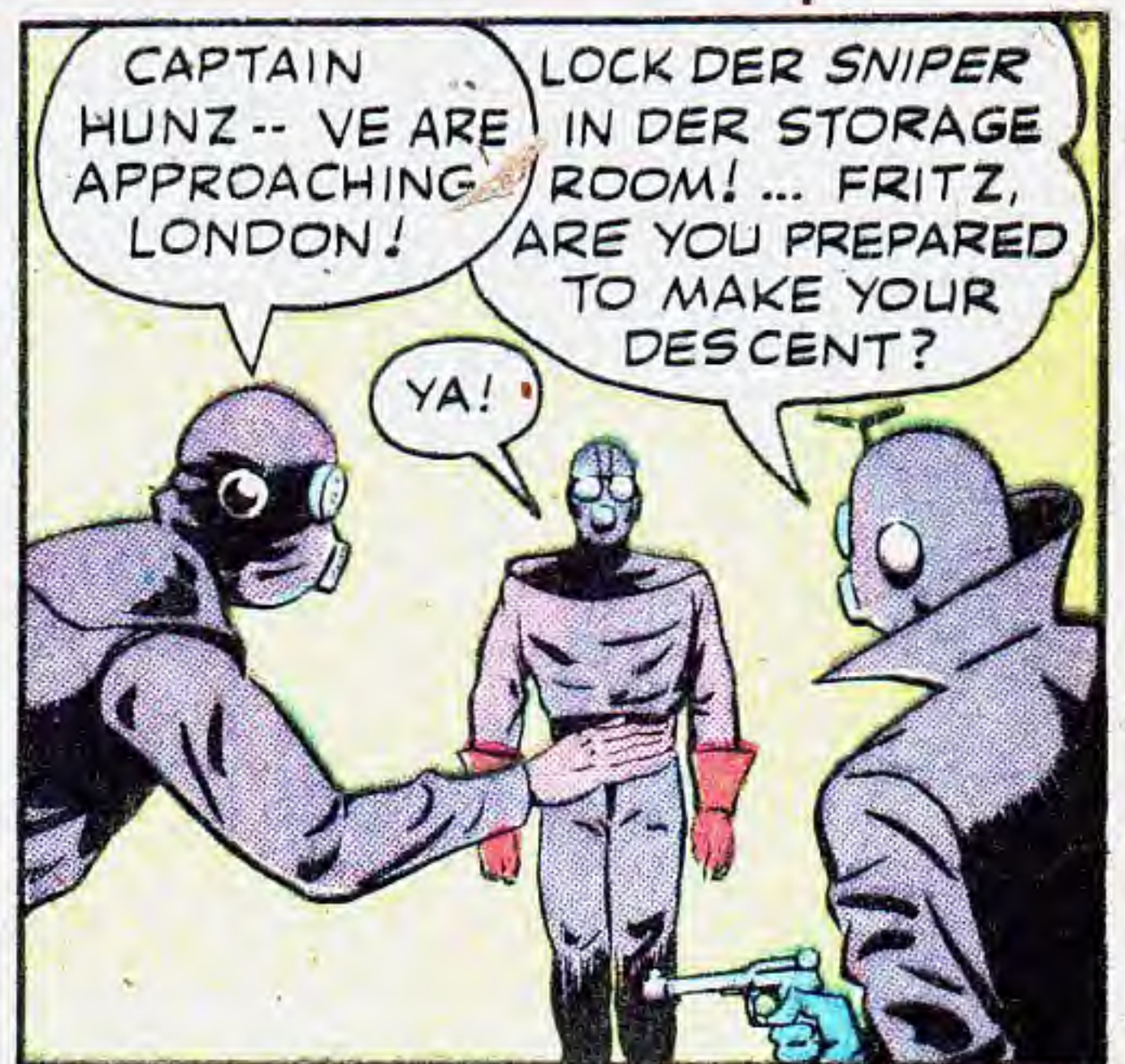


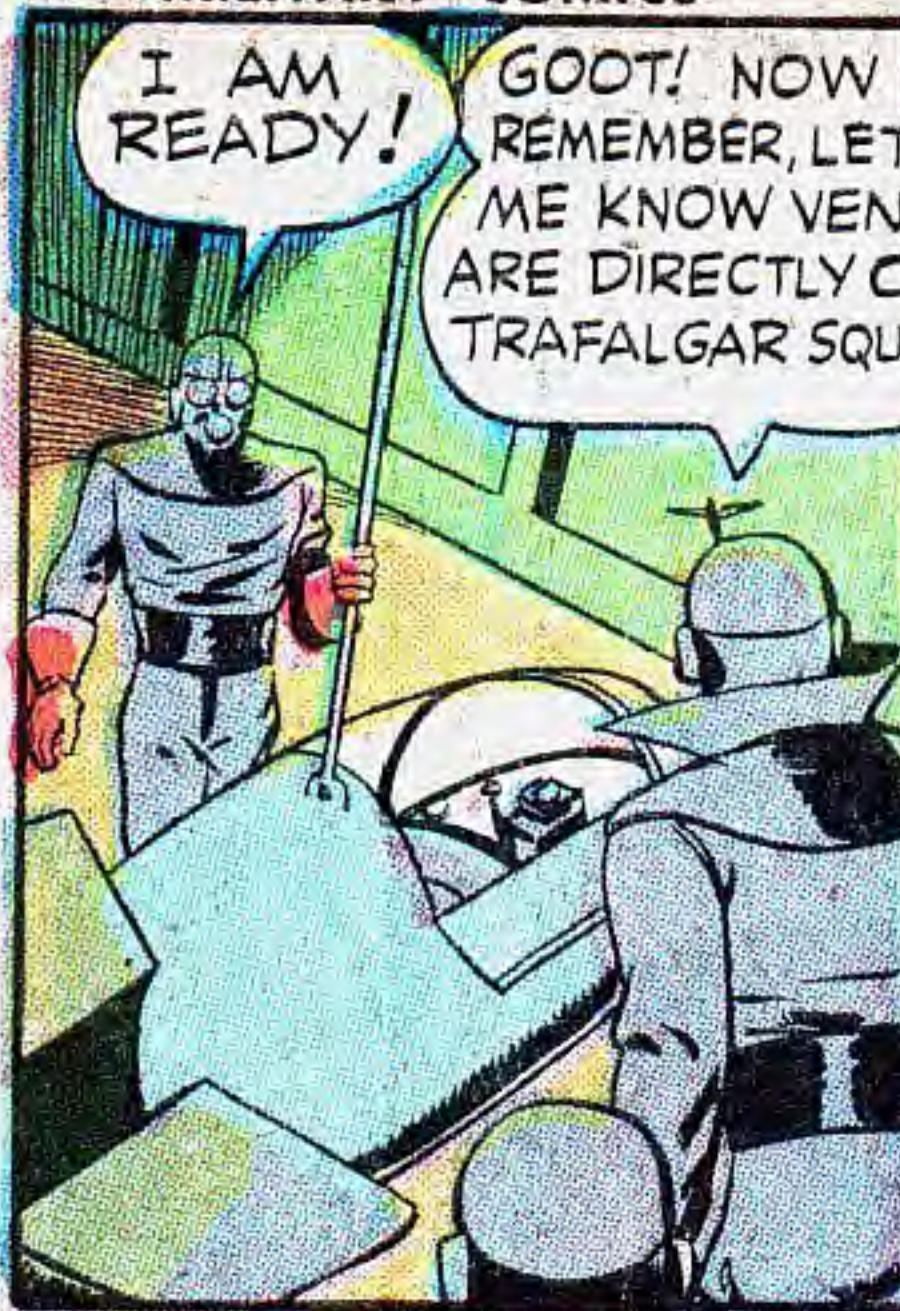
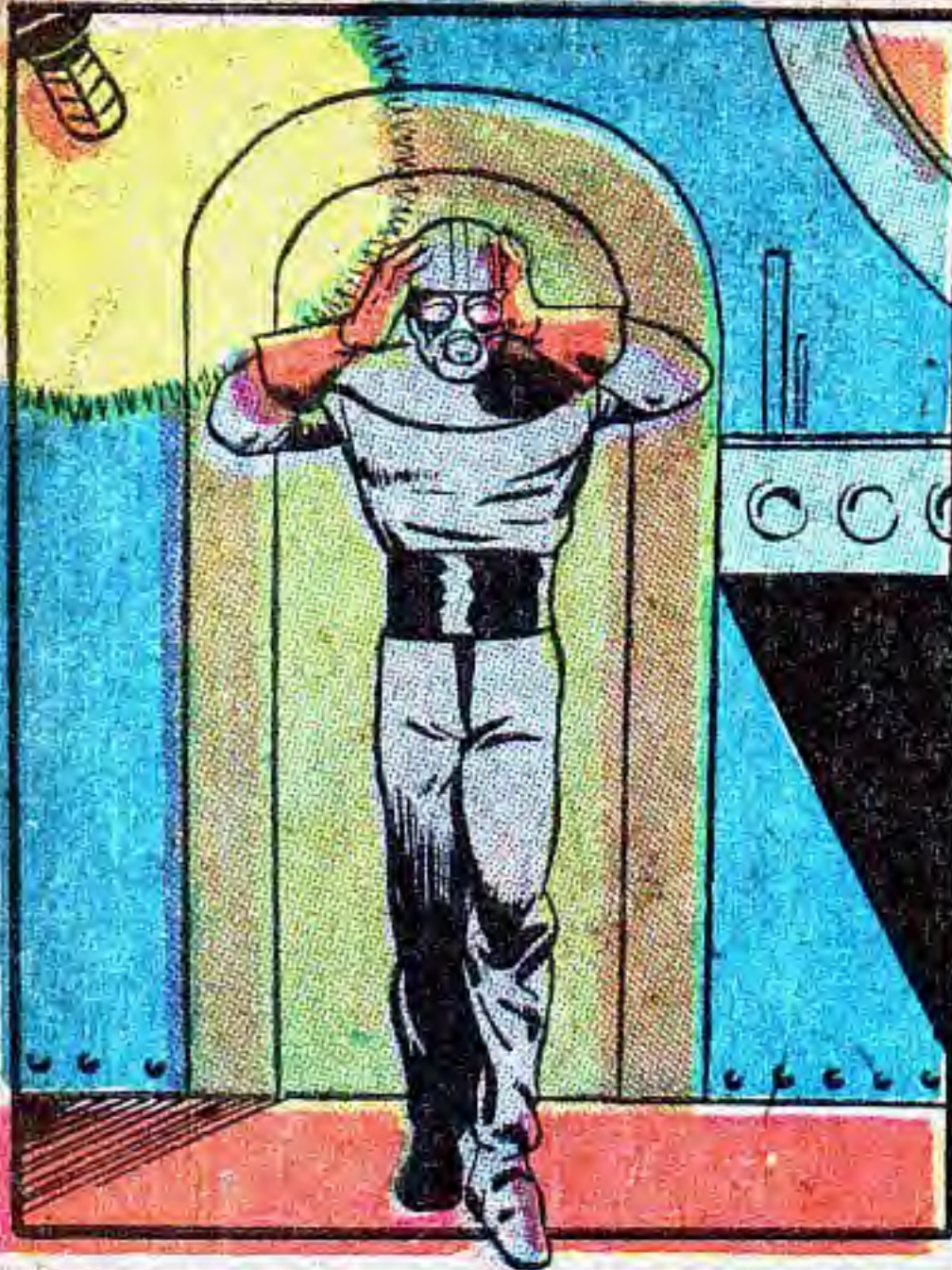


THE SNIPER SUDDENLY LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE RARIFIED ATMOSPHERE AND CRASHES ON TOP OF THE SUPER PLANE...









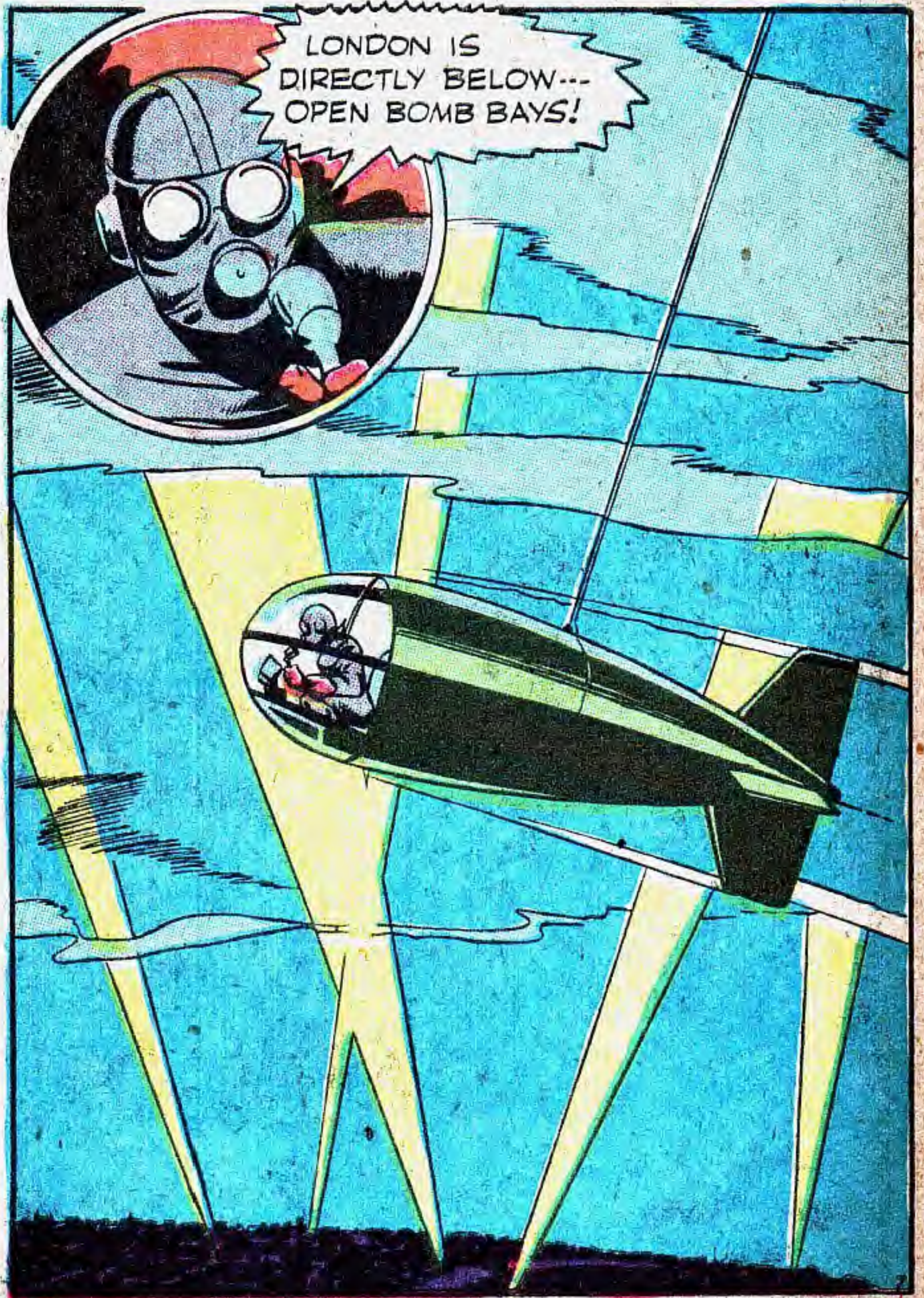
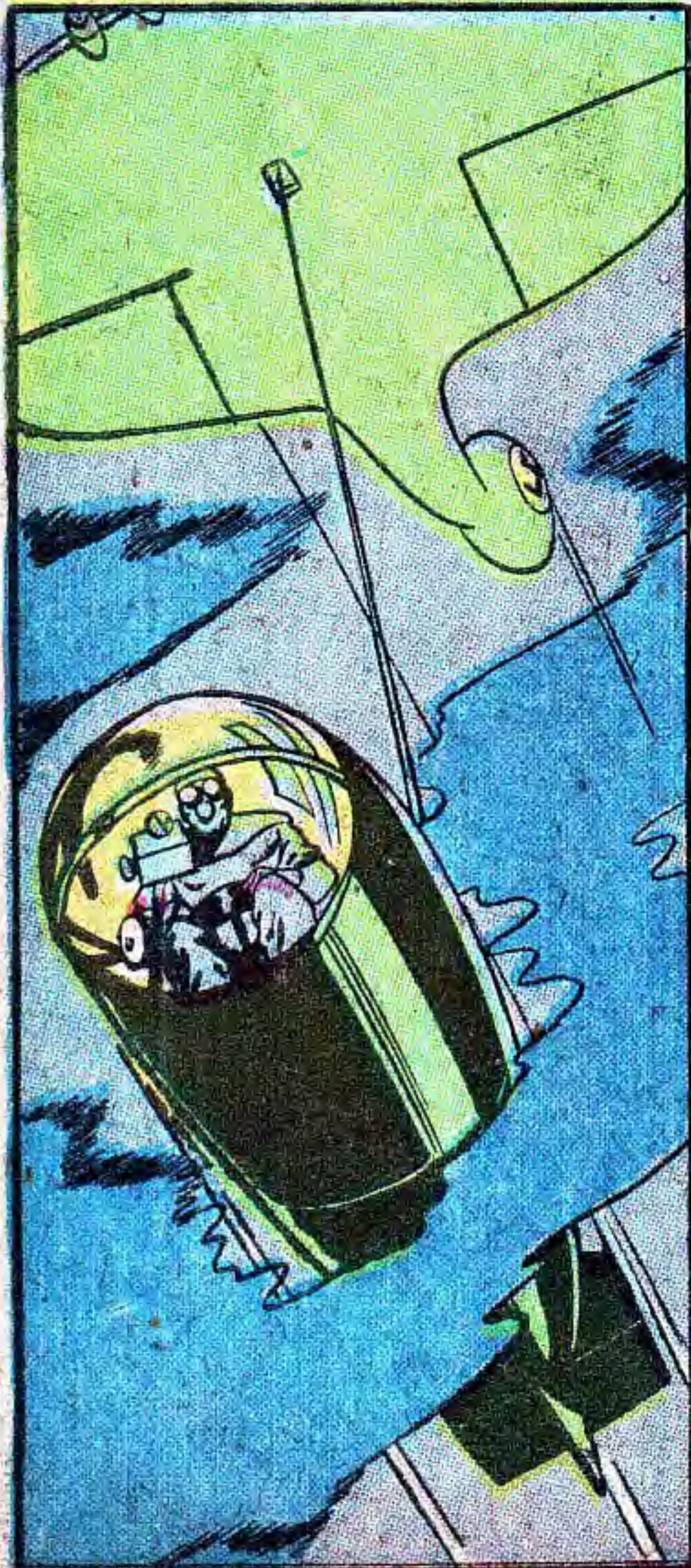
I AM READY!

GOOT! NOW REMEMBER, LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU ARE DIRECTLY OVER TRAFALGAR SQUARE!



LOWER AWAY!!

THE OBSERVATION CAR SWINGS OUT FROM UNDER THE GIANT PLANE AND DESCENDS THROUGH THE DARKENED CLOUDS



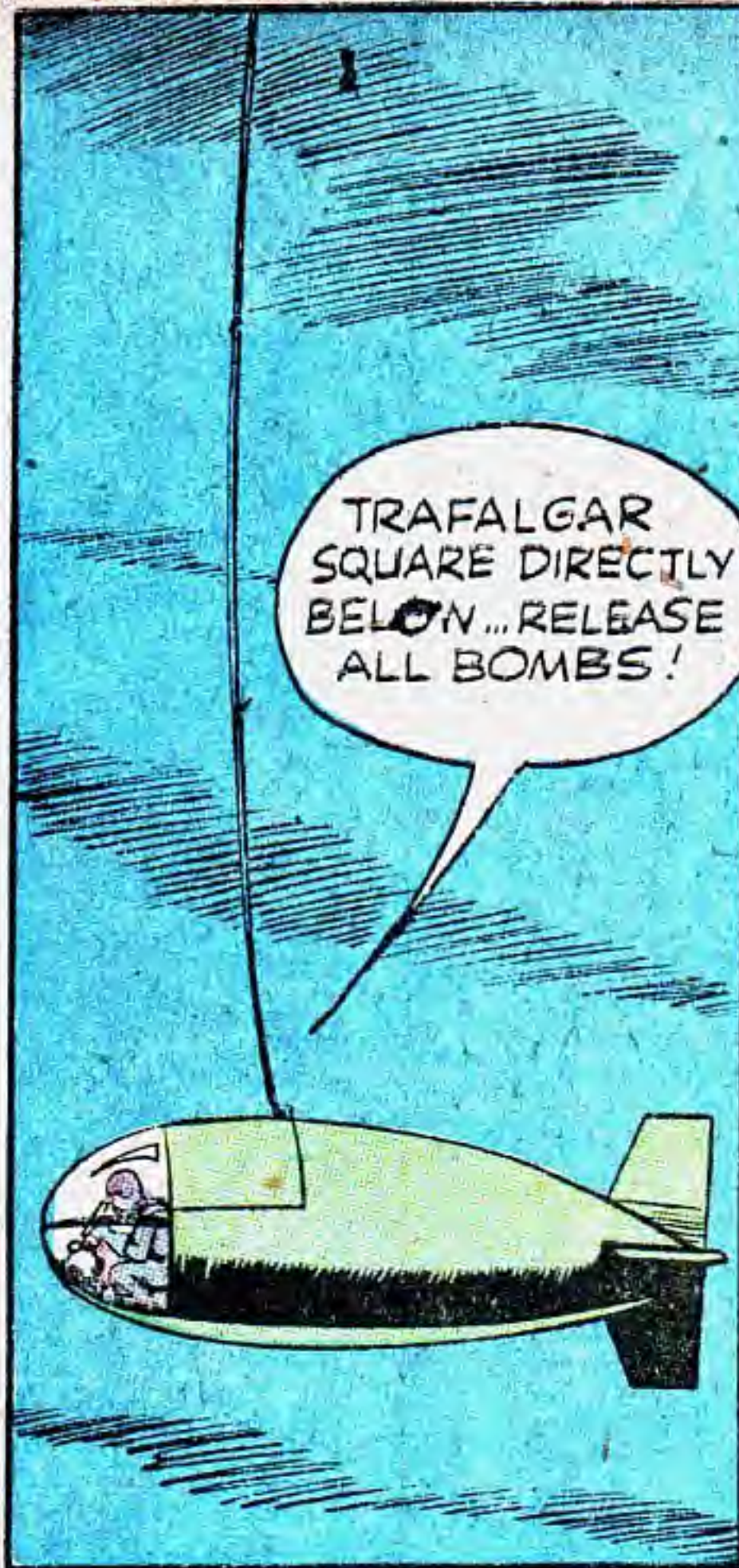
LONDON IS DIRECTLY BELOW... OPEN BOMB BAYS!

HIGH IN THE STRATOSPHERE
CAPTAIN HUNZ BELLOWS
ORDERS...

WE ARE OVER
DER TARGET--
PREPARE TO
RELEASE BOMBS!

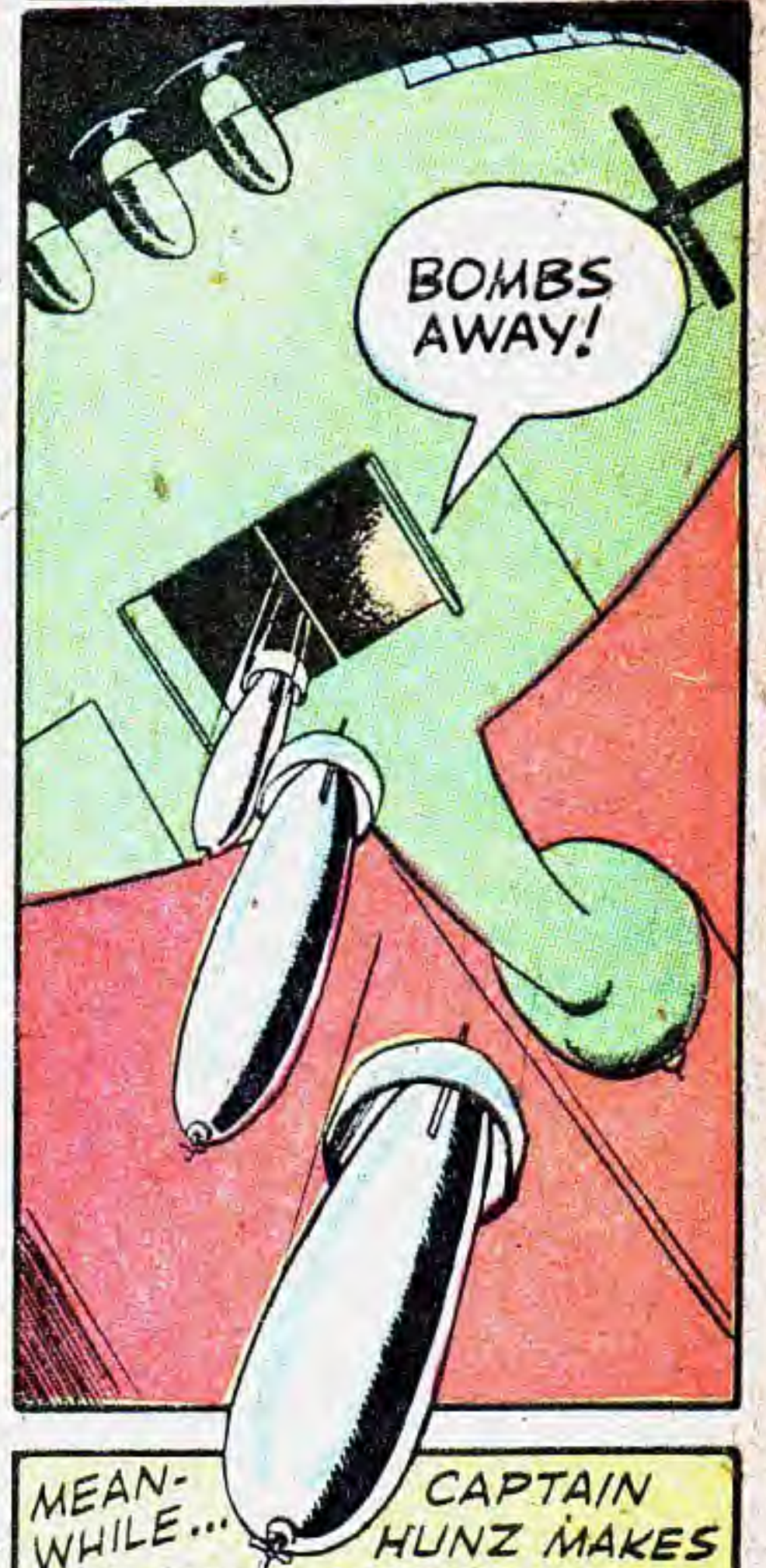


TRAFALGAR
SQUARE DIRECTLY
BELOW... RELEASE
ALL BOMBS!

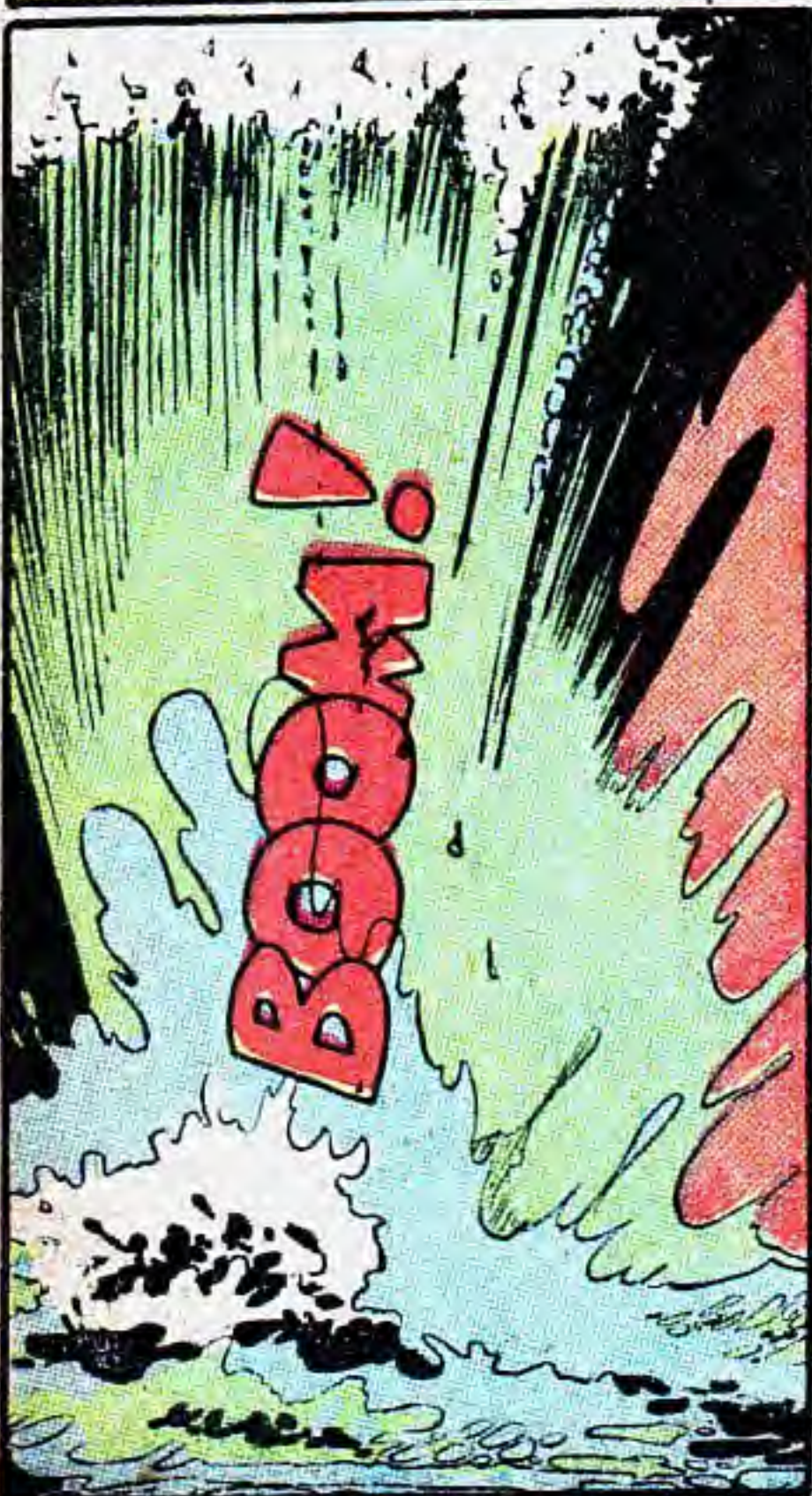


GIANT BOMB BAYS OPEN--AND
SUPER BOMBS HURTLE DOWN!

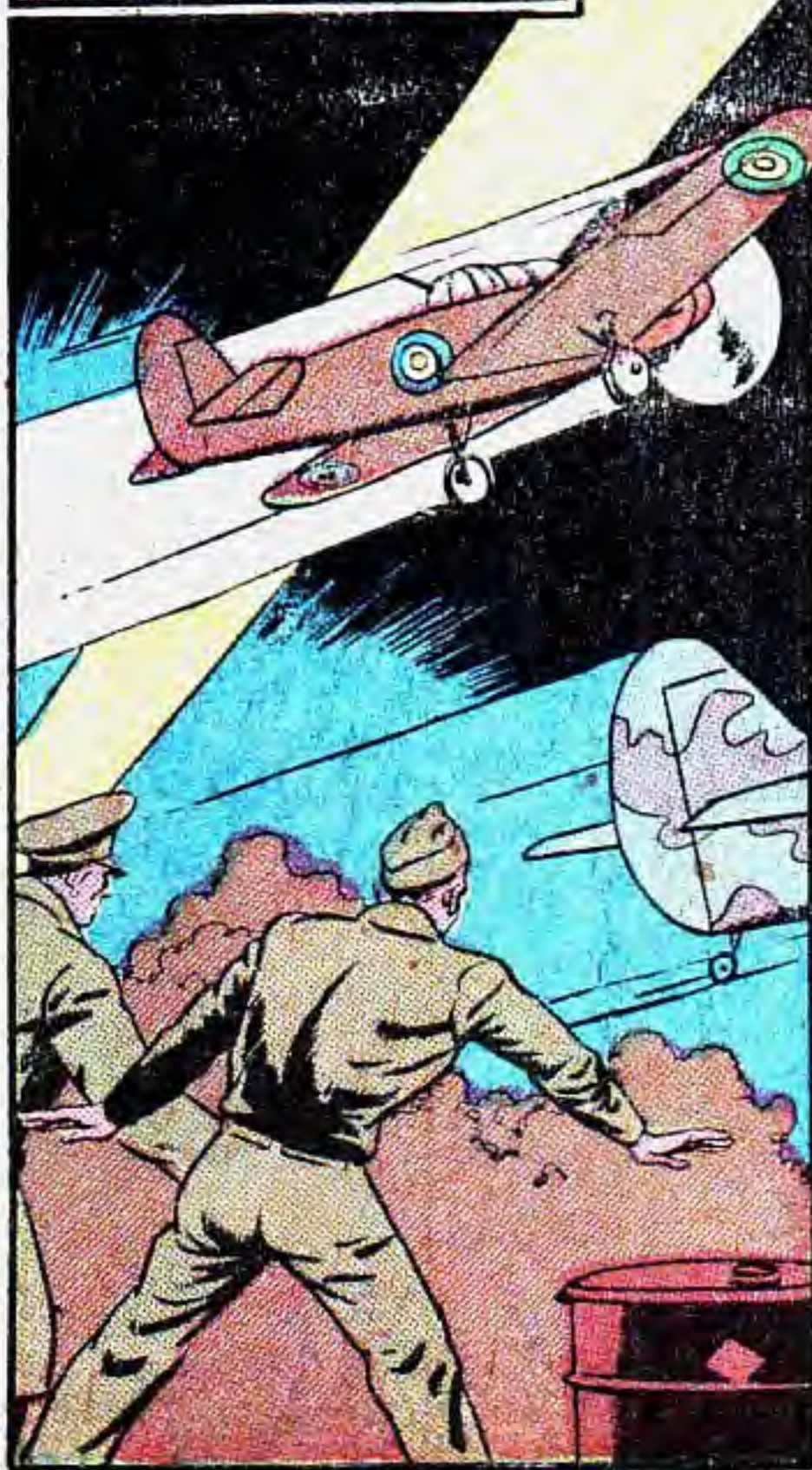
BOMBS
AWAY!



...BUT THEY EXPLODE HARM-
LESSLY IN A HUGE LAKE
JUST OUTSIDE OF LONDON!



INTERCEPTOR FIGHTERS
OF THE R.A.F. SWARM UP
TO INVESTIGATE...

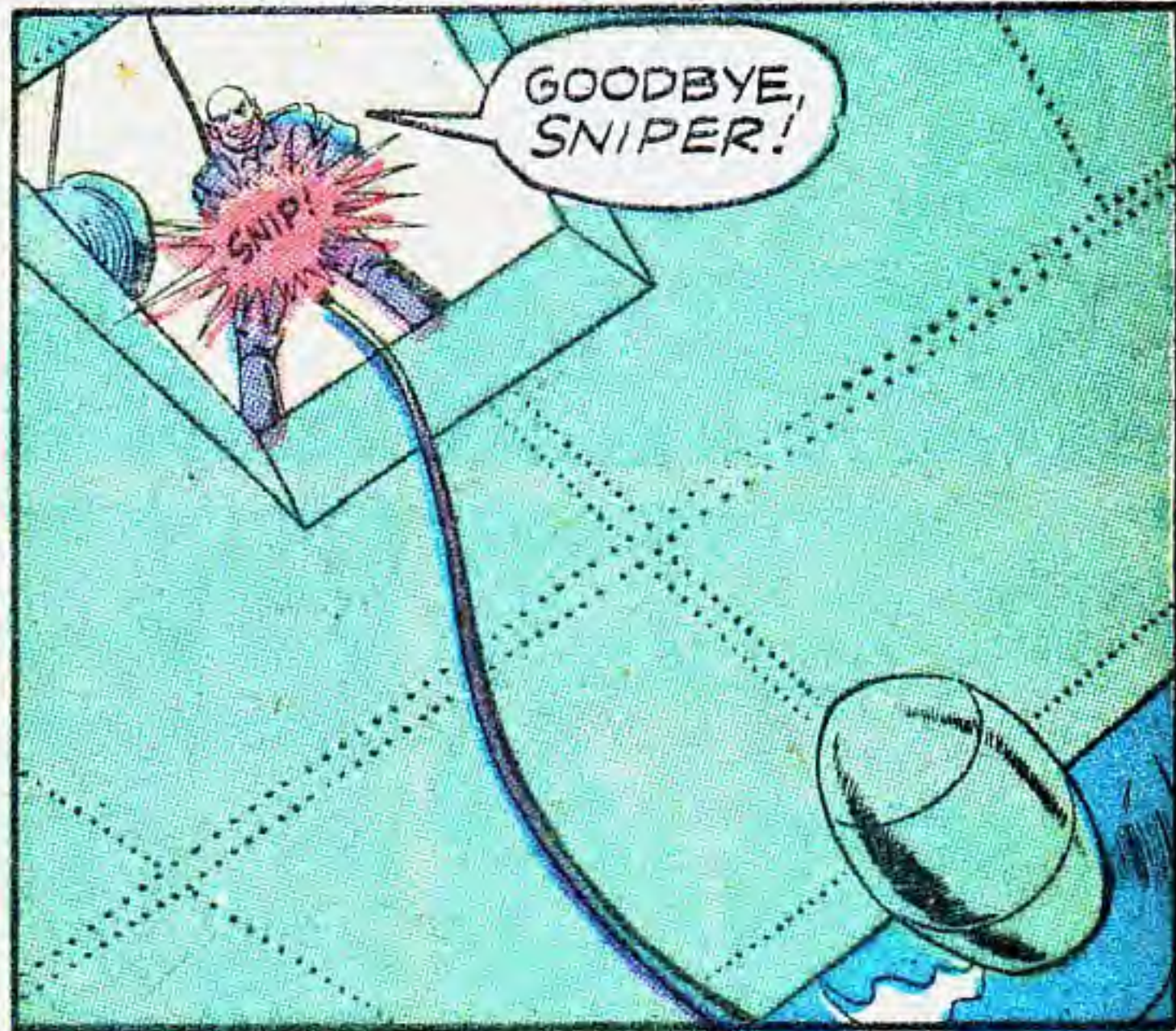
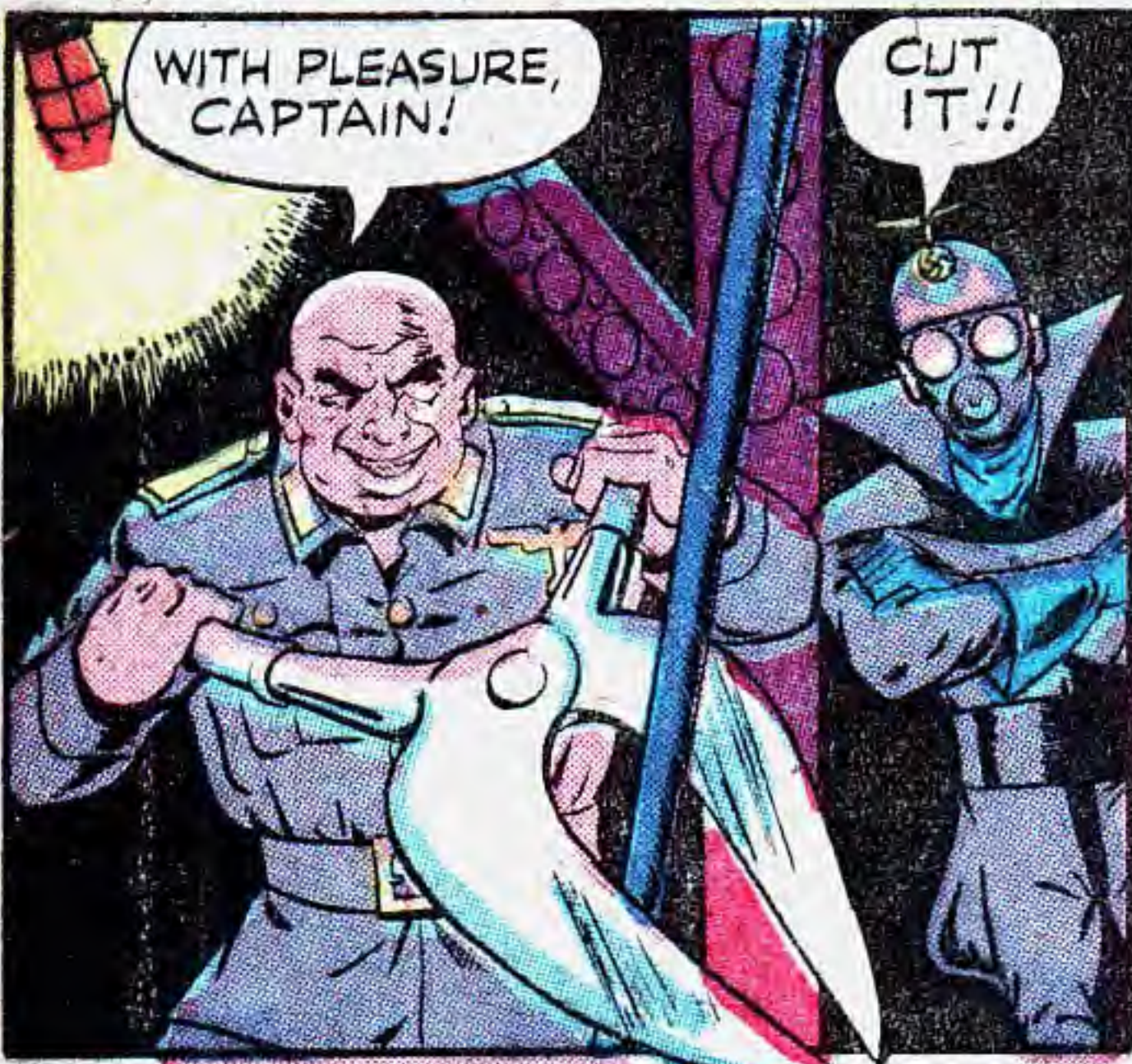


MEAN-
WHILE... CAPTAIN
HUNZ MAKES
A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

FRITZ! VOT ARE
YOU DOING IN HERE?
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO
BE IN DER OBSERVATION
CAR!!!



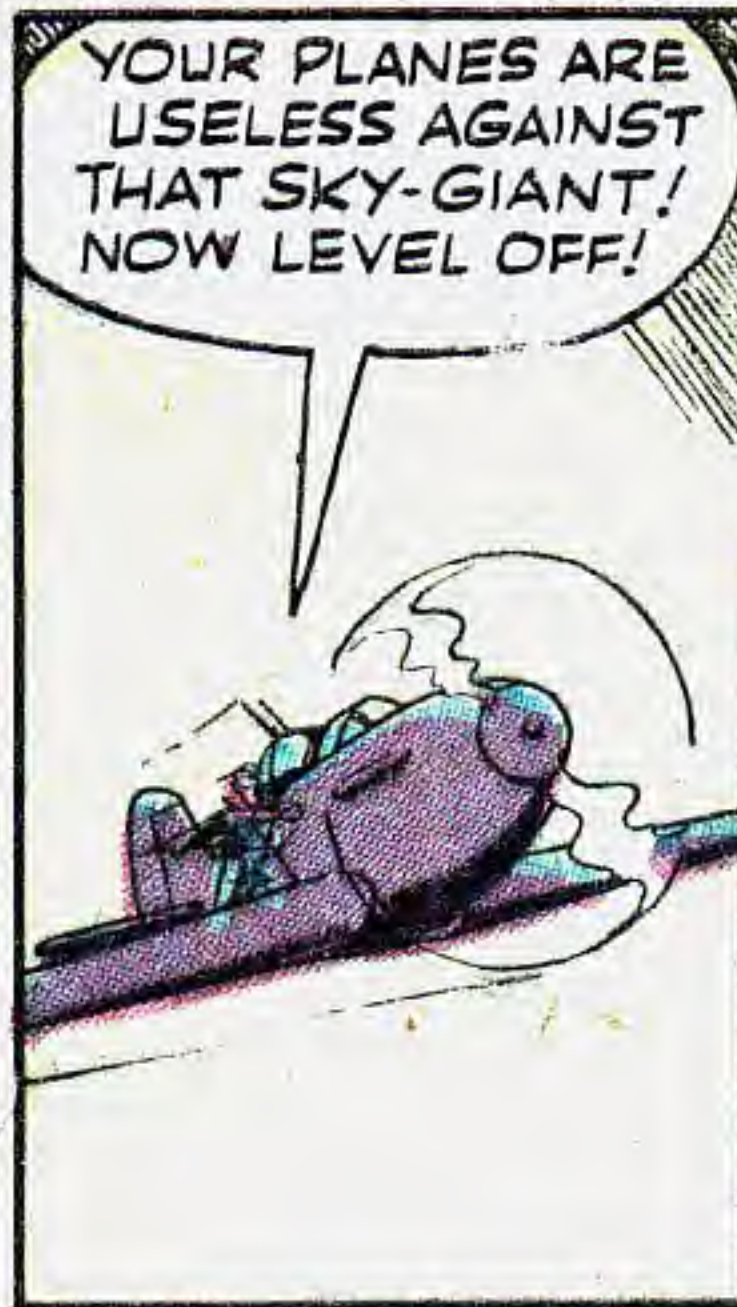
OH HH!





SNIPER!

RIGHT! GRAB SOME ALTITUDE! I HAVE A JOB TO FINISH UP HERE!!



YOUR PLANES ARE USELESS AGAINST THAT SKY-GIANT! NOW LEVEL OFF!



SO SWIFTLY THAT THEY NEVER KNOW IT, THE BOMBER TAKES ON A PASSENGER!

THANKS FOR THE LIFT!



WHAT TH'..? DER SNIPER! BUDT HOW??

HELLO, HUNZ -- I'VE COME TO DESTROY YOU!



THE SNIPER BATTLES HIS WAY TO THE BOMB-MAGAZINE...

NOW TO FIX THIS WAGON FOR GOOD!



...WHERE A CAREFULLY PLACED BULLET IGNITES A FLARE...

IN A SECOND THAT FLAME WILL REACH THOSE BOMBS!... NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!!



A SECOND LATER, THE FLYING BATTLESHIP IS RIPPED APART!

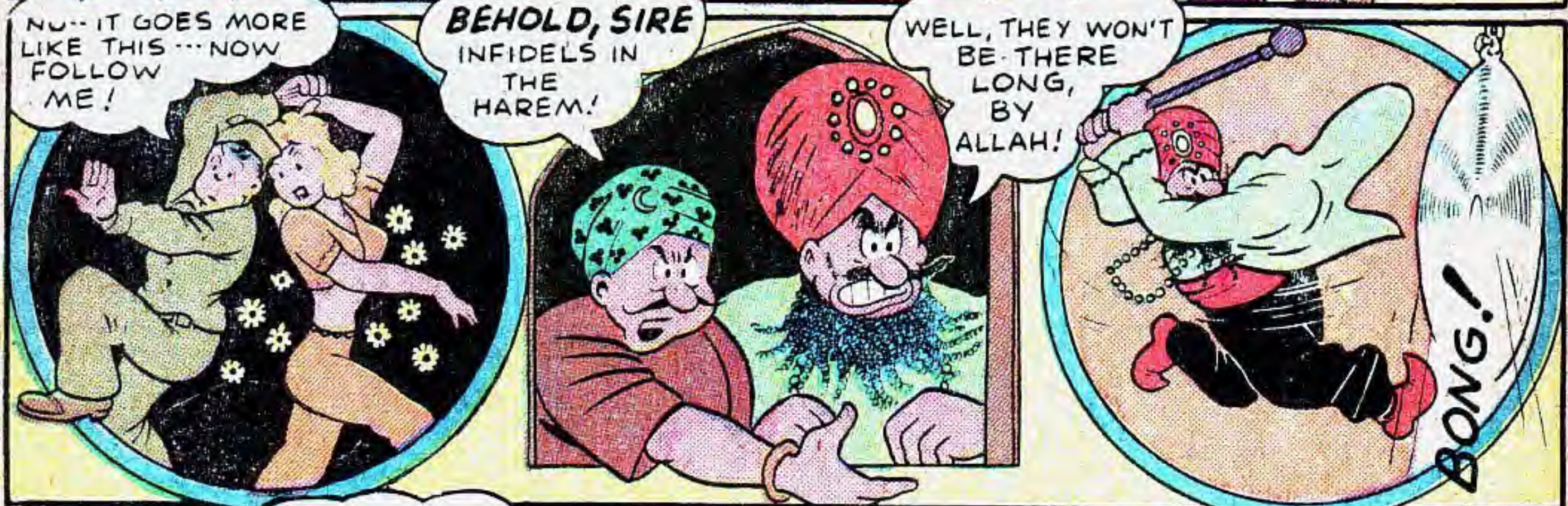
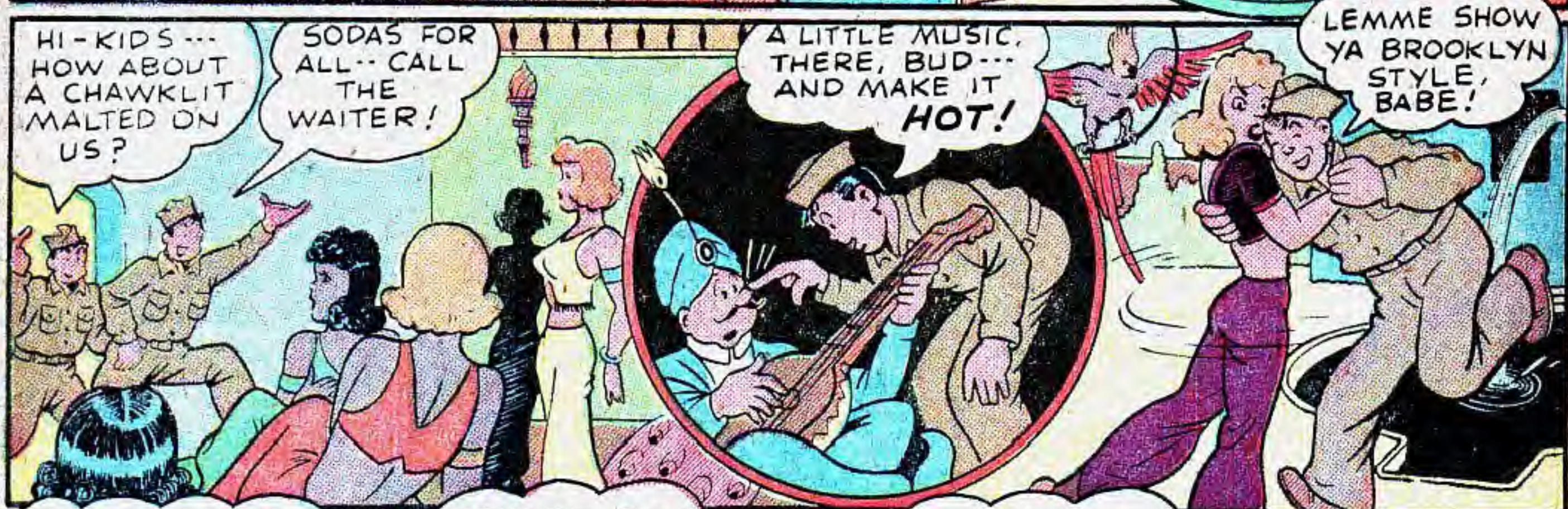
BOOM!



THAT ENDS THE SKY-MENACE! NOW FOR ENGLAND AND A SPOT OF TEA!

ANOTHER GREAT ADVENTURE OF THE SNIPER IN NEXT MONTH'S MILITARY COMICS!

JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



Private DOG TAG

DOG TAG
HAS ACCOMPANIED
A GROUP OF
REFUGEE CHILDREN
FROM WAR TORN
SLOVANIA... AND
IS JUST ABOUT TO
LAND IN THIS
COUNTRY...

GOLLY!
THIS IS
INTERESTING!!



by
BART TUMEX.

PRIVATE
DOG TAG!

SERGEANT
ROARIGAN!!

A BUS IS WAITING TO
TAKE YOU ALL UP TO
THE REFUGEE FARM...
BUT GET THIS...

...IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO
ANY OF YOUR CHARGES, I'LL
HAVE YOU COURT-
MARTIALLED...
UNDERSTAND?

Y...YES
SIR!

PIER 13



A FEW BLOCKS AWAY, WE FIND KLEPTO MEANIA-
DISGUISED AS A GLAMOUR GIRL-AND HIS LITTLE
PARTNER, SEMI-THE MIDGET...



...NOBODY WOULD BOTHER TO LOOK FOR A FEW MISSIN' ORPHANS FROM SLOVANIA?

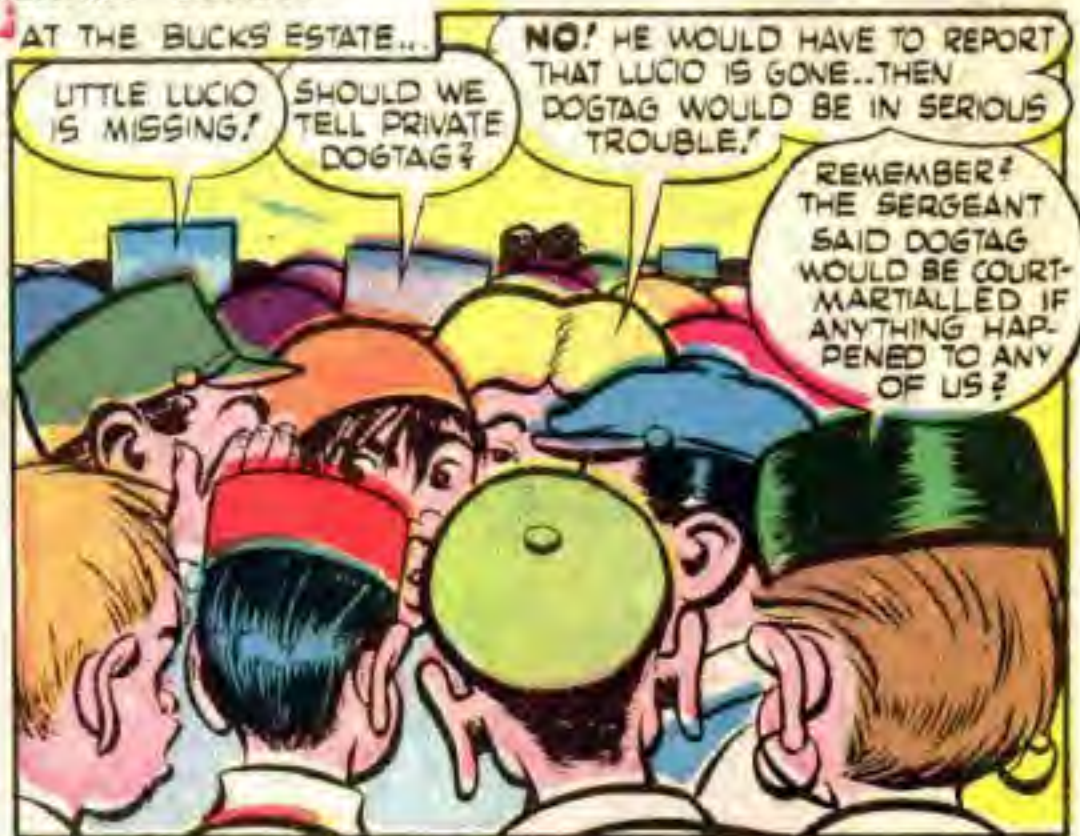
STOP, KLEPTO! HERE'S SOME-THING I NEED!

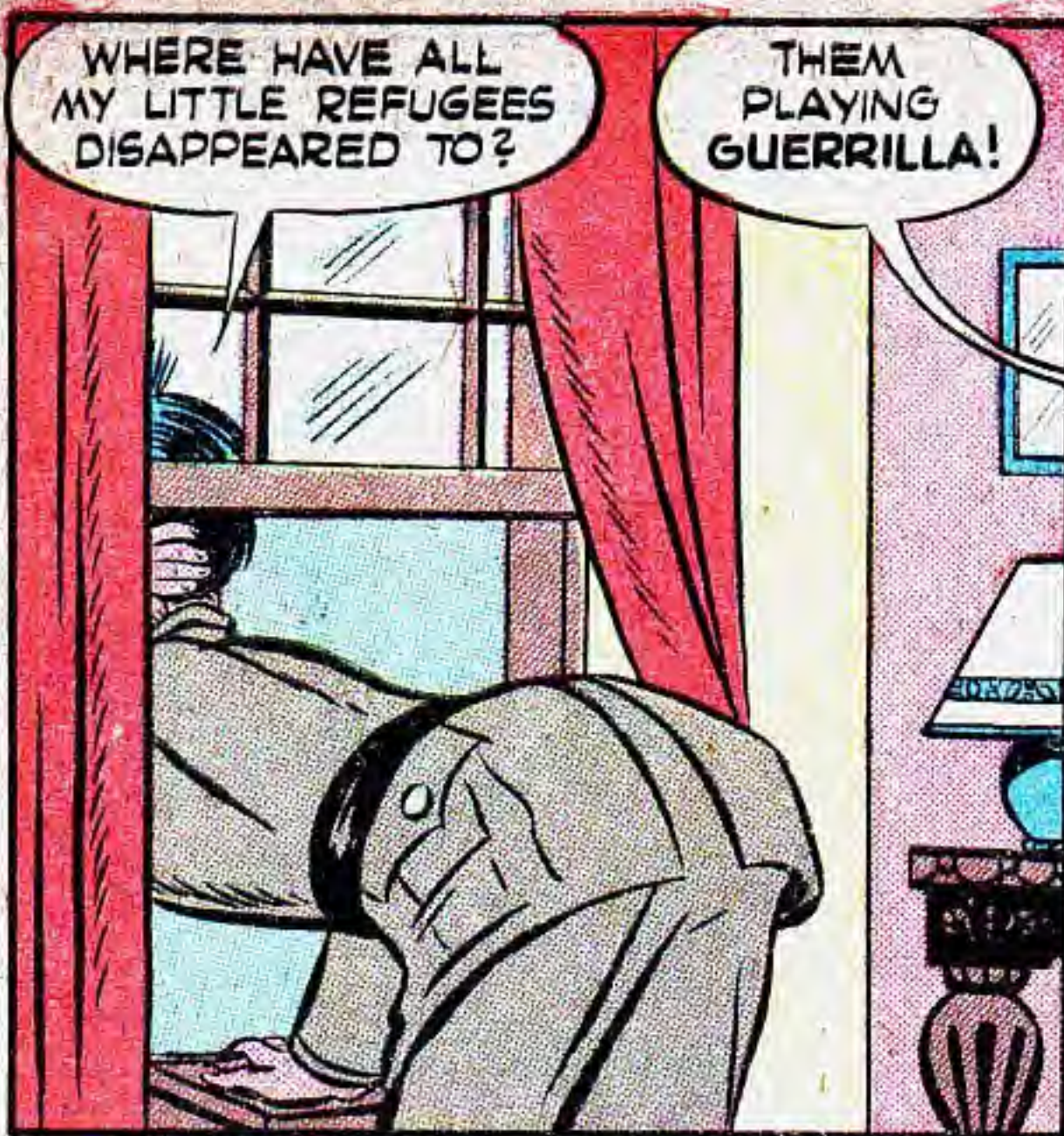
\$5.59

BOY'S CLOTHES









WHERE HAVE ALL MY LITTLE REFUGEES DISAPPEARED TO?

THEM PLAYING GUERRILLA!



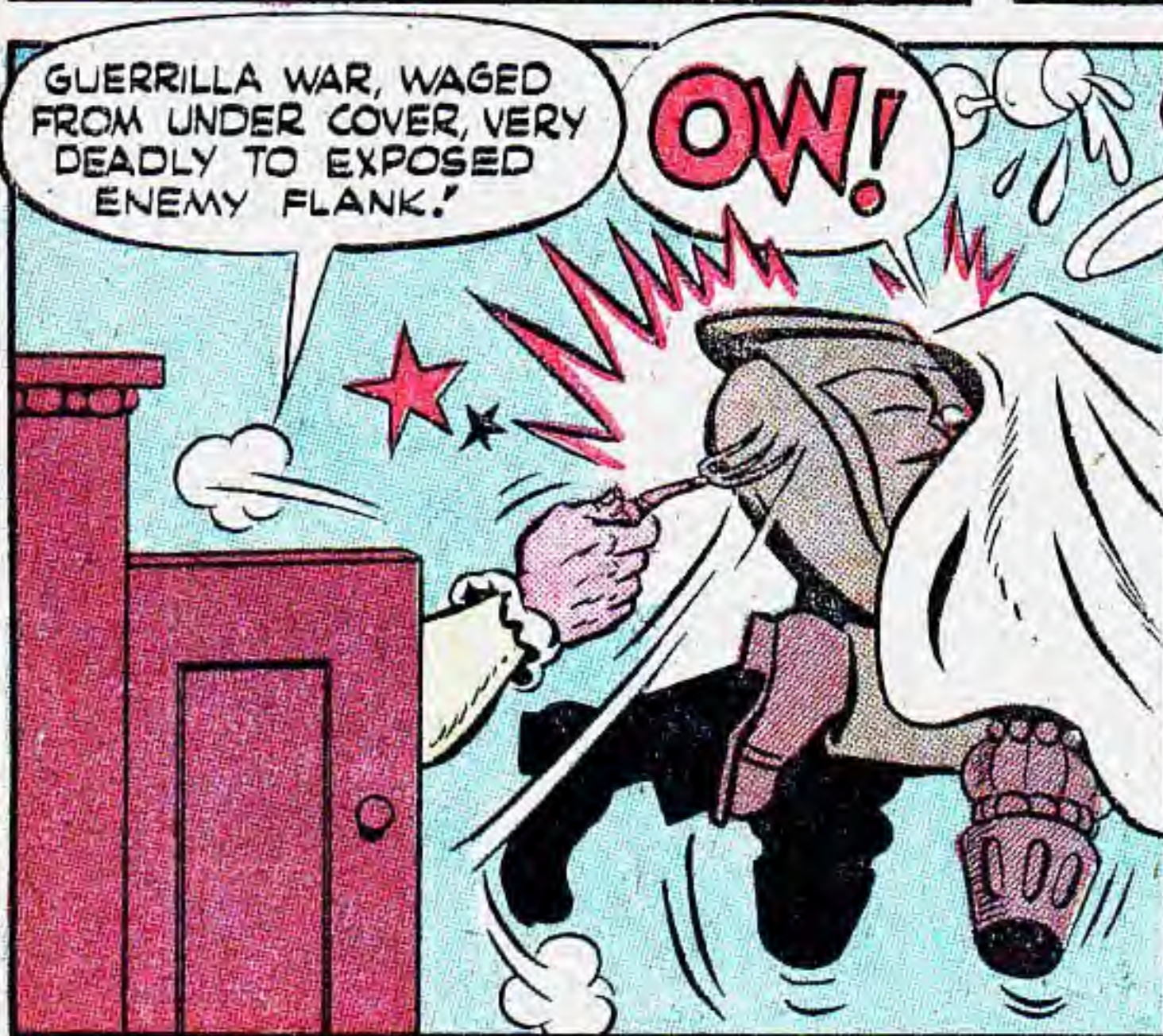
GUERRILLA? WHAT'S THAT?

GUERRILLA MEAN LITTLE WAR!



FIRST RULE OF GUERRILLA IS KEEP CONCEALED!

WHY DO YOU KEEP CONCEALED? WHO ARE YOU?



GUERRILLA WAR, WAGED FROM UNDER COVER, VERY DEADLY TO EXPOSED ENEMY FLANK!

OW!



YOU KNOW ME... I'M CLAUDIA! I COME ALONG AS COOK!

OH SURE! YOU'RE SLOVANIAN, TOO!



SLOVANIA OCCUPIED COUNTRY! ALL KIDS SECRETLY TRAINED IN HOME TO PLAY GUERRILLA -- THEN, LATER, THEY BECOME GUERRILLA FIGHTERS LIKE YOUR COMMANDOS!

GOLLY! YOU MEAN ALL THOSE LITTLE KIDS HAVE HAD COMMANDO TRAINING?

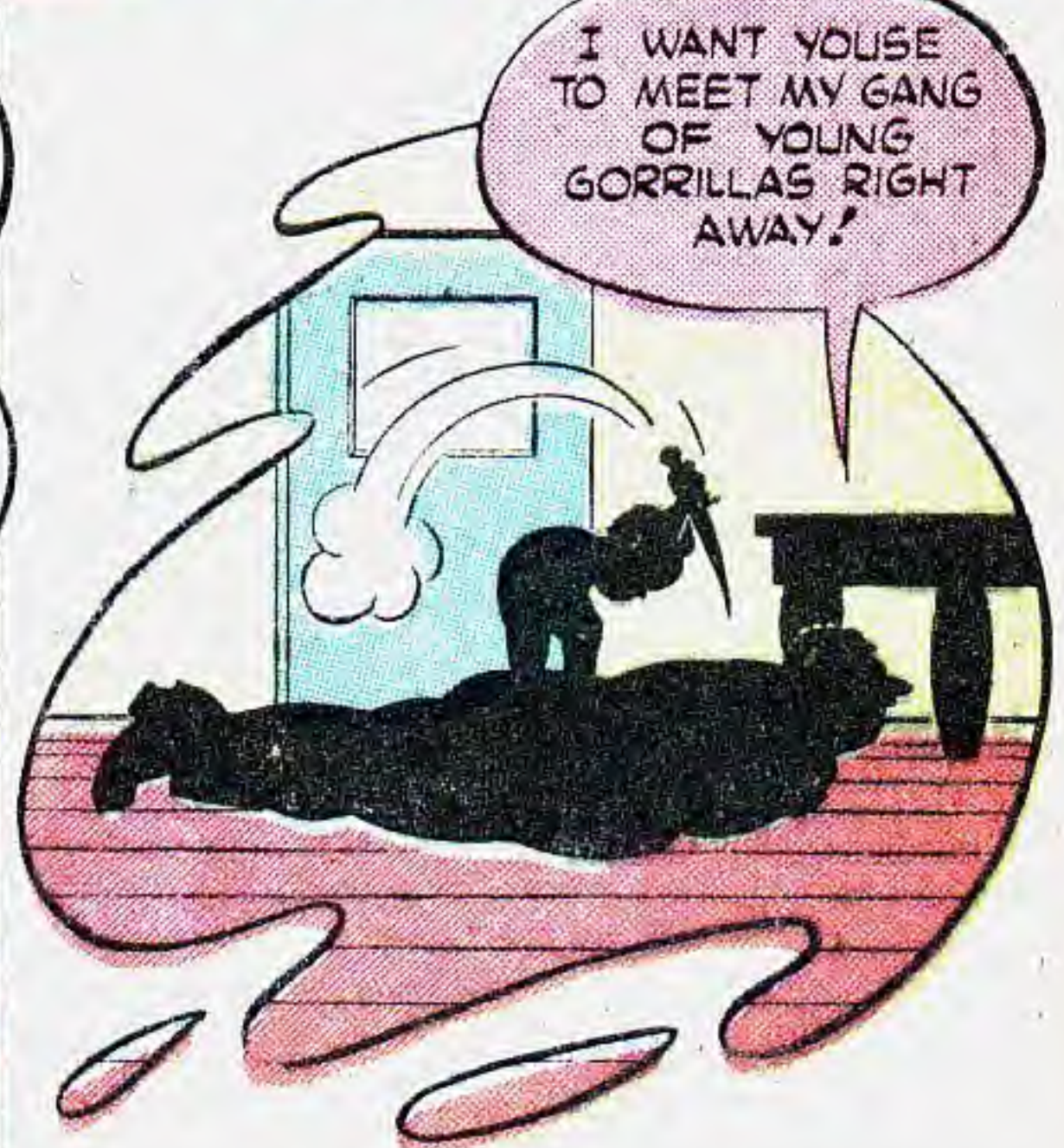
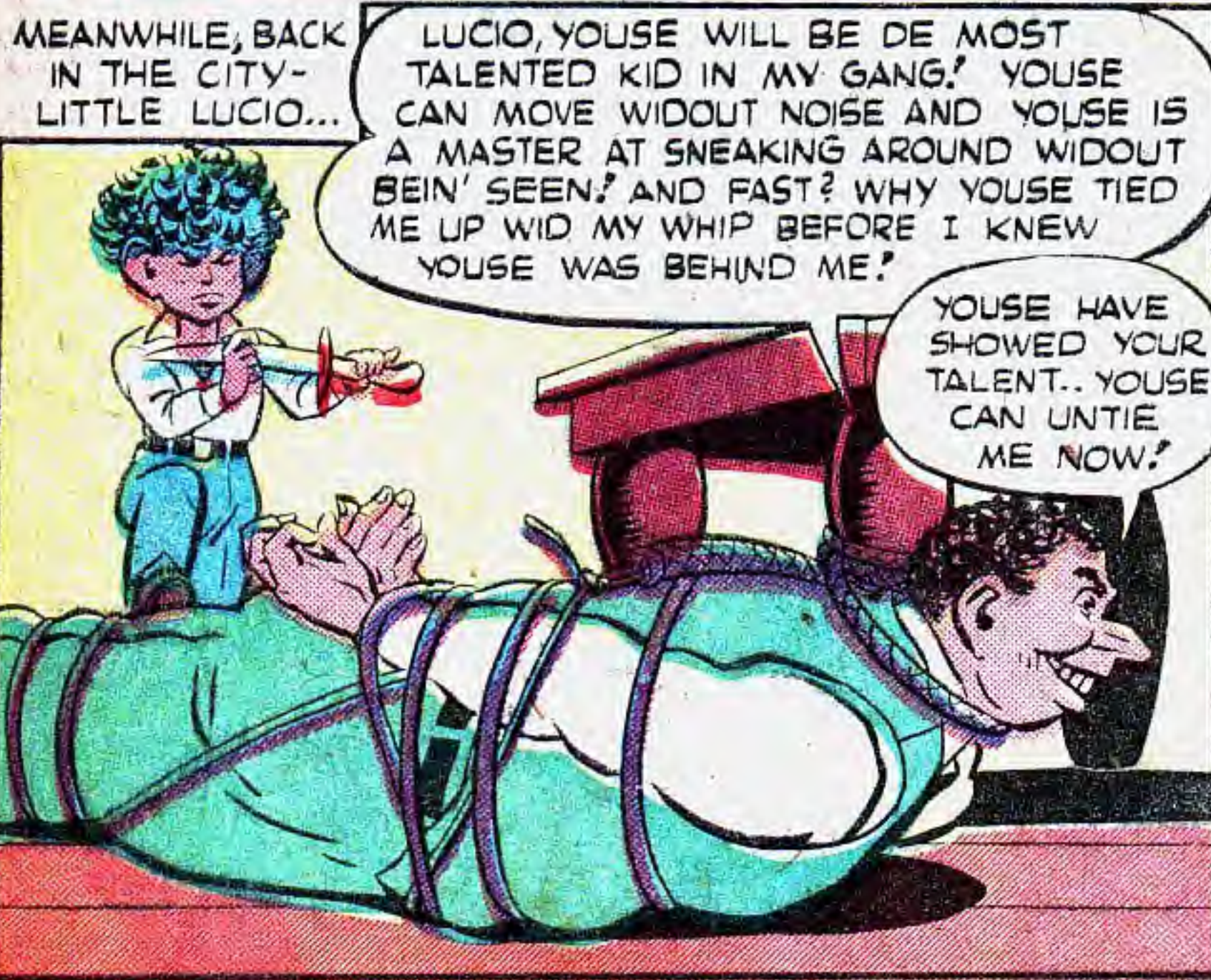
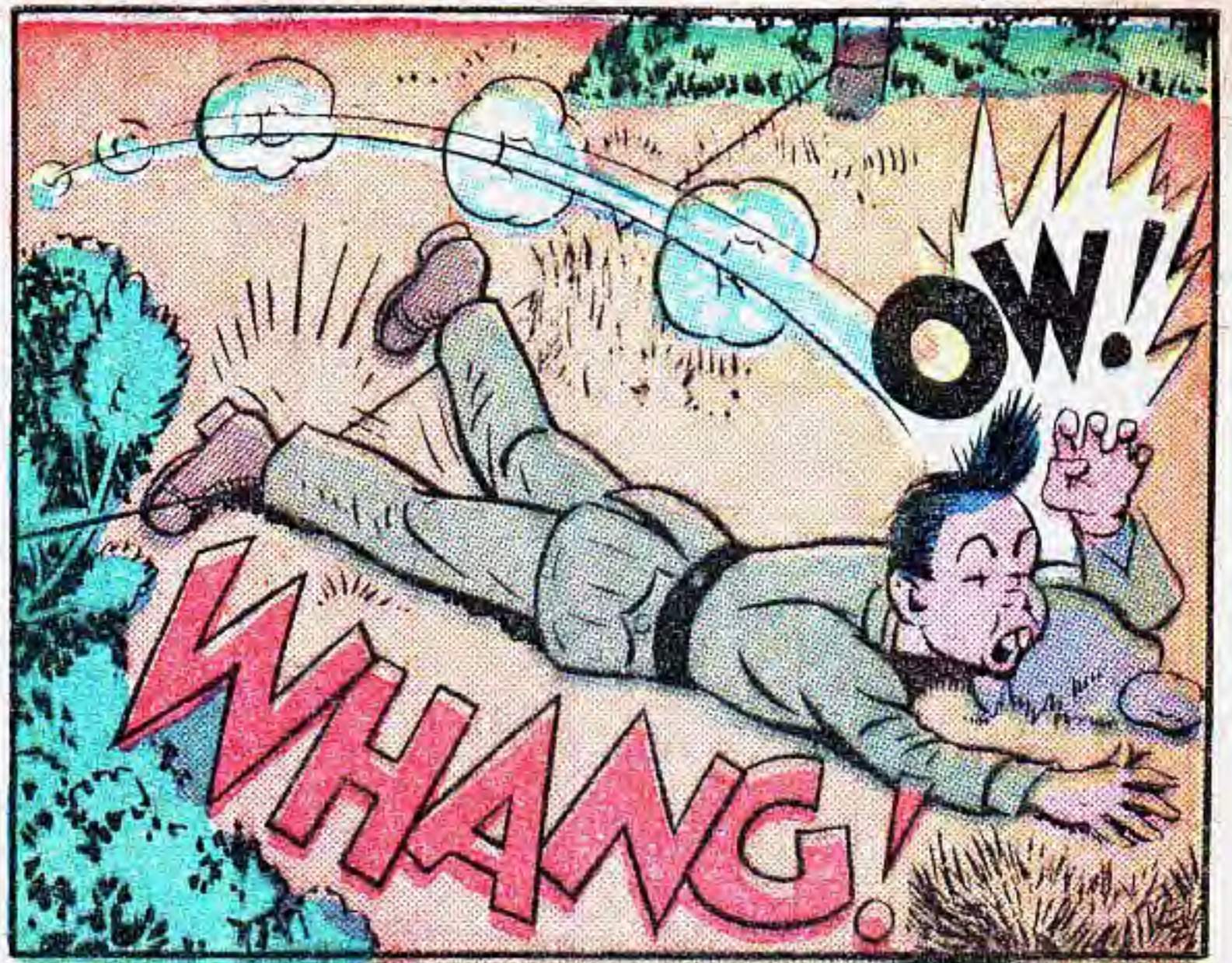


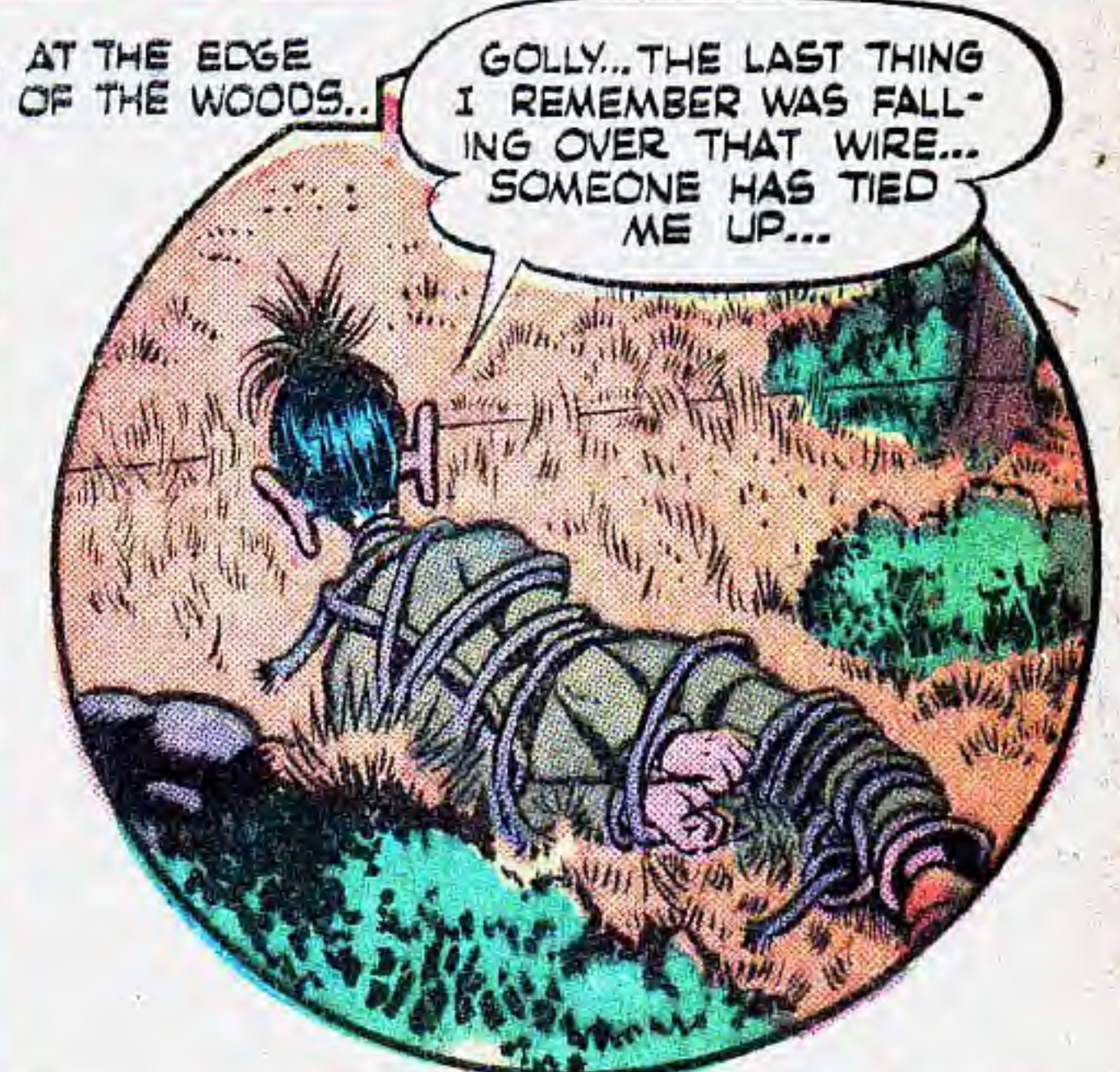
SURE! THEY WELL ARMED TOO! ALL KNIVES GONE FROM KITCHEN! AXES, WIRES, ROPES, ALL MISSING FROM BASEMENT! THAT'S HOW I KNOW THEY PLAYING GUERRILLA!



GREAT SCOTT! ALL THOSE LITTLE KIDS PLAYING WITH KNIVES AND AXES?

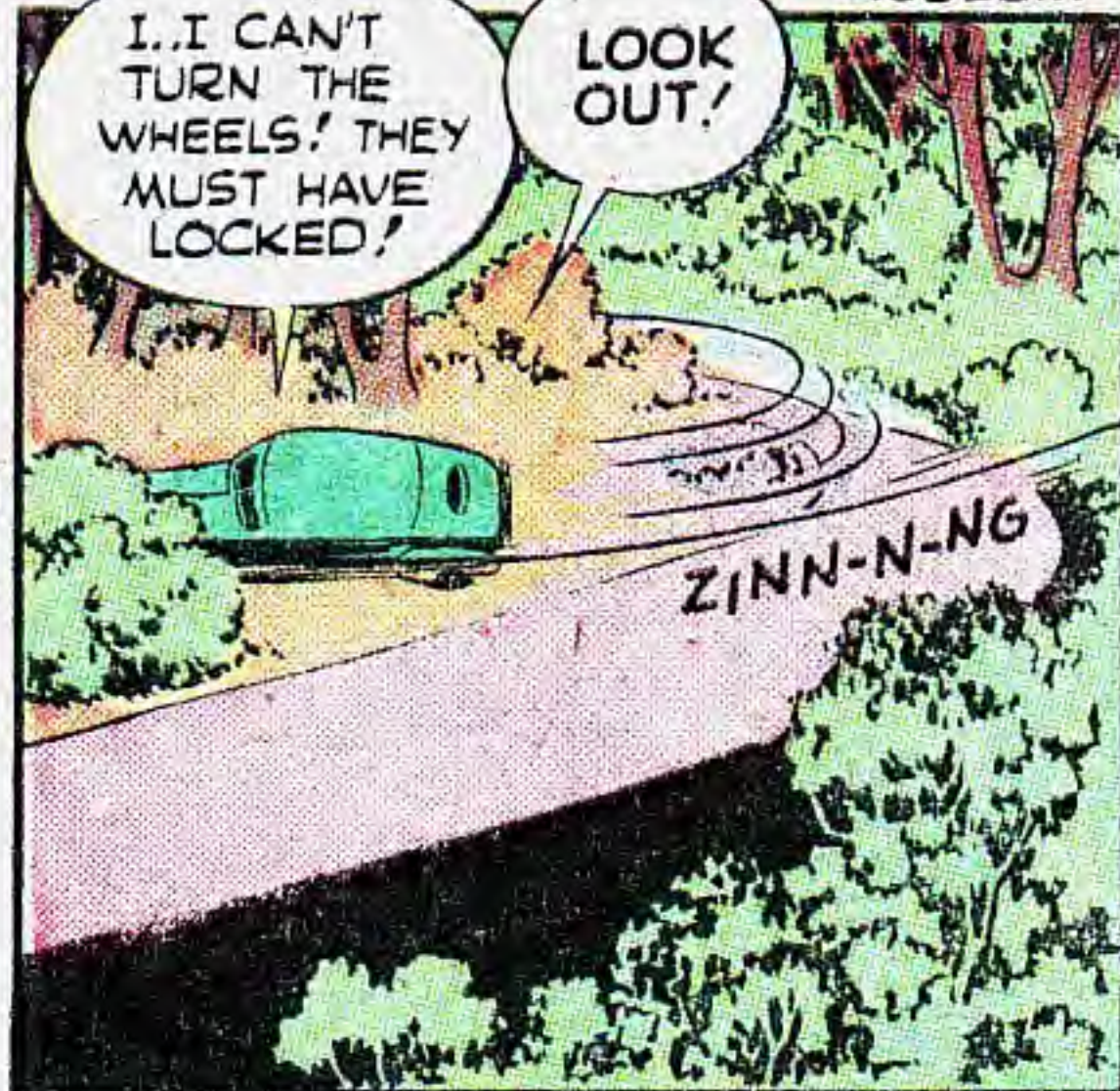
I KNEW I HEARD A SCREAM!





BUT TROUBLE LOOMS ON THE SCENE IN THE FORM OF AN UNSUSPECTING CAR WHICH STRIKES AN UNSEEN CABLE STRETCHED ACROSS THE ROAD...

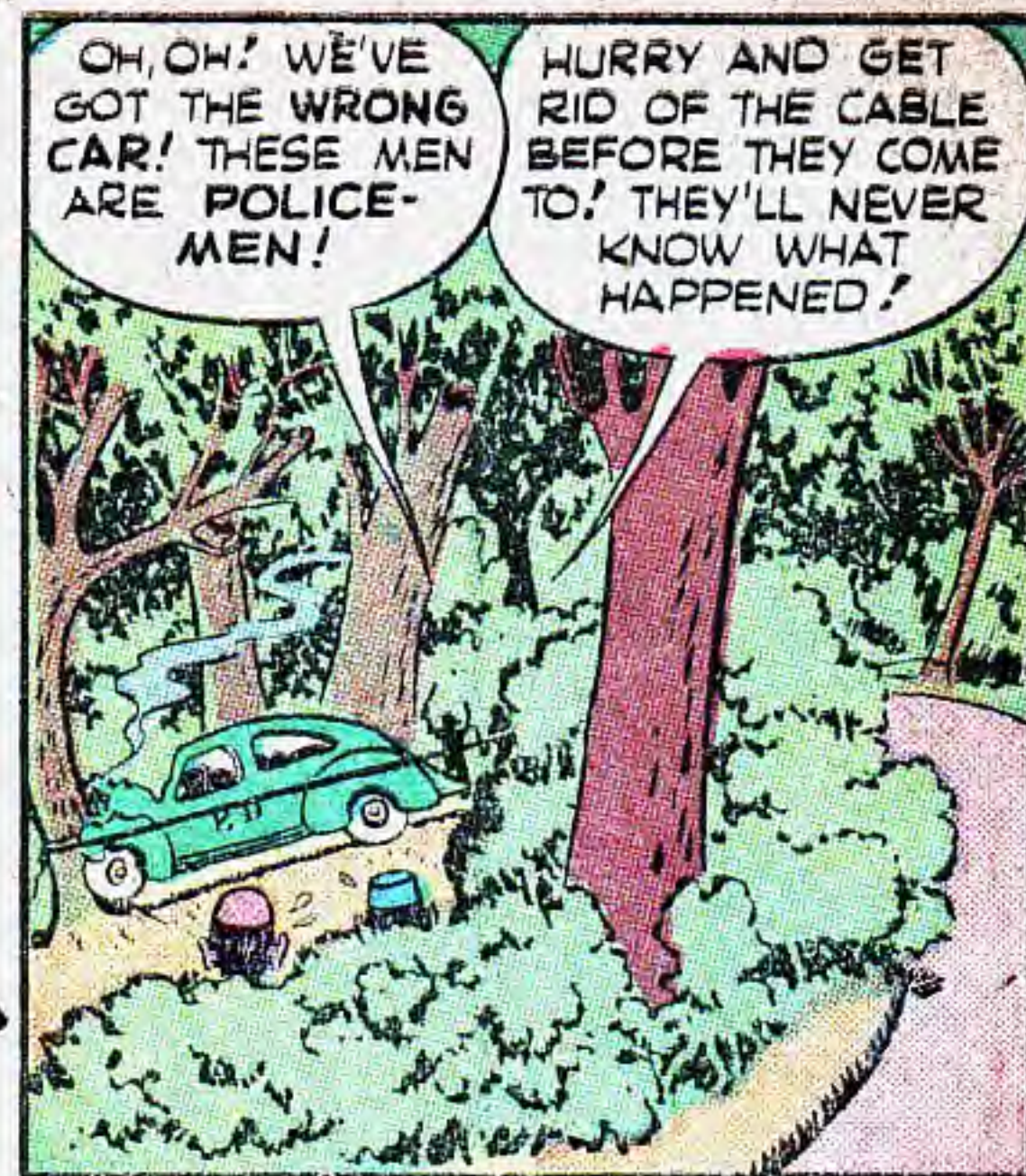
...THE 30° ANGLE OF THE CABLE CARRIES THE CAR OFF THE DRIVE AND INTO THE WOODS...



I..I CAN'T TURN THE WHEELS! THEY MUST HAVE LOCKED!

LOOK OUT!

CRASH!



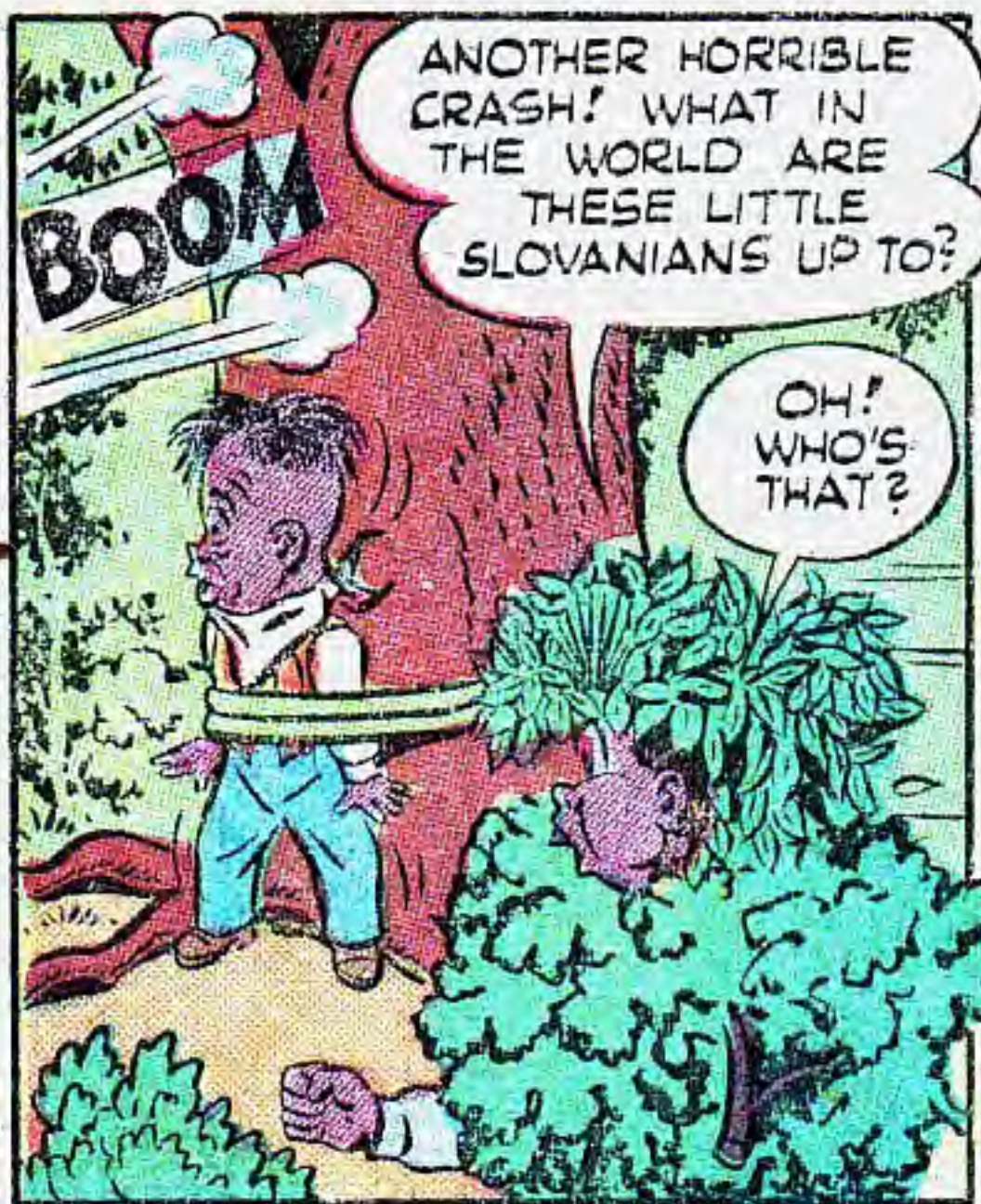
OH, OH! WE'VE GOT THE WRONG CAR! THESE MEN ARE POLICE-MEN!

HURRY AND GET RID OF THE CABLE BEFORE THEY COME TO! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



IT'S TOO LATE! HERE COMES ANOTHER CAR!

THIS MUST BE THE ONE WE WERE EXPECTING!



ANOTHER HORRIBLE CRASH! WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE THESE LITTLE SLOVANIANS UP TO?

OH! WHO'S THAT?

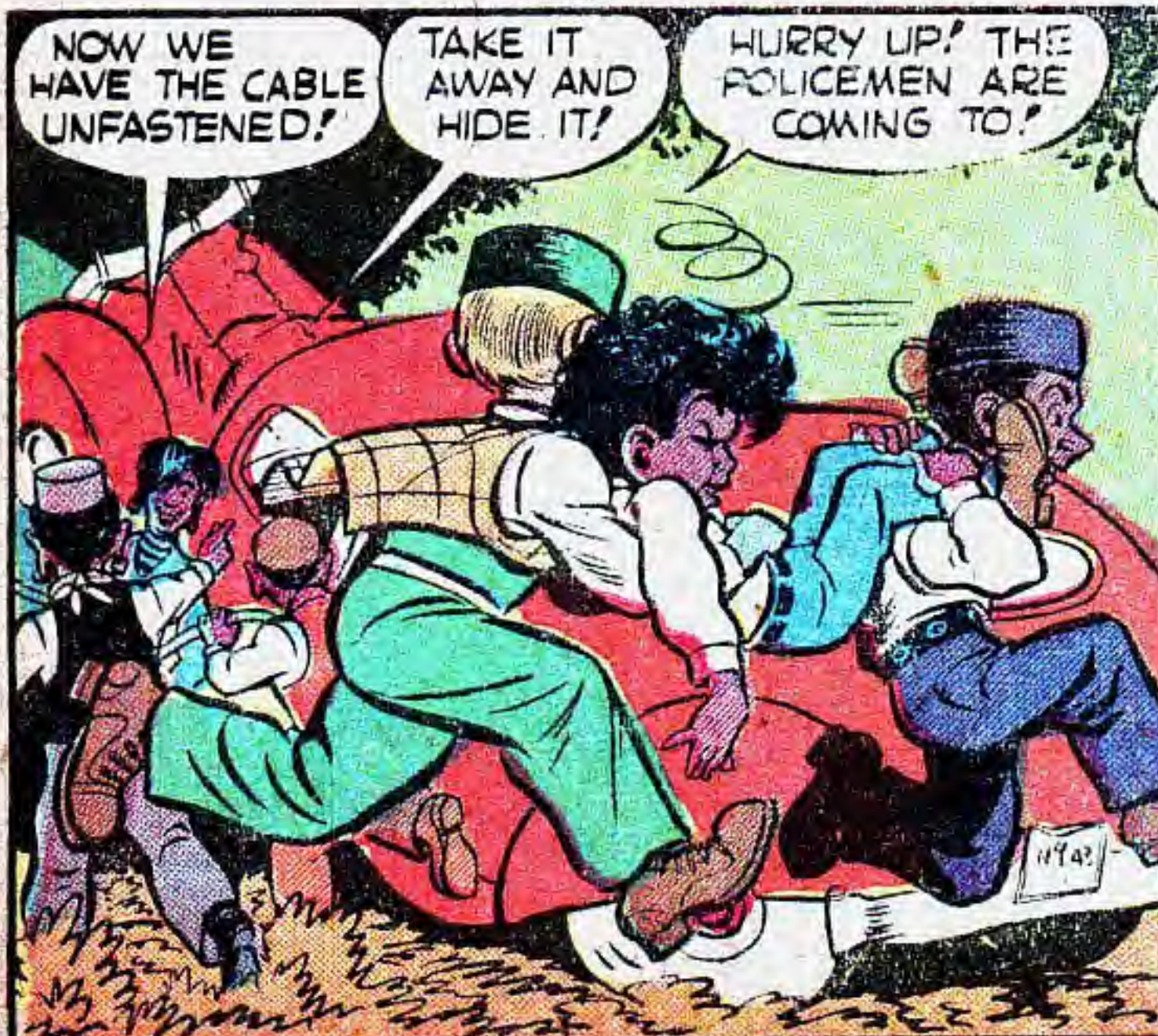


THIS IS THE RIGHT CAR!

THEY'RE ALL KNOCKED SENSELESS, TOO!

LOOK! LITTLE LUCIO IS IN HERE!

GET HIM OUT QUICK!



NOW WE HAVE THE CABLE UNFASTENED!

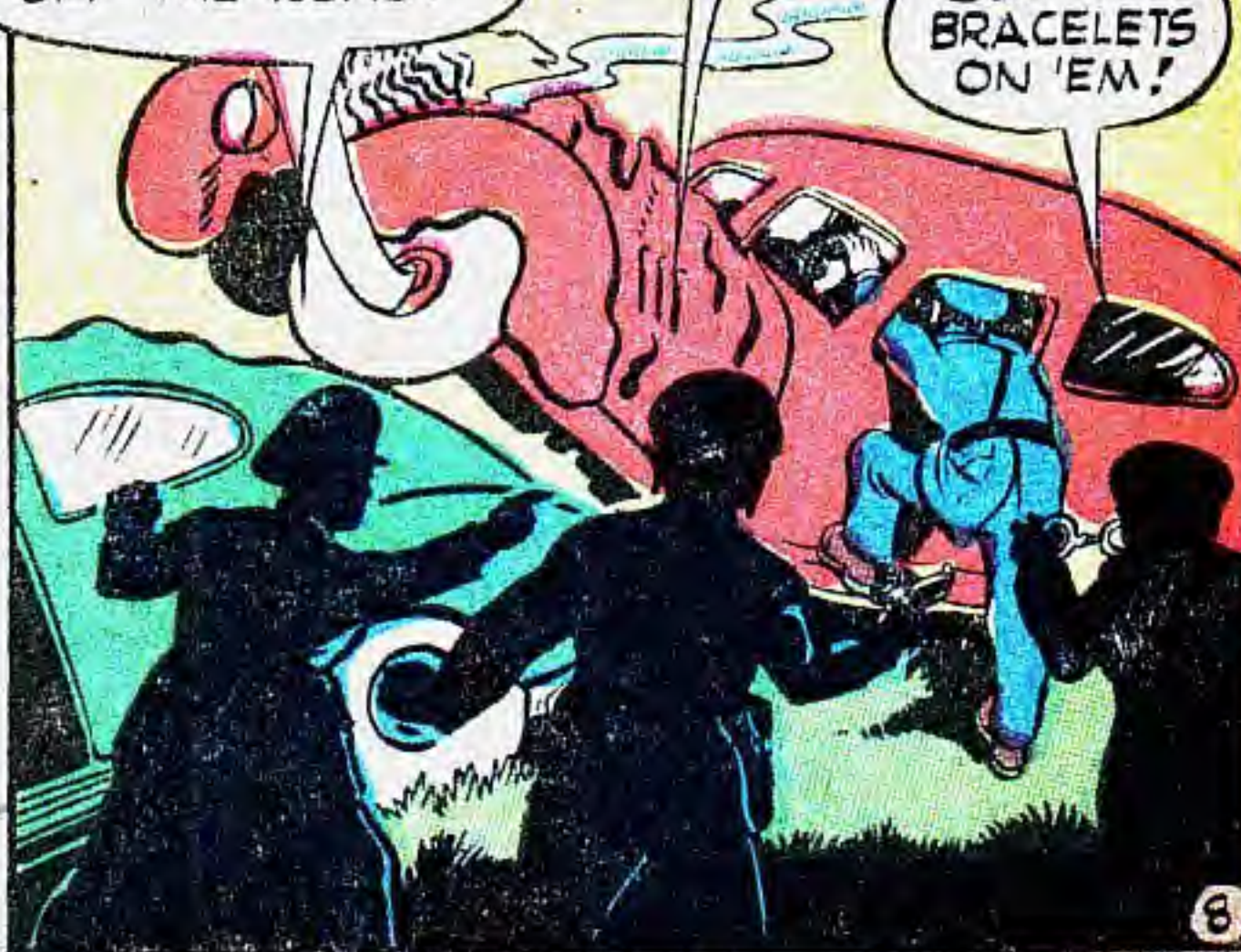
TAKE IT AWAY AND HIDE IT!

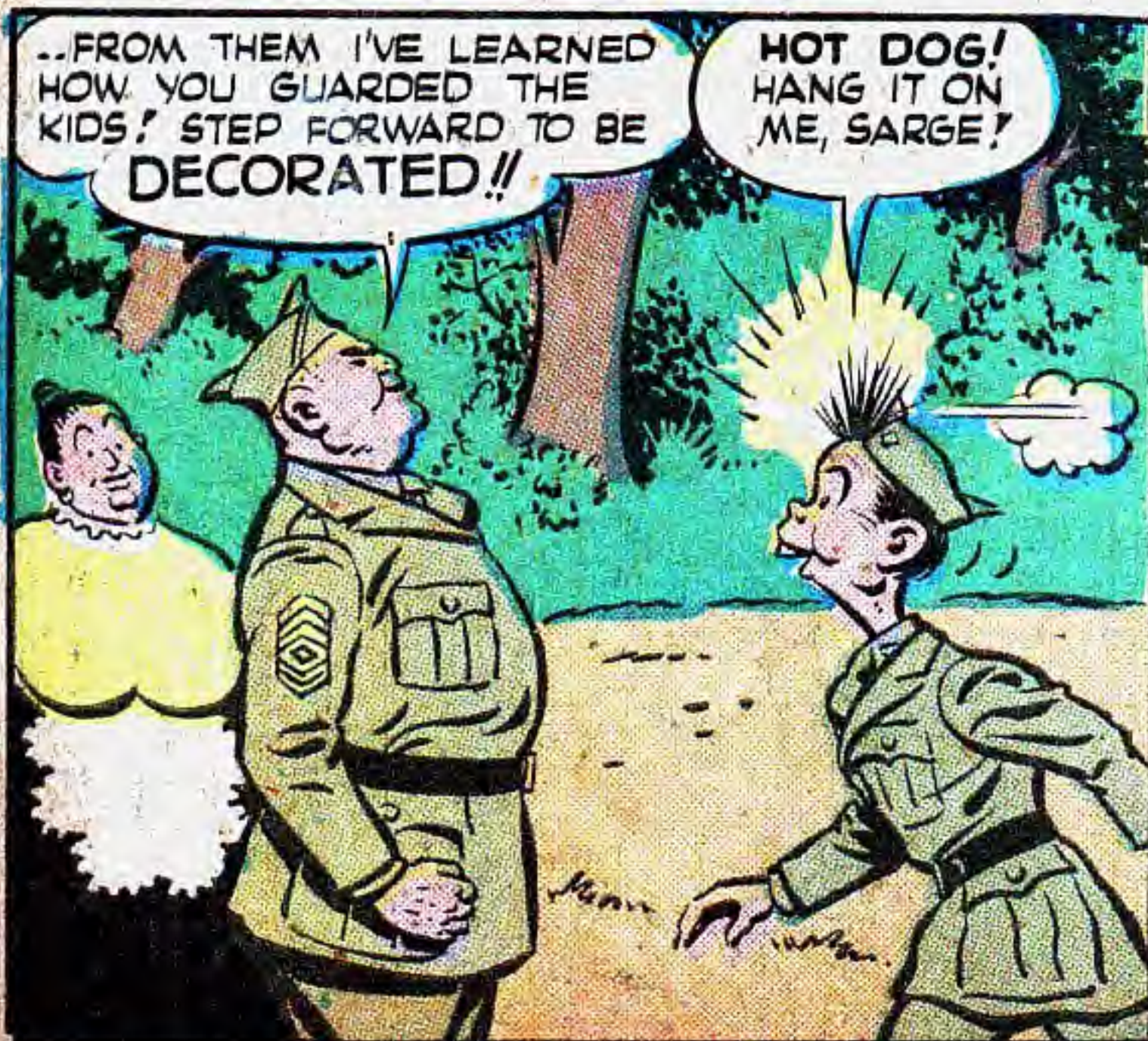
HURRY UP! THE POLICEMEN ARE COMING TO!

ONE MINUTE LATER
NOW I UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED! WE WERE PUSHED OFF THE ROAD!

BY KLEPTO AN' HIS BOY GANG! BUT THEY GOT HURT WORSE THAN WE DID!

SLIP TH' BRACELETS ON 'EM!





NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2.

PT BOAT

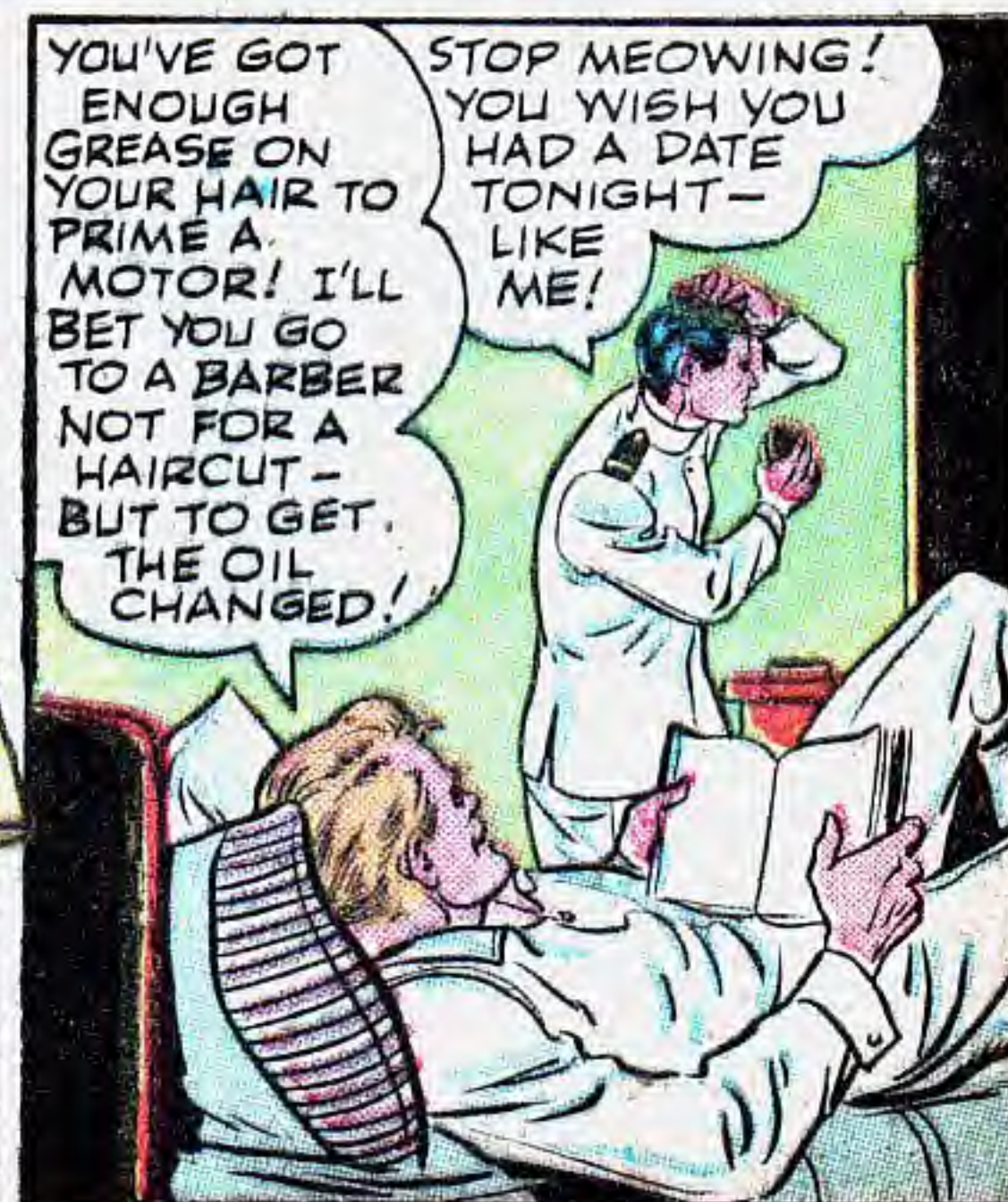


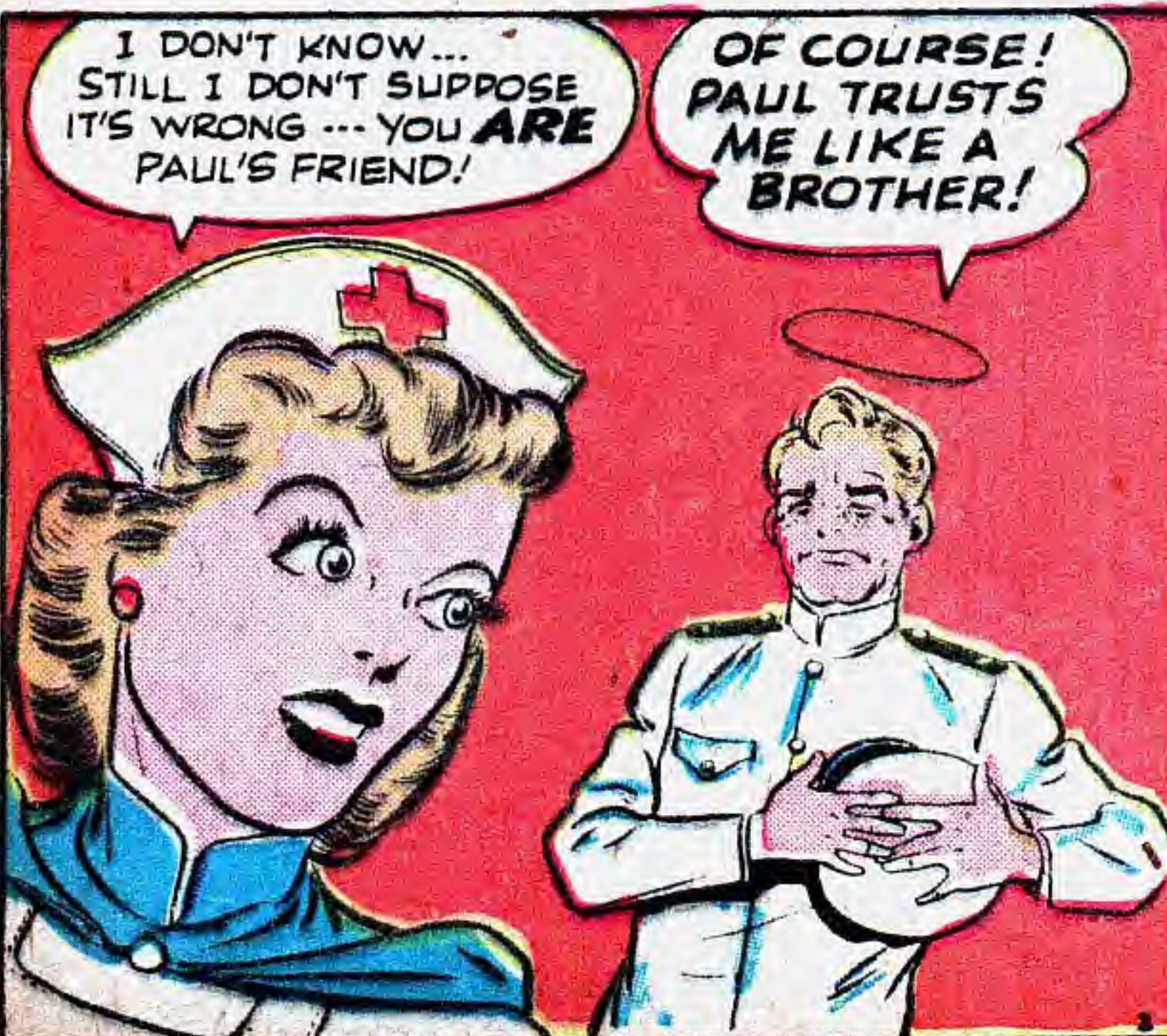
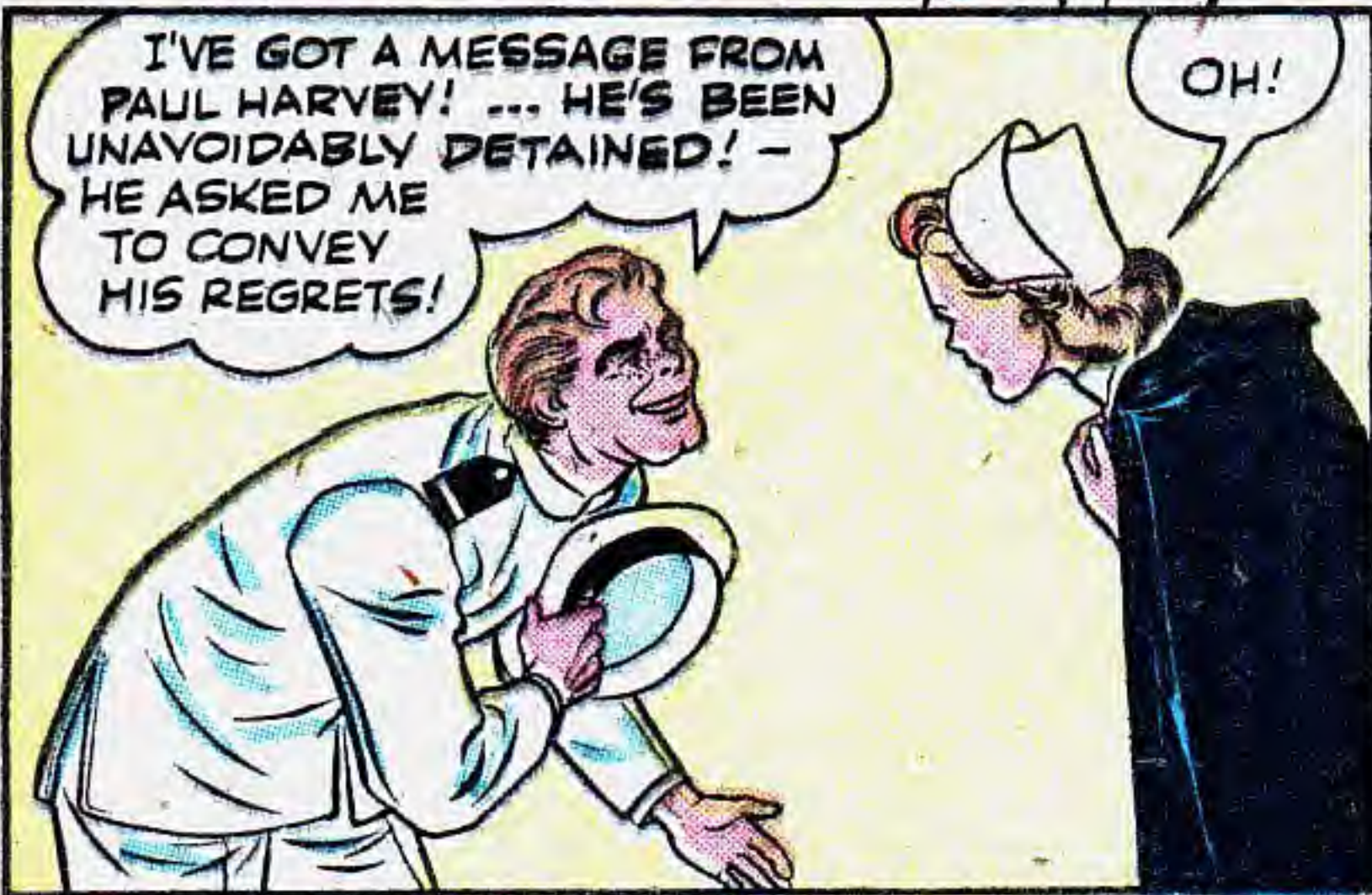
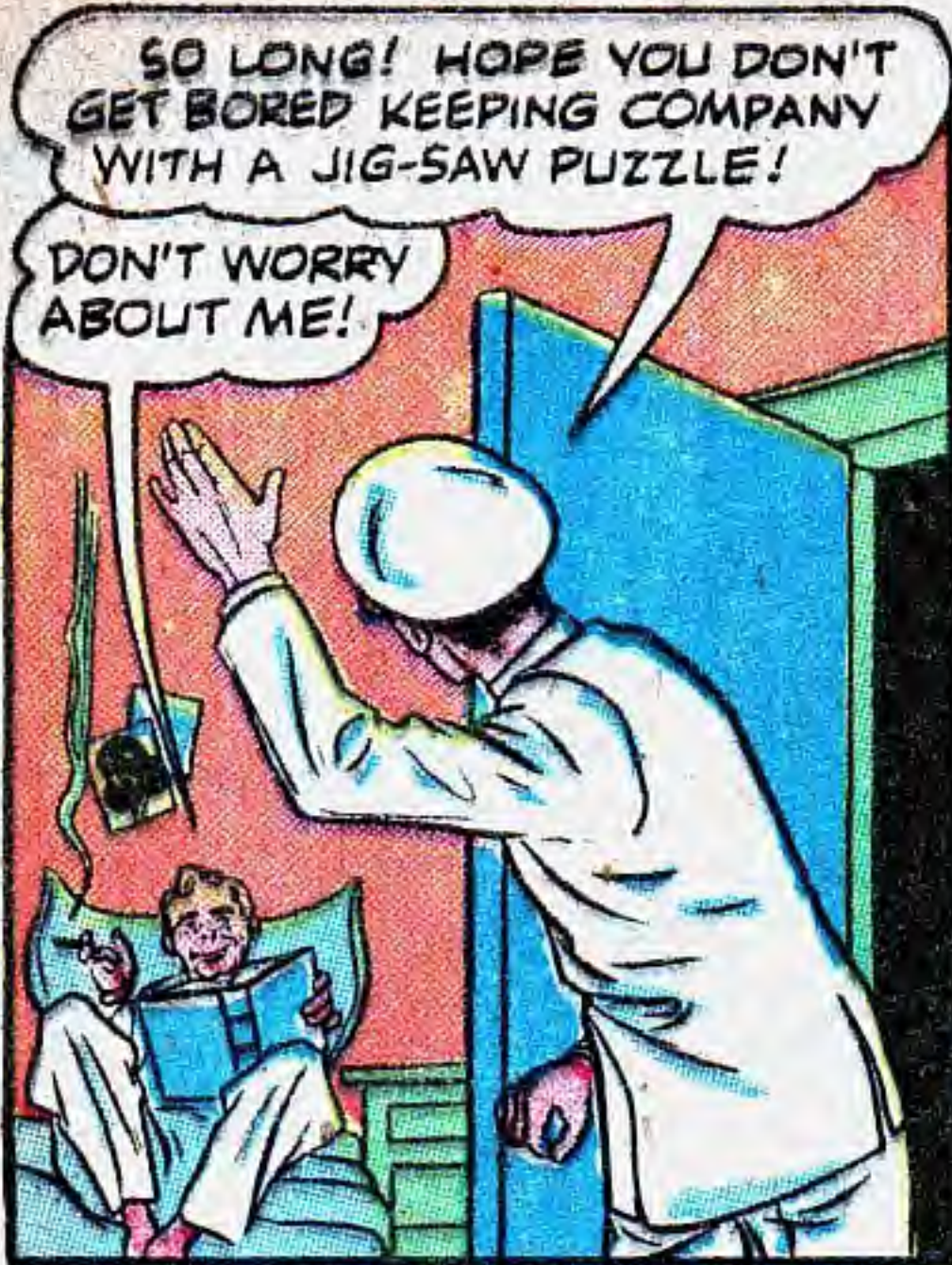
PERRY TOBIAS AND PAUL HARVEY ARE NEWLY COMMISSIONED ENSIGNS ATTACHED TO AN MTB SQUADRON ... THE FAMED AND DREADED PT BOATS! BUT THEIR WAR WITH THE JAPANESE TAKES UP ONLY HALF THEIR TIME! ... THEY SPEND THE OTHER HALF FIGHTING EACH OTHER!

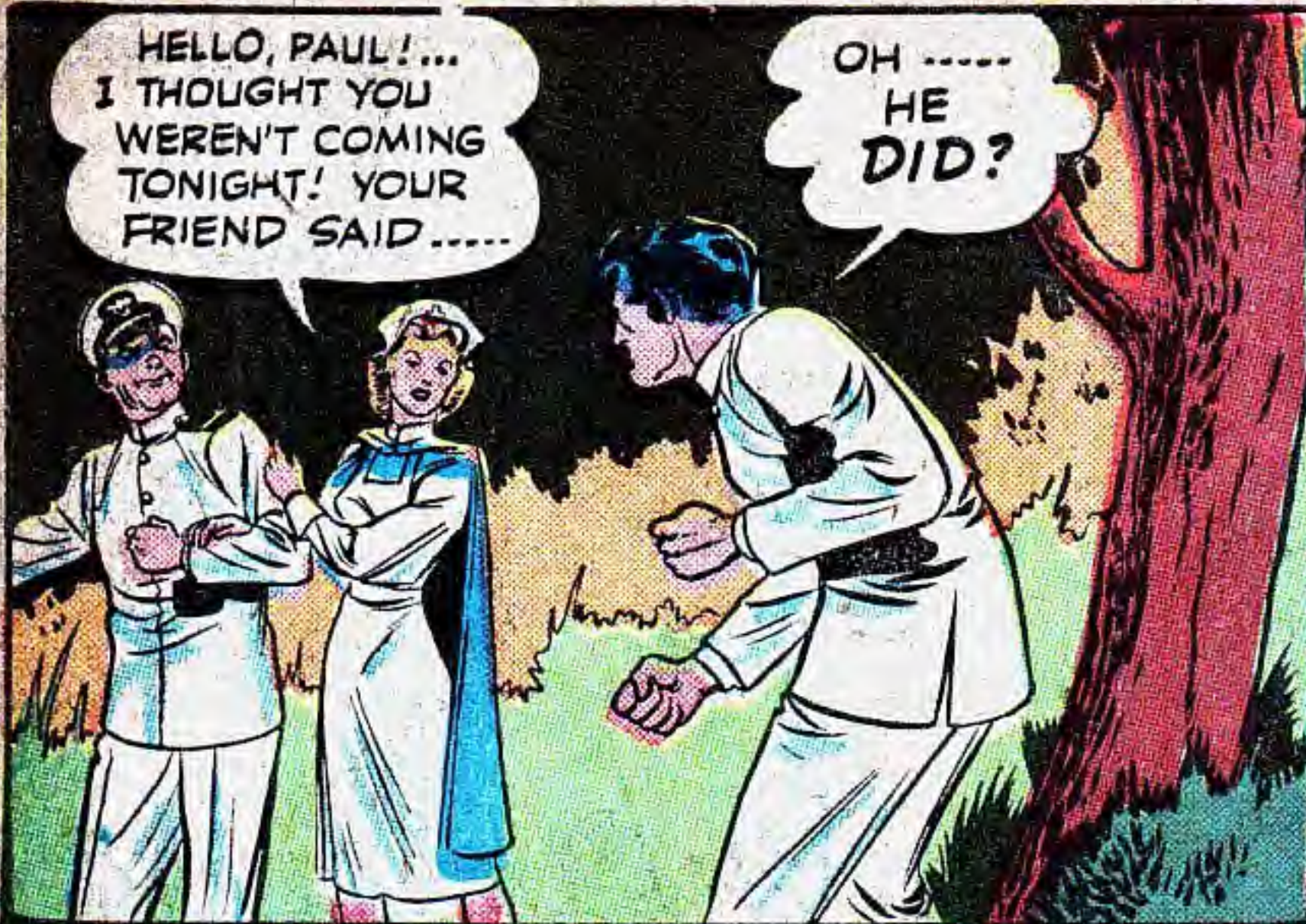
IT ALL BEGAN WITH A GIRL NAMED DOROTHY ... AS YOU'LL REMEMBER FROM A PREVIOUS STORY! BUT WHERE IT'S GOING TO END, NO ONE KNOWS! ... LEAST OF ALL, THE JAPS! ... AND THE JAPS NEVER WILL UNDERSTAND WHY TWO MEN WHO APPARENTLY HATE EACH OTHER ALWAYS FIGHT LIKE WILD CATS ... TOGETHER!

YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH GREASE ON YOUR HAIR TO PRIME A MOTOR! I'LL BET YOU GO TO A BARBER NOT FOR A HAIRCUT - BUT TO GET THE OIL CHANGED!

STOP MEOWING! YOU WISH YOU HAD A DATE TONIGHT - LIKE ME!







HELLO, PAUL!...
I THOUGHT YOU
WEREN'T COMING
TONIGHT! YOUR
FRIEND SAID.....

OH
HE
DID?



I WANT TO HAVE
A TALK WITH
YOU,
MISTER!

YOU'RE
TALKING TO
ME RIGHT
NOW, BUT
YOU'RE NOT
SAYING
MUCH!

WELL, MAYBE.....

EEEE-EEEE-EEEEEEEEEEEEEE



WHAT'S
THAT?



THEY'RE
SOUNDING
"GENERAL
STATIONS"!

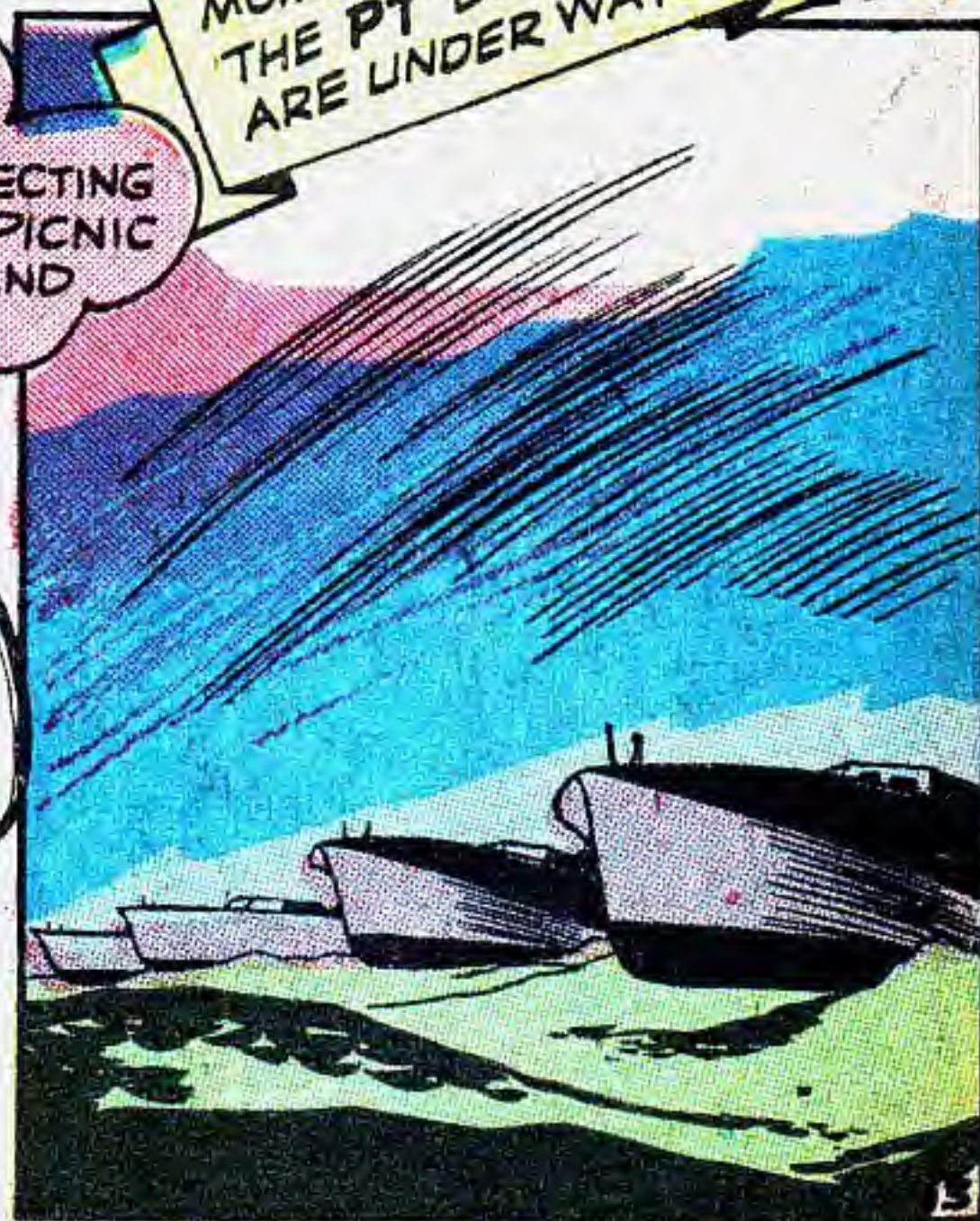
LET'S
GO!

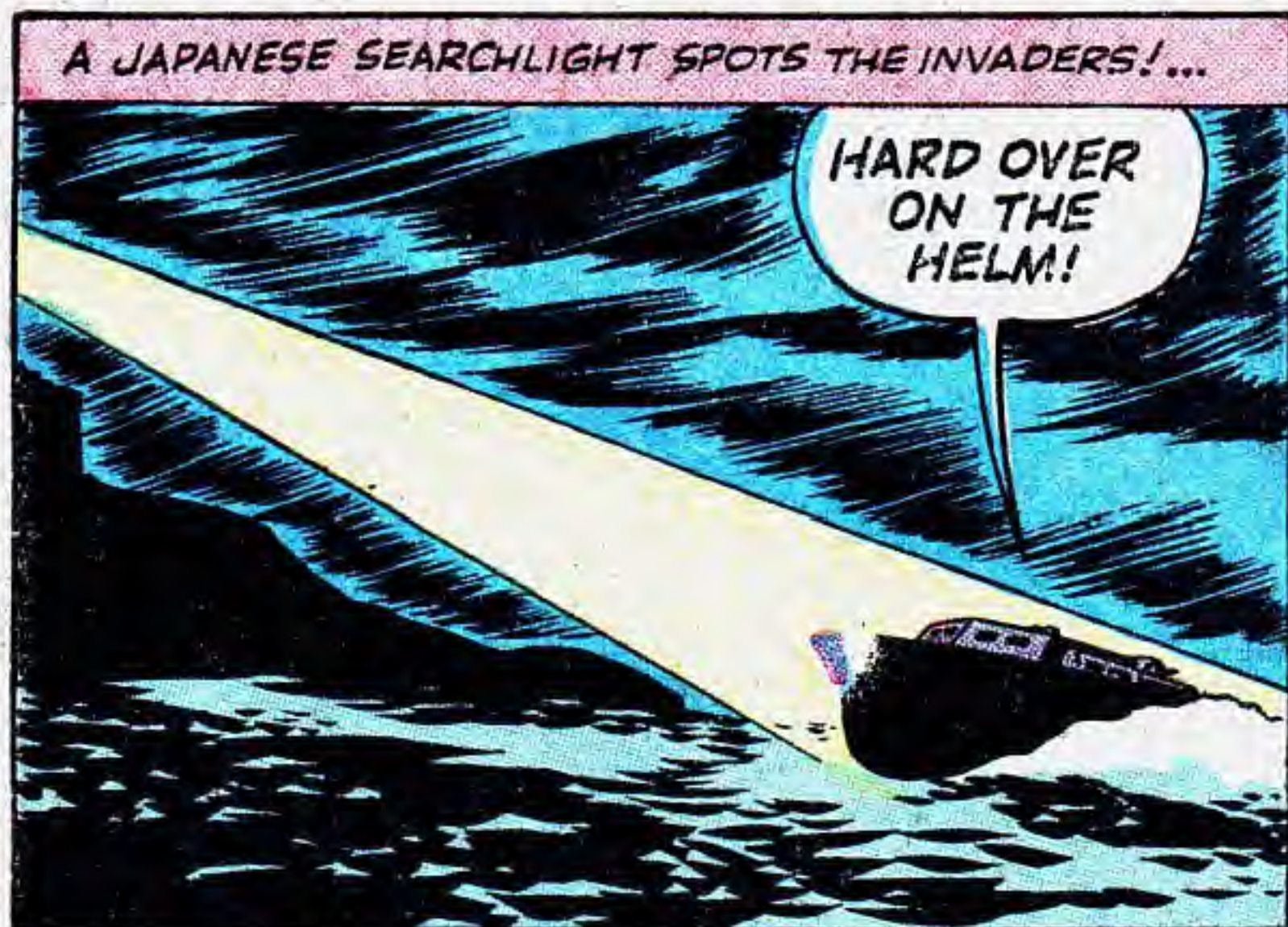
MOMENTS LATER...
THE PT BOATS
ARE UNDER WAY!



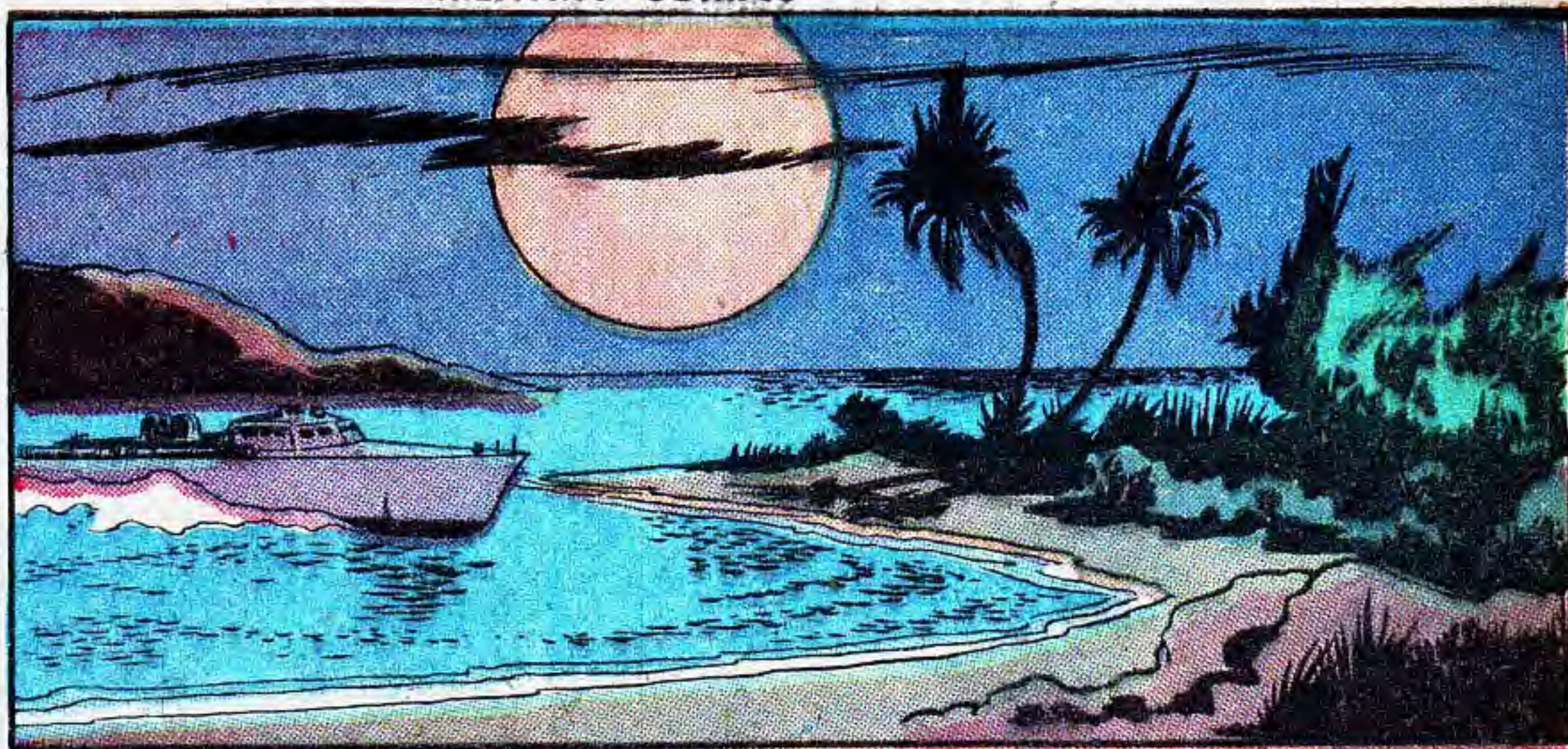
WE'VE JUST GOT WORD THAT
THE JAPS HAVE SEIZED OWALLI
HARBOR IN A SURPRISE ASSAULT!
OUR JOB WILL BE TO WIPE OUT
THE HARBOR SHIPPING BEFORE
IT FALLS INTO ENEMY HANDS!

THIS WON'T BE AN
EASY JOB! THE JAPS
WILL PROBABLY BE EXPECTING
US! SO LEAVE YOUR PICNIC
BASKETS BEHIND! - AND
GOOD LUCK!





THE WOUNDED
PT BOAT
FINDS A HAVEN
IN ONE OF
THE MANY
SMALL INLETS
THAT INDENT
THE ISLANDS
OF THE
SOUTH
PACIFIC...



WE COULDN'T HAVE
GONE MUCH FURTHER,
WITH THAT RIP IN
THE HULL!



COMPANY
HAS
ARRIVED!

TAKE IT EASY!
THEY LOOK
FRIENDLY!



WELCOME TO OUR ISLAND,
MEN OF THE SEA... I AM
LIKOTA, CHIEF OF
MY TRIBE!

SAY! --
HE
SPEAKS
ENGLISH!

WE
APPRECIATE
YOUR KINDNESS,
CHIEF -- BUT
WE WON'T
STAY
LONG!

MY VILLAGE IS ONLY A
FEW MILES FROM HERE.
-- IF YOUR STAY IS LONGER
THAN YOUR WISH, YOU MAY
COME -- WHATEVER WE
HAVE IS YOURS...

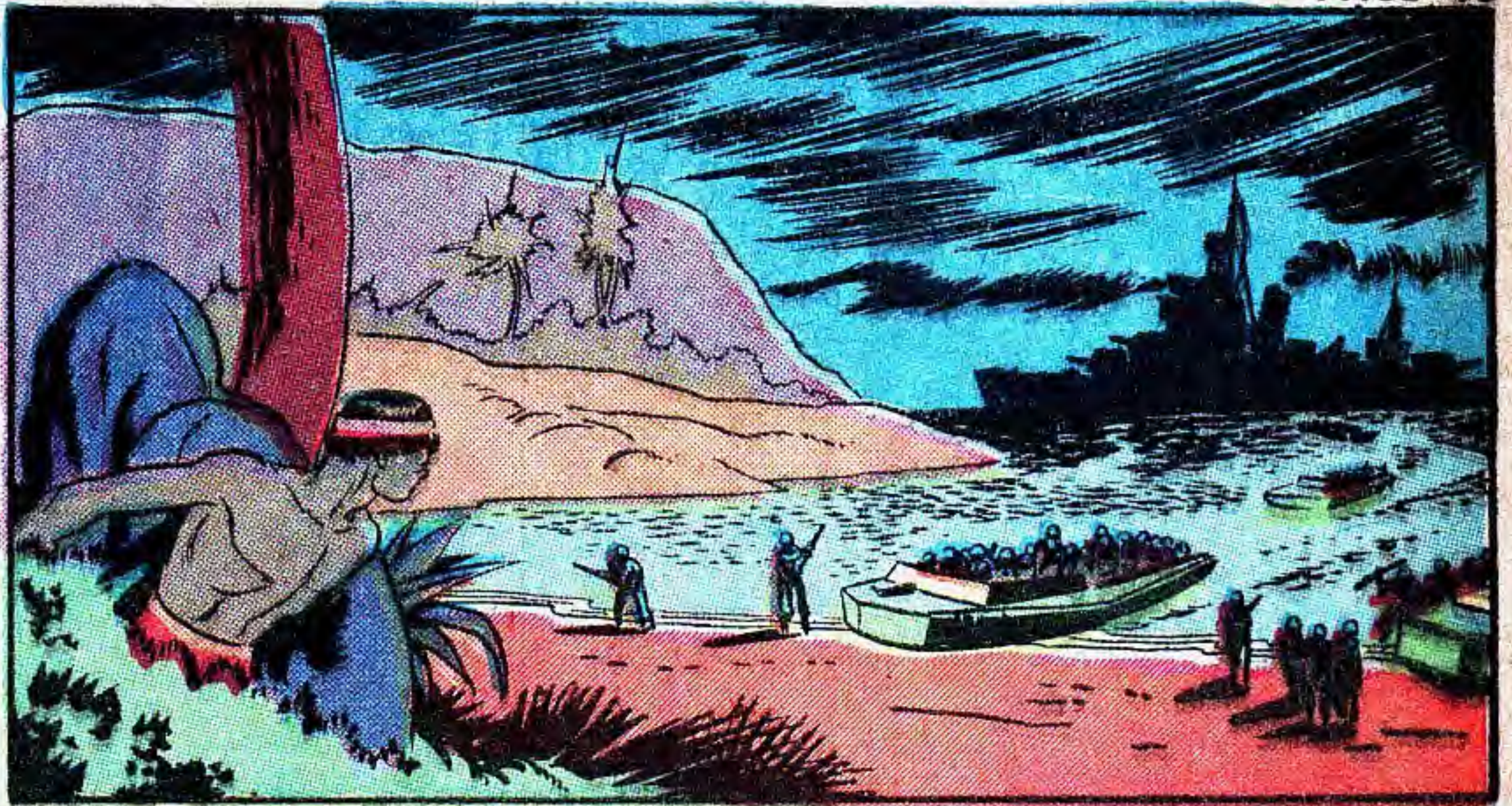


THAT CHIEF ISN'T A BAD
GUY... IF WE DIDN'T HAVE
A WAR ON OUR HANDS, I'D
TAKE HIM UP ON THAT
INVITATION -- PERMANENTLY!
-- JUST SIT BACK
AND EAT
BANANAS!

STOP
DAY-DREAMING
-- WE'VE GOT
WORK TO
DO!



BUT
MORE TROUBLE
IS BREWING FOR
THE PT BOAT
CREW! ON
ANOTHER PART
OF THE ISLAND
JAP MARINES
ARE LANDING!



MUST TELL
LIKOTA! -EVIL
MEN COME!



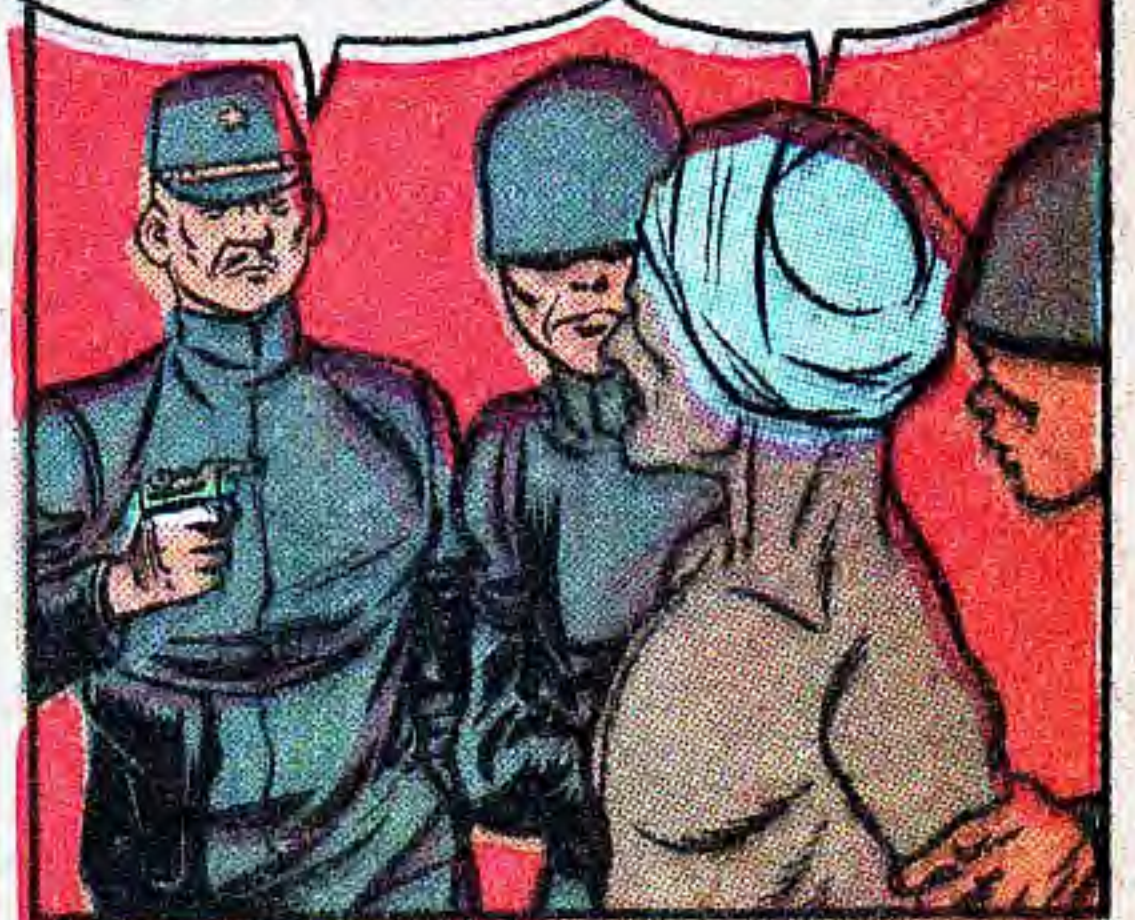
MY SON BRINGS GRAVE
TIDINGS! THE YELLOW
MEN HAVE COME! WE
MUST WARN OUR
WHITE FRIENDS
AT ONCE!



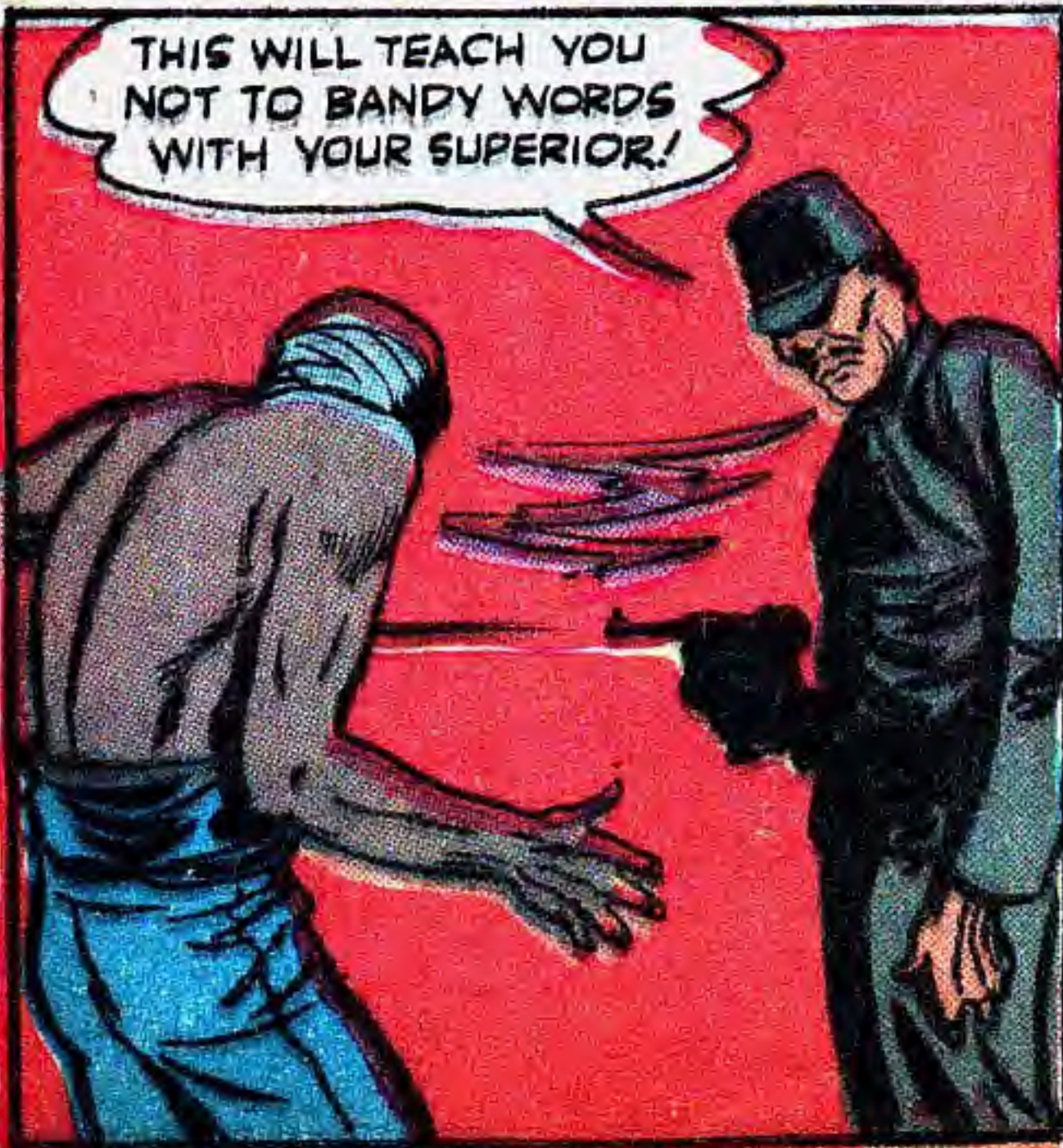
NO SOONER HAS A MESSENGER
BEEN DISPATCHED, THAN THE
MARAUDING JAPS SWARM IN!...

YOU ARE CHIEF
OF THESE SAVAGES!
YOU WILL DIRECT US
TO SUPPLIES OF
FOOD AND WATER!

YOU KILL MY
PEOPLE!
IT IS YOU
WHO ARE
SAVAGES!



THIS WILL TEACH YOU
NOT TO BANDY WORDS
WITH YOUR SUPERIOR!

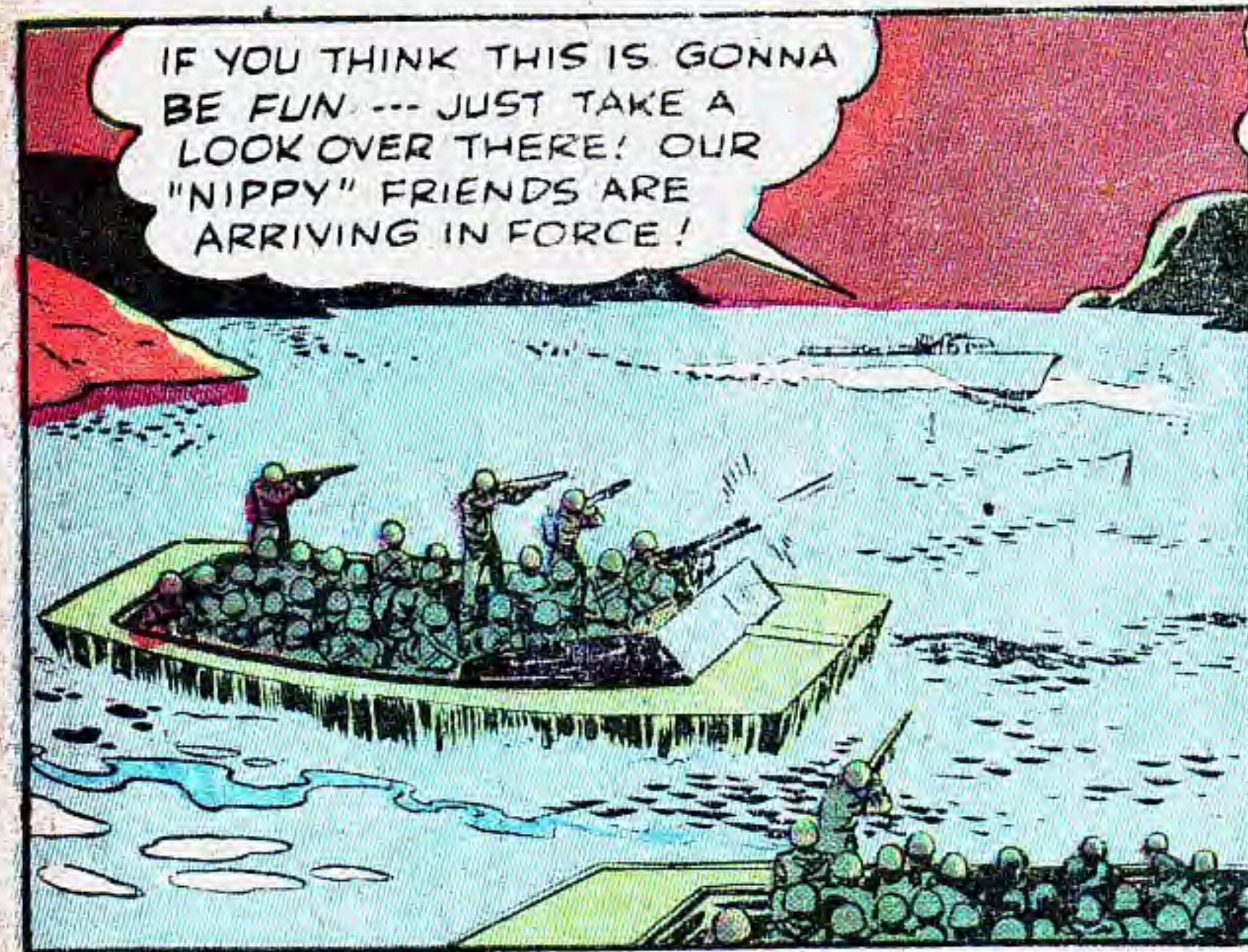


WE'RE
READY
TO GO!

HERE COMES
ONE OF THE
NATIVE
BOYS!

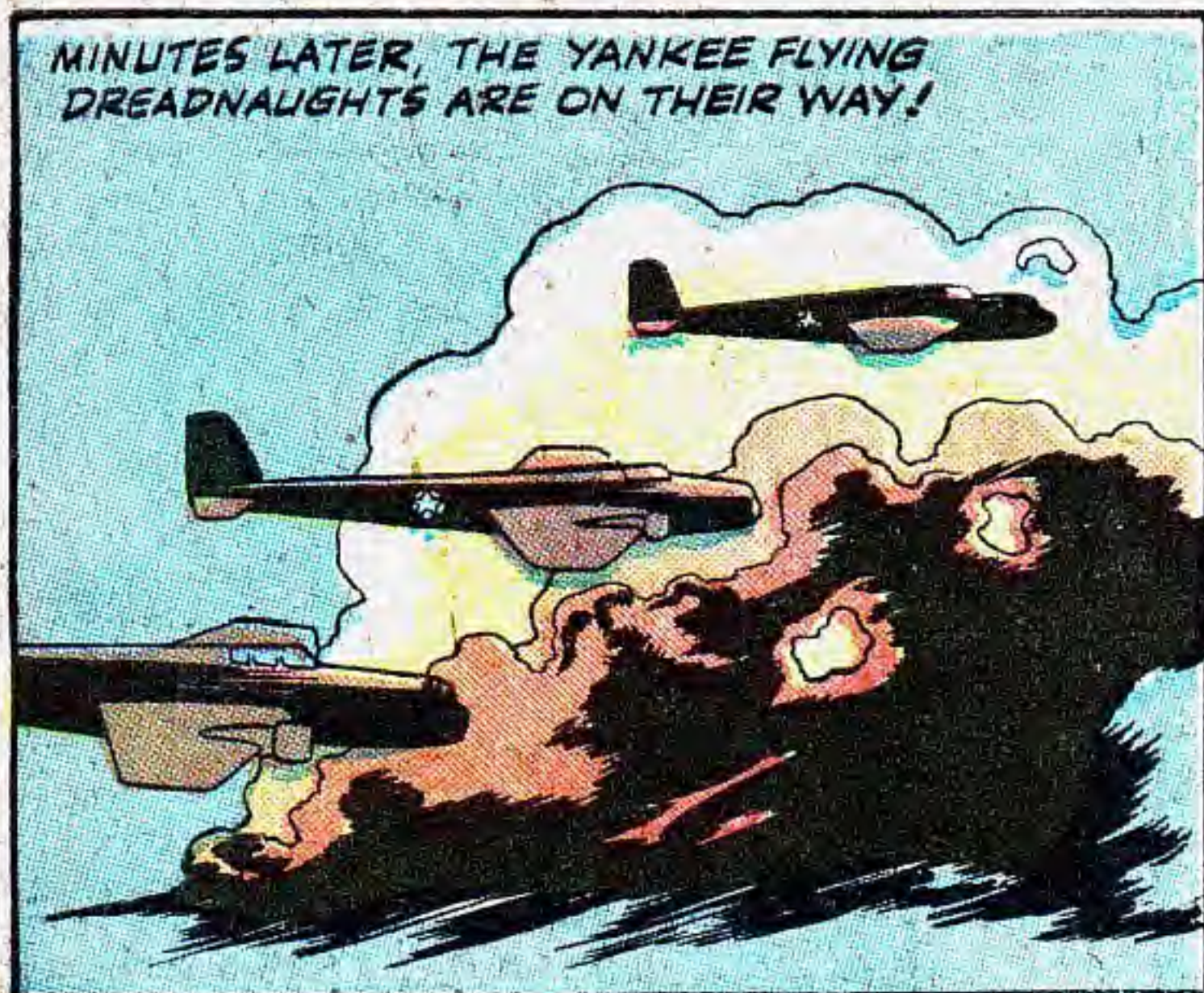
MBWALA!
MBWALA!

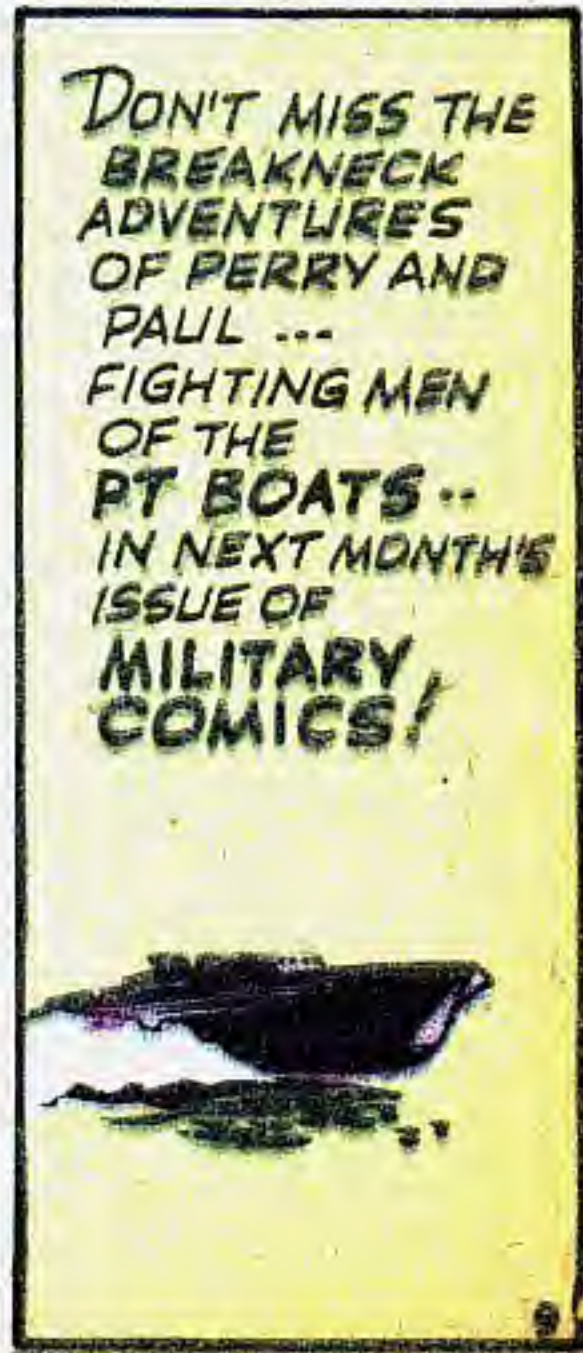
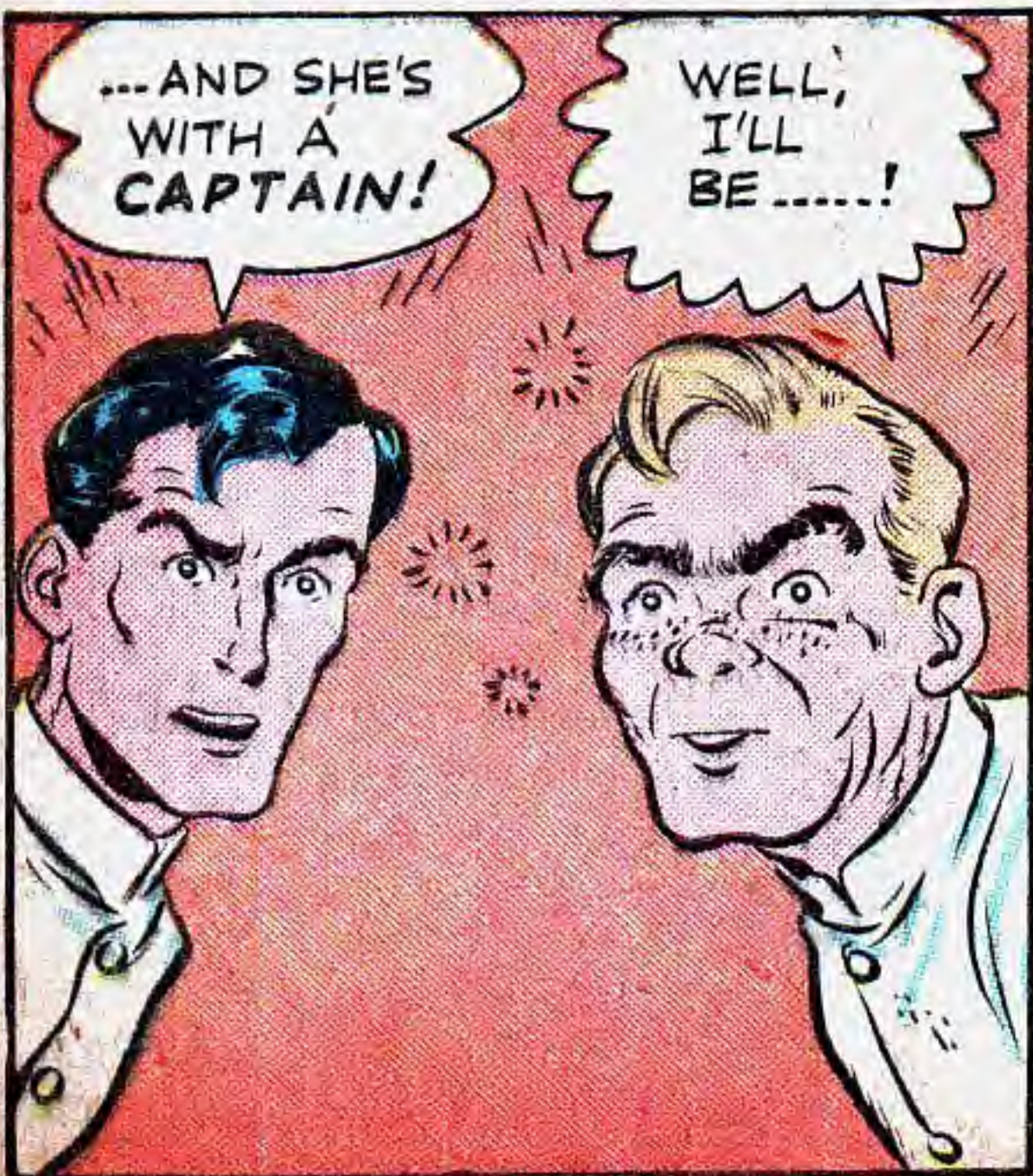
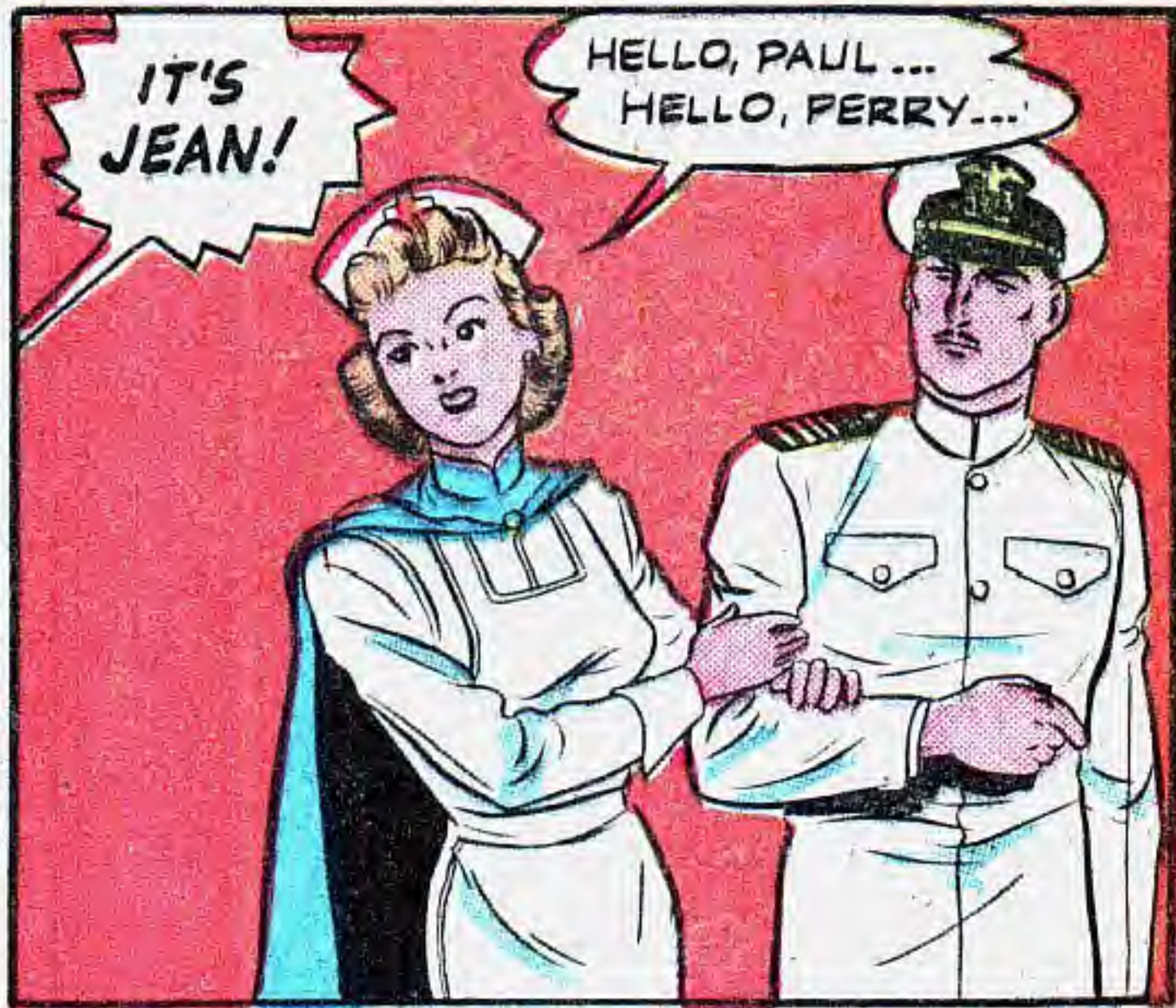






STRAIGHT
AWAY, THE
PT BOAT
SPEEDS BACK
TO ITS
BASE...
PERRY AND
PAUL
REPORT
TO THE
COMMANDING
OFFICER...





The HAWK and the DRAGON

SATURDAY ISLAND, that had once been American, was triply fortified by its treacherous Japanese captors. Every coral rock sheltered a machine gun, every brushy clump of palm or bamboo hid anti-aircraft equipment. A row of hangars cunningly camouflaged, housed bomber and fighter planes. A garrison of two battalions of picked Nipponese infantry occupied neat barracks. The harbor was full of supply and battle craft. And the former peaceable islanders—inoffensive natives, as well as such Americans as had survived the invasion—toiled ceaselessly at carrying bales, boxes and sheafs of equipment to the storehouses.

General Murako, favored cousin of the Emperor and deservedly hated throughout the Pacific for his cunning and cruelty, stood at the doorway of his own quarters and watched the work. He was big, one of the biggest Japanese in existence—six feet tall, and tremendously broad for even that height. His beefy bulk and smooth movements bespoke the trained athlete, a holder of high honors in the semi-ceremonial brotherhood of Judo—that method of self-defense which is at once a skill, a religion and a brotherhood among the people of the Rising Sun.

"As a visitor you will be interested," he addressed the chubby little officer beside him. "All this looks to be an impregnable defense, eh? Yet we intend to desert it as the American advance rolls this way across the Pacific—desert and retreat with barely enough resistance to make things look natural."

"Impossible!" murmured the little fellow respectfully. "You,

General Murako, are a high leader of the Black Dragon society of Nippon—sworn never to withdraw except to deal a knockout blow—"

"Ah, that's just it!" Murako grinned as if his device were already successful. "You should be a Black Dragon yourself, Colonel! Our brotherhood planned this well . . . but I shall explain." One strong brown hand pointed to the lines of laden captives, driven to their work by the whips of overseers. "See them carrying those burdens? If they knew that they bore anything but mere food and clothing, they might rebel in horror. But I'll tell you, Colonel, they carry the *death of their would-be rescuers!*"

And General Murako laughed one of his rare, cold laughs.

"I — begin — to — understand—" ventured his companion slowly.

"Each man-load is a mass of high explosive," Murako told him, "and each load is equipped with a detonator—remote control radio device—that can be exploded from a distance. Our ships are full of such things. We shall put them at all landing points. Then, when the Americans come, we withdraw. They think to take Saturday Island—steam into the harbor, land their garrison. And, when the time is ripe—" He made an upward gesture. "We blow the whole expedition to pieces!"

The chubby colonel shook his head. "If it is set off too early or too late . . ."

"No chance of that." Murako put his hand inside his tunic and brought out a radio device the size of an alarm clock. "Only this single control can cause the explosion. And I

carry it with me constantly. Mine will be the finger that touches the button and blows thousands of Americans to bits."

At that moment, voices rose from the palm jungle behind Murako's quarters — excited, rough voices. Then the sound of hurrying feet, and a non-commissioned officer came into view, saluting.

"Mighty general! Prisoners have been taken!"

Murako stared. "More? But I thought we had combed the island!"

"These came in an American scouting plane that crashed in the jungle. A patrol went to see, and they surrendered. Here they come now."

A group of wiry little Japanese infantrymen were herding three tall blue-clad captives into view. Murako stared. His narrow eyes grew narrower.

"I know these men . . . have seen their pictures . . . yes! They are **BLACKHAWKS!**"

The nearest captive nodded. He was dark, handsome, powerful-looking.

"Right, General. I'm Blackhawk. These are my lieutenants—"

"I know them," snapped Murako. "Olaf and Andre. Right? Well!" and he grinned. "What a triumph for me when I give you to my emperor!"

Olaf reddened a trifle, Andre bit his moustache. That was all.

"And you are such heroes, such champion fighters!" jeered the general. "Why didn't you fight against capture? Or did you realize, as the world will soon realize, that the Japanese are bound to be masters?" He

thrust his face close to Blackhawk's. "Well for you that you did not resist. My men are all experts in judo, the highest form of jiu-jitsu. They would have broken you into pieces."

Blackhawk scowled. "We're prisoners of war. We demand proper treatment."

"And you shall have it," promised Murako. "All prisoners here work. You are all strong. You shall form a special gang to fetch and carry from the ships to the island. And I'll put a trusted guard over you—an officer——"

"General," put in the little colonel. "A favor, if you please. Let me guard these men."

"Well thought of," approved Murako. "March them away."

He gazed as his companion led the three big Blackhawks out of sight. He made a new plan. The other captives should be left behind when the island was deserted, to die with the attacking Americans. But these men should be brought back with him. He would show them to Emperor Hirohito in Tokyo—then, for a triumphant exhibition, cripple and kill them with judo. He licked his lips with relish at the thought.

* * *

The Americans were coming!

A fleet of cruisers and destroyers, screening transports with troops, had been sighted. The Japanese garrison of Saturday Island stood ready at its guns, the planes hummed in the hangars. General Murako, at a point of observation, waited.

"Is the colonel bringing those Blackhawks?" he asked an orderly. "Quickly, I say! Tell him——"

"Here he comes, sir," said the orderly, and four figures—three huge, one small—approached. Murako smiled.

"Greetings," he sneered at Blackhawk. "You've worked hard these past days? Obeyed orders? Good! For when we de-

part from the island you alone will accompany us, while the others stay to perish."

"Perish?" repeated Olaf. "You'd kill helpless captives?"

"Silence, dog!" snarled Murako. "Speak when I give you leave. Colonel, these men have worked under your direction?"

"Like lambs," assured the colonel, with a bow.

"You personally supervised the planting of the explosives they carried?"

"I did."

"Then I shall tell them," and Murako was smiling once more, "what they have done."

He faced Blackhawk. "You have laid traps for your own friends. The stuff you carried was to blow up the Americans as they landed——"

Blackhawk shrugged, as if bored. "Oh, I know all about it, general," he added. "Don't waste your breath. It's all to be set off by you at the proper time, by punching a button on that radio gadget you carry under your blouse—like this!"

He moved with lightning speed for so big a man. His hand shot at the chest of the general. Murako, for all his judo training, could not avoid the move. Blackhawk quickly found the lump that betokened the radio device, pressed a button through the uniform——

BAM!!!!

In a score of places the island seemed to spout fire like a volcanic eruption. Anti-aircraft guns sprang high into the sky. Hangars burst like seed-pods, then belched flame. And the ships, the ships in the harbor——

"Treachery!" yelled Murako. "Explosives were left aboard our fighting craft—they're blown to bits, sinking!"

He felt for his pistol. Andre had snatched it away and was threatening the orderly.

"Things change," Andre said. "Now we are masters, you are

captives—look yonder! We told the others where and how to rush for the arsenal and grab the rifles!"

It was true. The erstwhile slaves of the Japanese had armed themselves and were rounding up throngs of Japanese soldiers.

"Who said Japanese never surrendered?" said Olaf softly.

Murako drew something else from his belt—a dagger. "Suicide—hari-kari—that's left——" he breathed.

But Blackhawk threw his big fist. Murako went down like an empty sack, and lay dazed as Blackhawk disarmed him.

"Judo's a good method of defense, but it can't protect you against a good left hook," Blackhawk said. "Stand up, General. You say you know the Blackhawks. Why didn't you recognize the colonel here?"

The colonel had taken off his cap, and was showing his teeth in a broad smile.

"Permit me," he said. "I'm Chop-Chop!"

"We fitted him up with the uniform and credentials of a captured Japanese officer," explained Blackhawk. "You see, there were some rumors, picked up by your spies, of what you intended doing here. So the bunch of us came to spoil your little plan."

Murako bowed his head. He was beaten, and he knew it.

"And all was ordered so carefully," he half-sobbed. "So masterfully!"

"Like your judo. Wonderful method of fighting—but it forgets that the other side has wonderful methods, too. We came ashore as prisoners. Chop-Chop pretended to guard us, and we planted explosives where they'd harm you instead of us. Now, come down to the shore."

The foremost American craft were already heading for the occupation of Saturday Island.

THE PACIFIC PATROL

A SECRET NEW AMERICAN ISLAND BASE IN THE PACIFIC IS SUDDENLY RAIDED BY JAPANESE CARRIER-BASED DIVE BOMBERS.

AN ARMY SERGEANT PASSES OUT RIFLES TO THE CIVILIAN WORKERS

HERE, KID - EVER SHOOT A GUN?

Y-YES! BUT ONLY AT RABBITS!



THE BOY AIMS AT A PLANE ROARING DOWN IN BACK OF THEM.

HERE GOES MY FIRST SHOT!



WELL, BLAZE AWAY AT THOSE NIPS WHILE I WORK MY MACHINE GUN!



HOLY SMOKE! THE KID BLEW UP THAT PLANE! HIS BULLET HIT THE DETONATOR ON THE BOMB IT WAS CARRYING!

LOOK! HE FAINTED!

YOU O.K., SHARP-SHOOTER?

SURE! BUT GEE WHIZ - I NEVER EXPECTED TO BRING DOWN A PLANE WITH A RIFLE SHOT!





This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau

U.S. FLIERS RAID GERMANY

In a broad daylight raid on Germany Captain Charlie Kegelman's plane was struck by anti-aircraft fire that wrecked one of his twin engined motors. The damaged plane struck the ground and smashed its fuselage, but the valiant American and his crew got their plane back up in the air and destroyed several flank towers and ground batteries.

Captain Kegelman flew his damaged plane back to base and for his daring feat was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and promoted to the grade of Major.



GENERAL DWIGHT EISENHOWER ARRIVES AT THE AIRFIELD THE DAY BEFORE THE ATTACK TO CHECK THE PLANS FOR THE RAID.



GOOD LUCK TOMORROW, CAPTAIN! YOU CAN GIVE THOSE NAZIS THE BUSINESS WITH THESE ATTACK BOMBERS!



EARLY NEXT DAY CAPTAIN KEGELMAN AND HIS CREW, LIEUTENANT DORTON AND SERGEANTS CUNNINGHAM AND GOLAY, PREPARE TO TAKE OFF.



SECONDS LATER 12 BOMBERS ARE ROARING OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL!



TAKE THEM DOWN TO THIRTY FEET!



NEARING THE ENEMY COAST THEY PASS SEVERAL SQUEALERS... GERMAN FISHING BOATS THAT REPORT PLANES TO THEIR FLAK BATTERIES ASHORE!





THEY FIGHT THEIR WAY TO THE AIRFIELD AND KEGELMAN'S PLANE SWEEPS IN FROM THE REAR...



NOW FOR THAT FLAK TOWER!

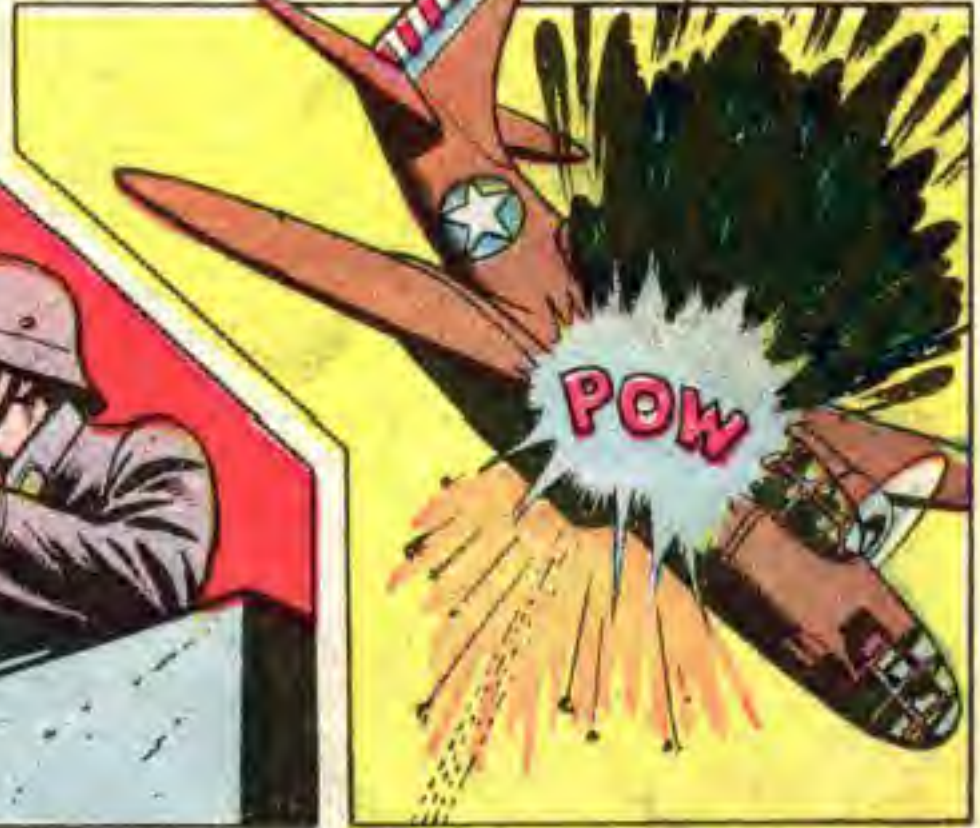
GOT 'EM!



BUT FROM ANOTHER TOWER A MULTIPLE MACHINE GUNNER GETS THE CAPTAIN'S PLANE IN HIS SIGHTS!

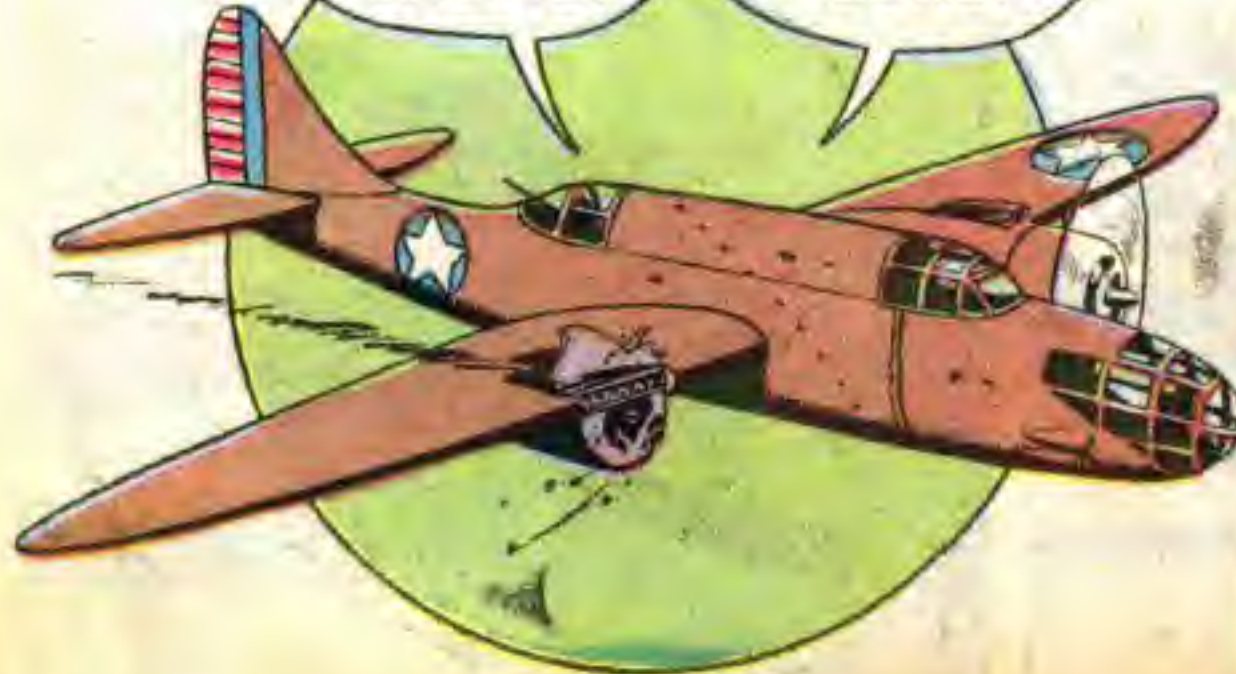


AMERIKANDER TEUFELHUND!



THEY HIT OUR RIGHT ENGINE!

THE PROPELLER'S GONE!



IT'S ON FIRE!



SUDDENLY THE PLANE SWERVES AND DIPS DOWN!



THE BOMBER SMACKS ITS BELLY AND RIGHT WING ON THE AIRFIELD RUNWAY!



BUT THE ROCKETING SHIP CAROMS OFF!



WITH A FLAMING DEAD ENGINE KEGELMAN IS THE TARGET FOR THE GERMAN GUNS TRYING TO FINISH HIM OFF!



I'M GETTING HER UP GRADUALLY... IF I CAN GET THE GOOD ENGINE LOWER THAN THE DEAD ONE WE'LL GET A LITTLE ALTITUDE!

FINALLY THE DAMAGED PLANE IS STRAIGHTENED OUT AND THEY BLAST ANOTHER FLAK TOWER!



THERE'S A GROUND BATTERY DOWN THERE, CAPTAIN!

IT'S YOURS, GOLAY - LET 'EM HAVE IT!



OKAY - HERE'S SOME HOT LEAD, NAZIS!



ONE FOR ME, TOO!

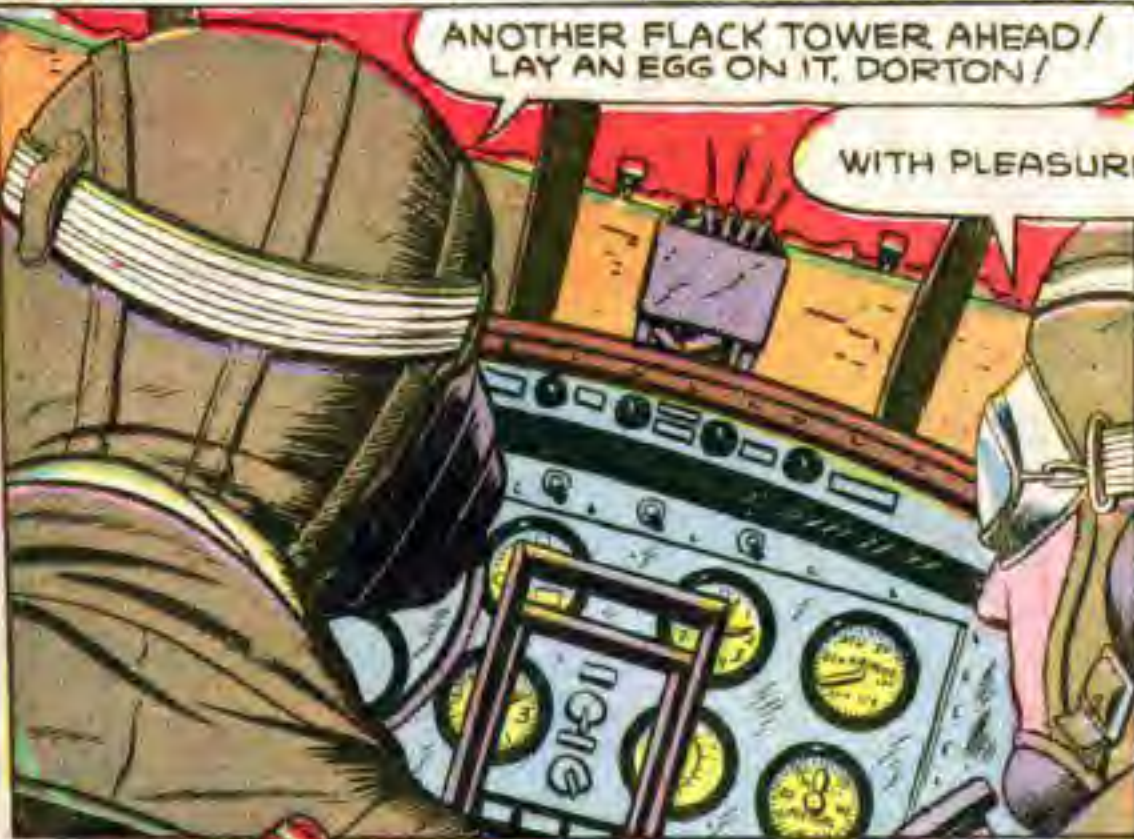


GOOD SHOOTING, CUNNINGHAM! THAT'S ANOTHER BATTERY SHOT TO BLAZES!

ANOTHER FLACK TOWER AHEAD/
LAY AN EGG ON IT, DORTON!

WITH PLEASURE!

LIEUTENANT DORTON, THE BOMBAR-
DIER, AIMS THROUGH HIS BOMBSIGHT.



THE PLANE'S BELLY
OPENS UP AND A BOMB
STREAKS TOWARD THE
TOWER!



THAT'S ALL
BOYS! NOW WE CAN
STEER OUR ONE-
LUNGER HOME!

THIS
SURE IS A
TOUGH PLANE!
THE BOYS IN
THE FACTORIES
ARE CERTAINLY
TURNING OUT
SWELL
SHIPS!

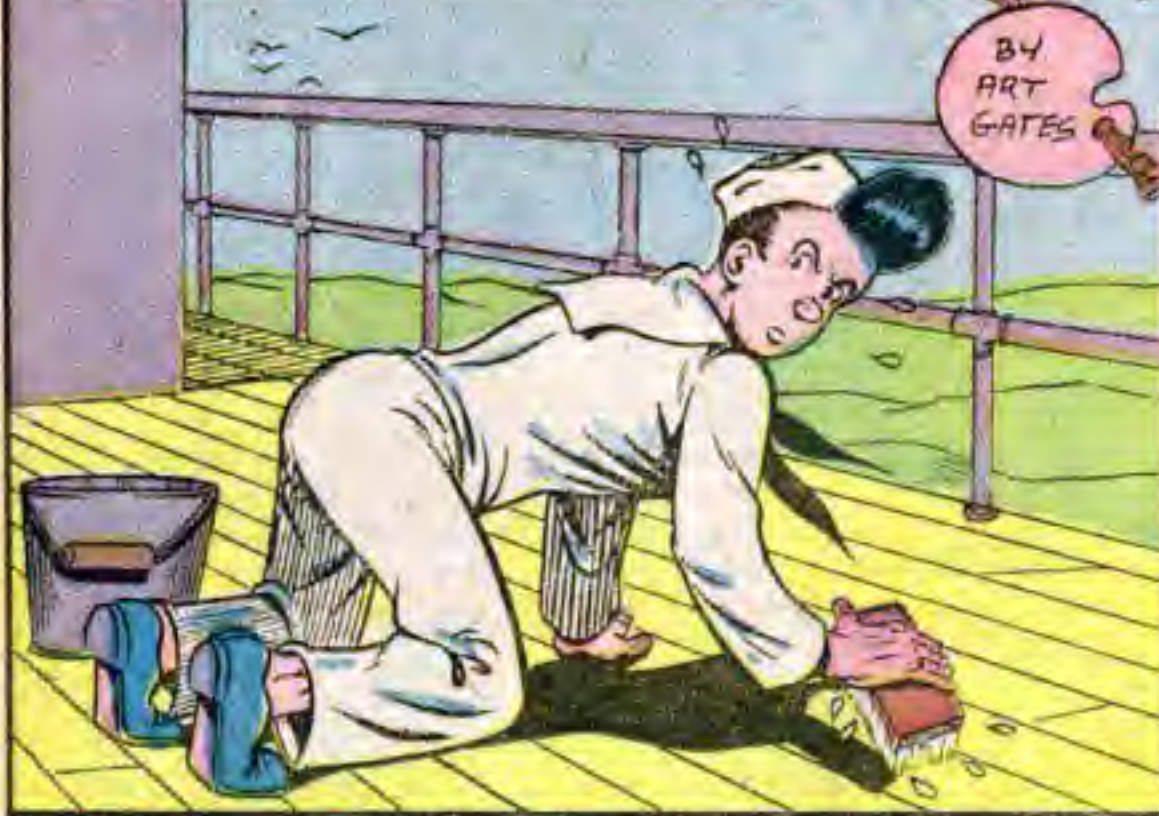


SAILOR DANNY

BY
ART
GATES

SAILOR DANNY IS A MEMBER OF THE GUN CREW OF THE MERCHANT SHIP - "BLACK DRAGON" WHICH IS A FEW DAYS OUT OF FRISCO ENROUTE FROM INDIA.

SO FAR THE PARROT WHICH HE BOUGHT IN BOMBAY HAS NOT BEEN DISCOVERED BY THE SKIPPER AND AS OUR STORY BEGINS HE IS GIVING IT A FEW LESSONS IN SIMPLE GRAMMAR!







BY JOVE -
YOU'RE RIGHT!

WAIT - HE
MAKE MISTAKE
-- MY HAIR
DOESN'T GROW
AT ALL!



-- BECAUSE I
WEAR A
WIG!



!★!! DANNY--
I'LL SEE YOU
IN A FEW
MINUTES - YOU
MEN COME
WITH ME!

BOY-- NOW I
AM IN TH'
DOG HOUSE
FER KEEPS!



JUST A MINUTE
NOW AND I'LL
GET A REPORT
FORM --

IT WON'T BE
NECESSARY,
CAPTAIN!



HUH! -- WHAT'S
TH' MEANING
OF THIS!!

YOUR SAILOR WAS RIGHT,
CAPTAIN - WE **ARE** JAPANESE!
OUR SUBMARINE HAS HER
TORPEDO TUBES
TRAINED ON YOU RIGHT
NOW! WE WANT FOOD
AND OIL --



WE ARE GOING TO SINK
THIS SHIP-- BUT UNLESS
WE GET THE SUPPLIES--
THERE WILL BE NO
SURVIVORS! -- DO
YOU UNDERSTAND??

WHY YOU
!★!!!



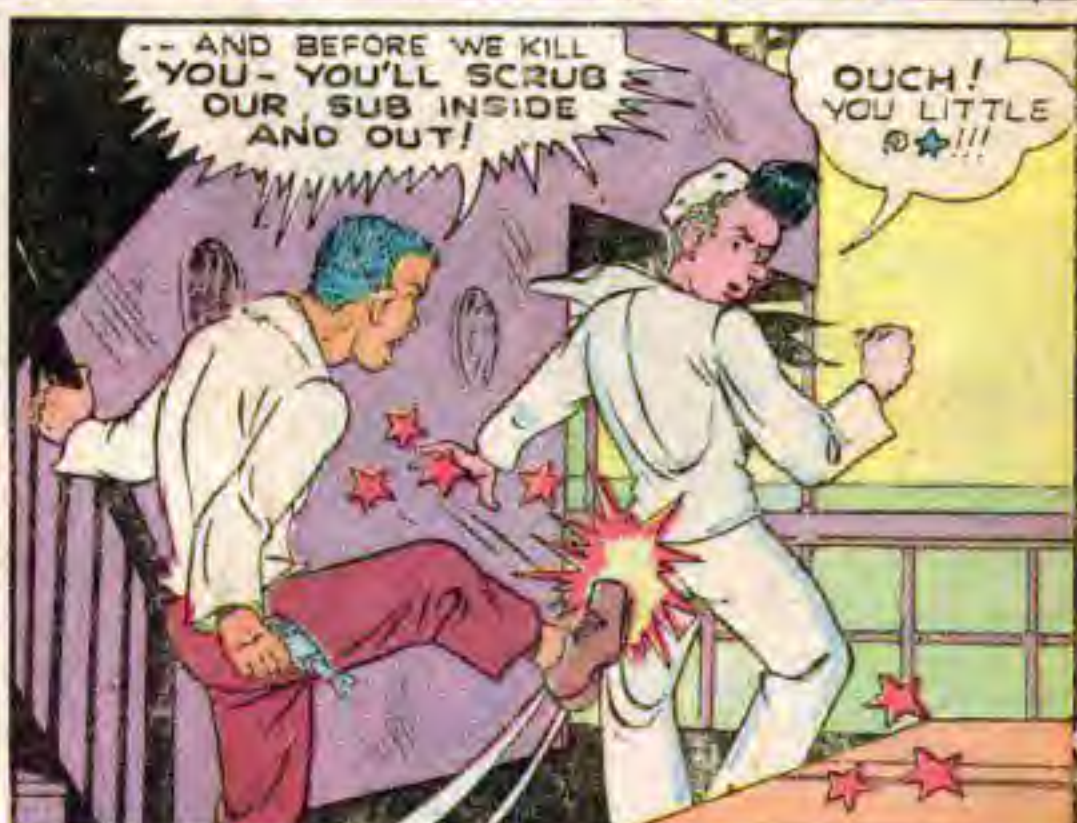
SILENCE!!
ORDER YOUR
CREW TO THE
DECK--AND
IF YOU TRY
ANY FOOLISHNESS
-- **EVERY**
MAN WILL
DIE!!



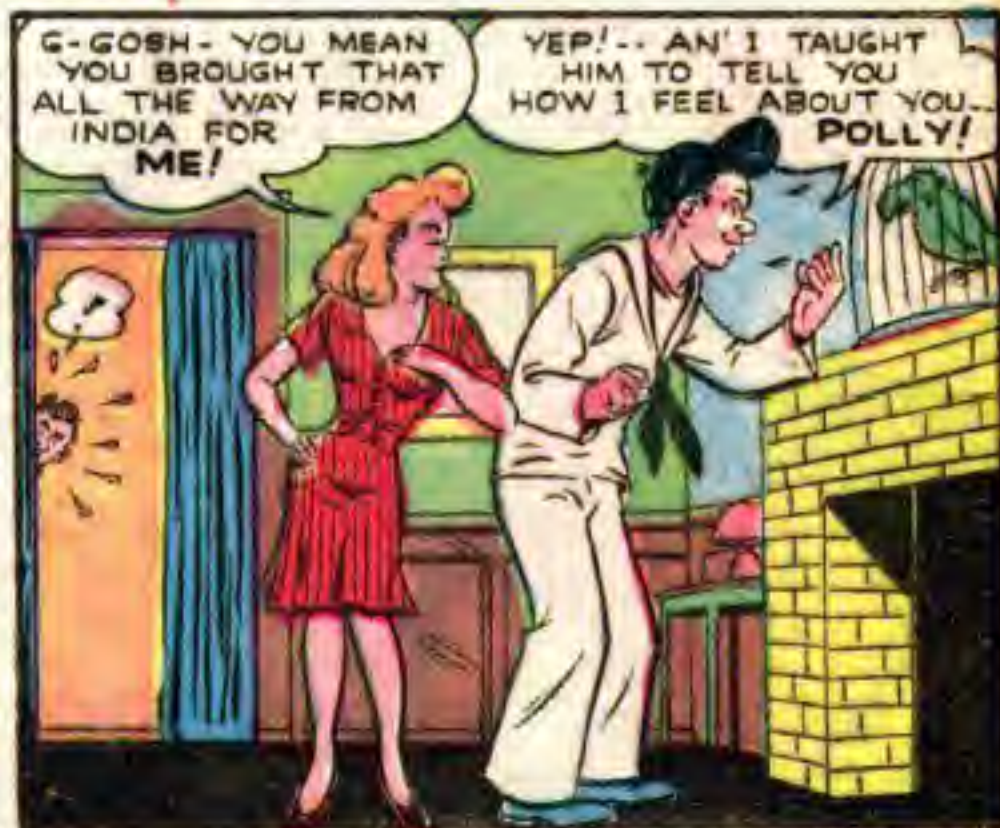
REALIZING THE USELESSNESS OF
RESISTING, THE CAPTAIN CARRIES
OUT THE JAP ORDERS!

THE ONE WHO
STRUCK ME IS
MISSING! GET
HIM!

WE CAN'T
FIND HIM
ABOARD!







CLIMB ABOARD NEXT MONTH WHEN SAILOR DANNY STEAMS INTO A BRAND NEW ADVENTURE IN ANOTHER BIG FUN-PACKED ISSUE

OF
MILITARY COMICS



GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE."
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE."
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'."



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COASTER BRAKE



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